00023514

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

RHEINSBERG:

MEMORIALS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

AND

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Urbs Reminontis sita in sylvis, pascuis, montibus, vallibus, lacubus, loco longe amoenissimo . . . .

Miscellanea Lipsiensia, 1717.

RHEINSBERG

MEMORIALS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT

AND

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

By ANDREW HAMILTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1880.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

00023514

CONTENTS TO VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE HENRY.

PAGE

Prince Henry obtains a gift of Rheinsberg—But is expected to live at Potsdam—Frederick as Head of the Family—Henry does not speak to him—But carries on a *guerre de plume*—And wishes to take service Abroad—Points of Resemblance between Frederick and Henry 1

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN MOTHER.

The Queen Mother takes a Holiday at Easter—And goes to see her Children—Princess Amelia plays on the Flute—And Prince Ferdinand leads the Psalmody—The Queen Regnant remains in Berlin—As her nephew's Governess—Frederick's last Visit to Rheinsberg—Sophie von Pannewitz 14

CHAPTER III.

PRINCE HENRY'S MARRIAGE.

Prince Henry's thoughts are turned to Matrimony—His Bride—Their Wedding—Their Country Life—They retire to the Forest—And live in Hermitages—The King thinks they will go to the Poorhouse 27

CHAPTER IV.

THE 'GREAT LANDGRAVINE.'

PAGE

The Landgravine and her Daughters—The Landgrave and his Recruits—A Midsummer's Night's Entertainment—The Colonnade is hung with Lamps—The Siamese Ambassadors are rowed across the Lake—And the Landgravine is presented with Chinese Ornaments 35

CHAPTER V.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

Frederick's brothers foresee the downfall of Prussia—The Prince of Prussia retreats—And dies—Henry's grief—And anger—And hatred—His courage and skill—His kindness to the vanquished—He wishes to retire—Frederick's estimate of Henry . . 43

CHAPTER VI.

RETIREMENT.

The Herr von Reisewitz swallows a Diamond—Prince Henry drinks Mineral Waters—And cuts out Figures with a pair of Scissors—The Crown of Poland is held out at a distance—Separation of Prince and Princess Henry 57

CHAPTER VII.

THE OCCUPATION OF WEST PRUSSIA.

Prince Henry goes to Sweden and Russia—Catherine's reception of him—The Queen of Sweden returns his visit—He goes to Russia a second time—The Grand Duke Paul returns the visit—Paul sees the Tritons performing their natural functions . . . 69

CHAPTER VIII.

RENEWAL OF HOSTILITIES.

PAGE

The King celebrates Henry's Birthday—And wishes him to be the Guardian of Prussia—The war of the Bavarian Succession breaks out—The King is badly seconded—Prince Henry lays down his Command—And again retires to Rheinsberg . . 82

CHAPTER IX.

PRINCE HENRY'S COURT.

A Court of Opposition—Knyphausen—Kaphengst—The Wreichs—Prince Henry's thoughts on Religion 93

CHAPTER X.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Combination of Styles—Prairies, Bowers, and Bowling Greens—A Grecian Portal and a Chinese Garden—A Chinese Dairy, decorated with a fresco of the Temple of Concord—Ruins which seem built of Stone—Hermitages, Altars, and Mandarins—A Tomb of Virgil containing swings and *carrousels*—Prince Henry walks in the Grounds, tablets in hand—And notes down his Philosophical Reflections 102

CHAPTER XI.

PRINCE HENRY IN PARIS.

Prince Henry goes to Paris—The Comtesse de Sabran—Madame Vigée-Lebrun—Boufflers and Nivernois—Prince Henry's political creed—Death of Frederick the Great—Frederick William II. and Prince Henry—Mirabeau in Berlin—Prince Henry thinks of leaving Rheinsberg—His second visit to Paris 109

CHAPTER XII.

THE OBELISK.

PAGE

Apotheosis of the Prince of Prussia—Criticism on Frederick's History of the Seven Years' War—The abuse of Riches and Power . 123

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ÉMIGRÉS.

French Royalists and French Republicans—The *émigrés* look to Prince Henry for help—His intercourse with the leaders of the Revolution—His French guests—Prince Henry is sent for to Potsdam—'*Mon Oncle, sauvez-moi!*' 130

CHAPTER XIV.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Blainville—Toussaint—Lekain—The Household are trained to Sing and Play—Schulz leads the Orchestra—Gluck's Operas—Princess Amelia declines the dedication of 'Athalie'—A Trio does treble duty—Mara and his Wife—Mozart's Requiem 138

CHAPTER XV.

COUNT HENCKEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Prince Henry's old age—His costume and manner of life—A Wedding *par procuration*—Prince Ferdinand's birthday 156

CHAPTER XVI.

END OF PRINCE HENRY.

Accession of Frederick William III.—Prince Louis Ferdinand—Prince Henry's strength fails him—Prince Ferdinand's last birthday—Prince Henry's Golden Wedding—His Death—His Epitaph 165

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARK OF BRANDENBURG.

PAGE

The Mark of Brandenburg—The Holy Roman Empire's Blotting-Book—Flat, Barren, and Unprofitable—It does not attract Mountaineers—But is not without Natural Features—The Boor of the Mark—Is not always stupid, sly, and humorous—Luther's Prophecy 170

CHAPTER XVIII.

KOEPERNITZ.

Prince Henry's last Aide-de-camp—Princess Golden Hair—Prince Louis Ferdinand—A Duel by Moonlight—La Roche-Aymon at Eylau—And in the Chamber of Peers—The Marquise de la Roche-Aymon at Koepernitz — King Frederick William's Sausages—Early History of the *soufflet moral* 182

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ISLAND OF REMUS.

A vulgar Error Refuted—Remus not slain on the walls of Rome—Founder of a City beyond the Elbe—His Tomb is discovered—The Pope sends two Monks to explore it—The Six Vultures—Pyl, Plarrius, and Schott—Frederick is Guardian of the Ashes of Remus—Prince Henry raises a Pagoda over them 199

CHAPTER XX.

THE TOWN.

Results of frequent Fires—Mode of Rebuilding—The fashionable Quarter and its Fate—Frau Lemm's Tenants—Her Repairs—The *Cavalierhaus* and its Occupants 218

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHURCH.

PAGE

Sunrise in the Desert—An unforeseen Attack—Foresters and Forests —The Sexton's Daughter—The Altar—Tombs and Tablets— The Knight and the Fiddler—The Bells—The Tailor . . . 229

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FOREST OF MENZ.

Midday in the Great Desert — Haymaking in the Mark—The Forests — Their Solitude — Their Casualties—Woodmen and Wood-stealers—Smugglers—Poachers—Gamekeepers—Revenge, Murder, and Sudden Death—Charcoal-piles and Tar-kilns— Lake Stechlin—Globsow 242

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE *HEIDE.*

The White Glass-Hut—More solitude—Silence and Darkness—A Clearing—An eligible Investment—A Giant and his Hospitalities 263

CHAPTER XXIV.

ZECHLIN.

The Zechlin Mail—A Dutch Landscape—The source of the Rhin— The Mecklenburg Marches—A Cistercian Monastery—The last Bishop of Havelberg—The Electoral Princes—An Inventory of the Sixteenth Century 274

CHAPTER XXV.

VENUSTUM OS.

The Owl's Warning—A Symposium—Burial-place of the Prince of Prussia — The Greenhouses — Old Urns and young Loves— *Abgetragen* 289

CHAPTER XXVI.

ZERNIKOW.

PAGE

'Nothing to be seen' at Zernikow—Fredersdorff—His marriage—His Widow—Her second Husband—Her Children—Pitt Arnim—The Family Vault 297

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

Fishing in forbidden Waters—The Graveyard—The Living and the Dead—The Woman and the Watering-pot—Blainville's grave—Last Evening by the Lake—Departure 309

APPENDIX.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY 321

AN EPILOGUE 330

RHEINSBERG.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE HENRY.

Prince Henry obtains a gift of Rheinsberg—But is expected to live at Potsdam—Frederick as Head of the Family—Henry does not speak to him—But carries on a *guerre de plume*—And wishes to take service Abroad—Points of Resemblance between Frederick and Henry.

RHEINSBERG was given to Prince Henry in June, 1744. Oranienburg, the favourite *Schloss* of old King Frederick I., was settled on Prince August William, the 'Prince of Prussia' or heir presumptive. For Ferdinand, the youngest, a palace was afterwards built in New Ruppin. The King's three brothers were thus all owners of country-seats in the same neighbourhood and within convenient reach of one another; but for some years at first they were not all on the same footing. The eldest of the three, the Prince of Prussia, being a married man,* had a complete household and was master

* He was married in January, 1742, to the Princess Louisa of Brunswick Bevern, a younger sister of the Queen's, and was created Prince of Prussia, as recognized heir to the Crown, in 1744.

under his own roof. He was Colonel of a regiment quartered at Spandau, but lived, I suppose, chiefly in his palace in Berlin. The position of the two others was different. In 1744 Henry was eighteen, and Ferdinand a boy of fourteen. This youngest, who for years afterwards was left to the care of his tutors (of whom Bielfeld was one) and was little heard of even when he had outgrown tutorship, if he can be said ever to have outgrown it, does not concern us now.

By 1744 the King, after long hesitation, had quite fixed on Potsdam as the place of his own abode. But his life in those first years of his reign had been, and still was, a very unsettled one. The First and Second Silesian Wars broke in upon every regular habit; more time was passed in wearisome journeys, in marches and battles, than at home. The Prince of Prussia and Prince Henry * bore their share in these wars. The Peace of Dresden having put an end to them, after Frederick's triumphal entry into Berlin on the 28th of December, 1745, the Ten Years of Peace began.

Rheinsberg had been settled on Henry, but for some years the proprietorship was more in the name than the thing. I do not know whether he had anything to do with the management of his estate, but he was not allowed to live at it. Etiquette, or

* Henry was present at Mollwitz with the rank of Colonel at the age of fifteen. During the closing campaign of 1745, he was laid aside with smallpox.

the King's pleasure, or both together, kept the young unmarried princes in the immediate neighbourhood of his Majesty. They were obliged, whether they liked it or not, to lead a garrison life at Potsdam. As early as June, 1740, Henry had been appointed Colonel of the 35th Regiment, stationed at Spandau; and his regimental duties, which he hated, were, I suppose, the only lawful pretext at his command for absenting himself occasionally. Like any other officer in garrison, he could not go to Berlin or any other place for a single day without leave asked and given. The strictness and sameness of an officer's life in such a place as Potsdam then was, must often enough have been trying even to those young fellows whose hearts were in their work; a young prince who cared little for soldiering, and who was straitened on many sides where others were in some measure free, must have felt it irksome indeed. The King was always, every inch of him, Head of the whole family—a Head apt to ache at any noise or sign of unruliness in the other members, and instantly with one nod or shake to send such manifestations back into their original nothingness. Throughout life his Majesty liked to keep his nearest relations, wife, brothers, sisters, and all the rest, in as complete and direct a state of dependence on himself as possible. In later years, when the brothers and sisters and cousins were all settled in homes of their own, and had children and grandchildren, the

rule was neither so direct nor so strict—not so much felt by those concerned, nor so readily observed by others; by that time the energy of authority was tempered with the mildness of old age, and obedience from long habit had become easier. As it happened, Henry, at a time of life when his own blood was at its highest, had to bear the brunt of his Majesty's best years and fullest powers, and that too in immediate nearness. The King's despotism was full of wisdom, but it was also gay and skittish, accidentally hitting very hard indeed. Sometimes Henry deserved what he got; we hear, for instance, of trips to Berlin, taken without leave and in disguise, in defiance of all military order. Such expeditions, when found out, were of course followed by days of arrest. Very much of what he was made to feel was the unavoidable lot of a younger son in a reigning family, or rather the unavoidable, but not therefore the more pleasant, lot of the younger brother of a strong-willed, absolute, triumphant King. In many instances he thought himself specially and sorely aggrieved, and had very likely good ground for thinking so. Be this as it may, we need hardly doubt that in those years were sown the seeds of that hatred of his eldest brother which, in spite of all that was done and suffered by them together, in spite of the exceeding great intimacy of their relations to each other in good and evil days, was cherished by Henry throughout life, was nursed

and fed and made a fondling and a show of by him, till it grew a monstrous thing, out of all shape and size—a monomania thrusting itself in the faces of all comers at all hours, making people laugh at himself, and afterwards, even to our own day, clinging round his memory like a noxious creeper and choking it.

In those young years it was doubtless a severe trial for one of his parts and ambition to lead a life of unbroken self-repression and dependency, as a mere expletive and occasional ornament of another life, and this without any golden hope of a thorough change somewhere a-head. No more unmeaning existence could well be thought of. The only active service asked of him, the care of his regiment, he disliked and tried to shirk. Any mode of action of his own seeking, was steadily refused to him. Sometimes he tried very hard to show that he had a will of his own, tried even to have his own way in small things, tried to secure some little scrap of freedom for himself somewhere, or even to *look* free. It was all of no use. His Majesty held the reins quite firmly, took no heed of sulking or pouting, and, of course, flatly refused to give relief by letting his high-spirited brother seek employment and distinction, and perhaps win laurels, in foreign service. No such thing could be.

Frederick was really a very affectionate brother, fond of the junior members of the family ; fond of caring for them, and seeing them about him. He

often said so himself, and, as it seems to me, proved it too. But no young prince whose amusements are all checked, and whose wishes are for ever being opposed, is going to believe that sort of thing. On the contrary, the King was soon looked on as a tyrant, against whom it was the duty and pleasure of the Princes to league themselves, not actively of course, but passively, if only by sullen looks, as far as etiquette and self-interest would allow.

The rule of an elder brother, if not stricter, is certainly more monotonous than the rule of a father, *i.e.*, less often varied by the gushings of sudden fits of indulgence ; * it is, furthermore, less willingly

* King Frederick William, like all impulsive men, was often very tender. At irregular intervals he was wont to scatter certain ebullitions of petting and fondling up and down amongst the severities with which, we must hope, his children, as the children of their time, laid their account. His second son, William, as the favourite, was oftener indulged than the rest, I suppose. Sometimes we are rather surprised at finding the boys taken to places where they can neither have got much good nor, as we should imagine, enjoyment. We have already seen the Crown Prince at the age of twelve at a rather noisy christening (vol. i., p. 224). And it would appear that the princes, occasionally at least, were admitted to the *Tabagie* at that age. We must so conclude from the authority that Formey gives for one of his anecdotes. King Frederick William, it seems, was fond of teasing the French Protestant divines who were settled in Berlin (he chose or pretended to treat them as play-actors) ; and whenever he met one of them in the street, he would stand still and ask him, 'Have you read Molière ?' Meeting one day the younger Beausobre, he stopped him as usual and put the same question. M. de Beausobre answered, 'Yes, sire !' and then, raising his voice, added, 'particularly The Miser.' The King gave no reply, but a little later, coming laughing into the *Tabagie*, he said, 'To-day I met my match

submitted to, and that his Majesty was pretty often made to feel. There were very many hitches in the smooth run of domestic life at Sans Souci—not intended to be wholly hidden from the eyes of strangers. Of course his Majesty, like anybody else in his situation, professed not to mind such rubs in the very least, or to be moved by them at all; of course, like anybody else, he did mind them a good deal.

His Majesty could write a peppery hand on a fitting occasion. The three following fragments from his letters to Henry, are all of the year 1746 :—

'My dear Brother,—We have nothing to reproach each other with; each has the same coolness towards the other; and as it is your wish that it should be so, I am also satisfied. My intervention in your *amours* is the only thing that mollifies you towards me, when you stand in need of it. The small amount of friendship which you show me on every occasion, does not stir me up to make new efforts of affection for a brother who makes so little return. This is all that I have to say to you at this time.' . . .

'My dear Brother,—Your eloquent pen tells you wonderful things. Apparently *vous y entendez finesse.*

and told the story. Formey adds that he had always had his doubts about the truth of the anecdote, but that Prince Henry had confirmed it, assuring him that he was present himself when the King came in and repeated it. (*Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i., 86.) Prince Henry, who was alive when Formey published his book, was only fourteen when he lost his father.

As for me, I frankly acknowledge my stupidity, but I do not understand it. If you love me, your love must be metaphysical, for I never saw people love each other in that way—without looking at each other, or speaking to each other, or giving the smallest sign of affection. Happy the people whom you love; I readily believe it. If you include me in the number, I can assure you that I live in profound ignorance of the sentiments that you cherish for me. I know only your distance, your coldness, and the most perfect indifference that ever was. I am, *monsieur mon frère*,' &c., &c. . . .

There is a third very long letter to the same purpose, which I pass over. Then comes Number 4 :—

'My dear Brother,—I certainly did not expect to receive a letter from you; but as you have thought proper to sulk at me for six whole months, as you live in the same house without seeing me, or speaking to me, except when propriety absolutely forbids your doing otherwise, nothing ought to surprise me. I was still less prepared for the project that you have formed. I do not condemn your desire for instruction; but it appears to me that your want of application to our own military affairs gives no great promise of that which you will do in the field. Besides, military affairs abroad are so different from ours, that there would be nothing for you to learn; without taking into consideration that, in the present state of Europe, I cannot send you to one of the two armies without denoting a preference which it does not suit me to show. To all these reasons I could add another, which is perhaps the most powerful, it is that I am your brother in spite of your extreme coldness towards me, and I do not think that your life ought to be exposed unless for your country. Thus I cannot in any

way consent to the project which you have formed. But I pray you, nevertheless, if you can so far master yourself, to give me back your friendship. If not, I must continue to live with you as Dr. Horch lives with his wife.' . . .*

From other letters, a year or two later in date, we gather that things did not mend. The King sends Colonel Rohr to 'restore order' in the Prince's regiment, is deaf to remonstrances, is 'not accountable for what he does,—makes such changes as he thinks proper,—thinks that Henry will have to make changes in his conduct,' and so on. Further on he says:—

'After the last marks of vivacity that you have given, I should act very imprudently if I were to lose sight of you. I confess most distinctly that I have made up my mind not to leave you to yourself till I see in you a certain steadiness and stability of disposition . . . . If you really loved the [military] service, you would make it a point of honour to put your regiment on a proper footing; but, as far as I can see, you only take advantage of the military name as a pretext for attaining your own petty designs. As for the house in Berlin which I am building, it will not be so soon finished, and you shall not enter it until you are able to enjoy it rationally.'

Frederick was mistaken in Henry, just as much mistaken as his father had been in himself, and just in the same way. In after years he saw his mis-

* *Œuvres, &c.*, tome xxvi., pp. 153, 155—7.

take.* Henry had and, when the time came, showed a decided turn and a genius for soldiering, but, like Frederick himself at the same time of life, he disliked and despised drill. He let his regiment get into disorder, but at that very time he was hard at work studying tactics. His brother, the Prince of Prussia, and he in those Potsdam years, carried on what they called a *guerre de plume.*

They supposed 'a war betwixt Prussia and its neighbours, and each of them conducted on paper and on geographical maps, the armies and the negotiations of one of the belligerent parties. They wrote to each other two letters a week, to give notice of the movements which each had thought fit to make on his side. Plans of marches, camps, sieges, and other military operations, were joined to these letters.' †

There were many points in which Frederick the Great and his brother Henry were strikingly like each other—points of character, of mind, of disposition, and of taste—as well as circumstances in which their outward history and lot in life, far as these really lay asunder, met and formed strange

* Perhaps he cherished hopes all along, which he would have thought it imprudent to acknowledge to the person concerned. In October, 1745, he had written to Rothenburg:—'My brother Henry distinguished himself extremely on our march of the 16th, and his talents, which I have so often spoken to you of, are beginning to be known in the army.'

† *Vie privée, politique et militaire du Prince Henri de Prusse,* p. 21.

parallels. In bodily feature there was not, in early life at least, more than a family likeness. Henry was always ugly, but yet a portrait of him taken late in life might be (a photograph of such a one in my own possession has been, even by natives of Berlin and Prussian officers) taken for a caricature of Frederick. What sort of talents for governing Henry may have had, we do not know, but his military talents, like Frederick's, were of the highest sort; and both Frederick and he, when in subordinate positions, hated the drudgery of drill and grandly looked down on it. Their favourite pursuits and occupations in private life were the same, and so were the recreations of their leisure. They both had the same turn for what they called poetry and philosophy, *i.e.*, they both thought the cultivation of French literature the very best and noblest object in the life of man. Each of them drew all his own knowledge from that one source; each looked up to the magnates of that literature as to the greatest of mortals; and each loved to claim some sort of kindred with those demi-gods by trying humbly to follow in their steps. They were both of them madly fond of music, and building, and gardening. Unlike other royal personages and country gentlemen in general, neither of them cared for sport of any kind, or for horses and horsemanship. And to certain other likings and fancies, much run after not by royal personages only but by the most of the sons of men, these two

royal brothers were both to a strange extent indifferent.

Some writers of memoirs (such as Thiébault) used to vex themselves, and in some measure do still vex us, not only by drawing the parallels between Frederick and Henry, but by setting up and arguing at great length such questions as: Which of the two was the greater? What would Henry have been in the supreme rank? What would Frederick have become, had he spent all his life in a subordinate station? It is fair to add that these gentlemen generally end by acknowledging that Henry was not his brother's equal in certain governing qualities, and that Fate acted quite right in placing them severally as she did.*

Like Frederick, Henry had in his tender years been committed to the charge of a French lady, Madame de Jaucourt. The French tongue, Bouillé assures us, had sown in his mind the seeds of good taste and good principles (*les semences du bon goût*

* On this 'question' Sainte Beuve has the following remarks. 'Frédéric était un grand homme, de ceux en qui réside et se personnifie la force et la destinée d'une nation; le prince Henri . . . me paraît un prince raisonneur, réflechi, méthodique, quelquefois jusqu' au bizarre et au minutieux, ombrageux, susceptible, capable d'envie, fastueux, aimant la montre, ne haïssant pas d'être trompé, ayant une forte teinte de la sensibilité et de la philanthropie de son siècle; avec cela de la justesse par places, de la mesure habile, de la combinaison, de l'adresse, des parties ingénieuses; mais grand homme, c'est beaucoup dire; il n'est grand en rien, il n'a rien d'héroïque; c'est un esprit distingué et un guerrier de mérite.'

et des bons principes). And thus it was that, when he grew to early manhood, he was both very able and very willing to throw himself into the society of the King's literary set at Sans Souci ;—the society of Maupertuis, la Beaumelle, Algarotti, d'Argens, la Mettrie, des Prades and Voltaire. There is proof that he was intimate with the best of them—perhaps with the worst also. Voltaire not only lent him his unpublished writings, but gave him lessons in declamation and helped him to study his parts for private theatricals. It is no wonder that such impressions so received remained the standard of the rest of his life.

CHAPTER II.

THE QUEEN MOTHER.

The Queen Mother takes a Holiday at Easter—And goes to see her Children—Princess Amelia plays on the Flute—And Prince Ferdinand leads the Psalmody—The Queen Regnant remains in Berlin—As her nephew's Governess—Frederick's last Visit to Rheinsberg—Sophie von Pannewitz.

In the spring of 1745 the Queen Dowager paid visits to her sons at Oranienburg and Rheinsberg. The princes wanted to show their mother their new possessions, and her Majesty, to gratify herself and them, agreed to spend a week at Easter in an excursion thither. Of the expedition Pöllnitz has left an account, which, unluckily, is very much too long to be translated whole.* It is written in his very best style—a style that, one hopes, died with the man—conceited and cranky, not without a sort of wit and goodwill, but *fade* and *équivoque*. Still

* This narrative was printed long after the death of the writer in König's *Versuch einer historischen Schilderung der Residenzstadt Berlin*. Of the clever and worthless Pöllnitz, of his brilliant talk and entertaining pen, of his want of all principle and all self-respect, and of his repeated changes of religion, ('né Calviniste,' says Preuss, quietly, 'il fit sa première abjuration en 1717'—I forget when he made his last,) so much has been said by others that I may be allowed to pass him by.

his narrative none the less gives us a good idea how a great lady in Germany enjoyed herself out of town a hundred and thirty years ago. During the ten days that she was away from Berlin, the Queen slept, dressed, dined, supped, embroidered, and played at cards. Except when she was travelling, there is no hint that she ever put a foot out of doors.

She started on the 12th of April, the Wednesday before Easter. The evening before she left home, she went to bed a little earlier than her wont, but she slept in the morning till her usual hour. Both in the evening and in the morning she most graciously consoled and bade adieu to those wretched attendants who were to be left behind. The Princess Amélie's first waiting-woman was not to be comforted. 'Perhaps I shall never see you again, my beloved and divine mistress,' she cried; and her sobs prevented her from saying more. 'The Princess alone appeared tranquil,' and after an early dinner the Queen and Princess got into their carriage, 'and undertook this journey which surprised those who were the eye-witnesses of it, and will possibly not be credited by others.' The Queen's carriage was followed by upwards of thirty more. The weather was as fine as possible, 'Heaven apparently having determined to favour the designs of a Princess whose virtues make her dear to it.'

At Oranienburg, the first stage, the Queen, who was ceremoniously received by the Prince and

Princess of Prussia, stayed for three days. As soon as she had arrived, after a few moments of repose, she sat down to cards, whilst the Princes and Princesses, with the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, walked in the gardens. The supper was superb. The next morning the ladies were awakened before their usual time by the lowing of cows, which animals, not having seen such fine company at Oranienburg since the days of old King Frederick I., were giving vent to their joy 'par des cris d'allégresse.' Then a good deal follows about the bull and Europa and Io, warmed-up jokes with which the good-for-nothing old chamberlain teased the ladies-in-waiting the whole forenoon, I am sure. It is not said that the Queen's slumbers were disturbed; it would hardly have been etiquette to put a Queen Dowager into the same sentence with a plain cow of the present day. The ladies, once dressed, all waited on the Princess of Prussia, and then on Princess Amélie, who was found in her closet playing on the flute and dressed in a white silk corset and a white petticoat embroidered with 'natural flowers in silver,' (ready in fact to sit for her picture on a Dresden saucer). After dinner the Queen sat down to her gold threads (à effiler de l'or), and Pöllnitz read aloud to her out of a French novel (*la Mouche*, par le Chevalier de Mouché). At seven in the evening there was a ball, and the Queen played at cards in the ball-room till supper time. On Good Friday there was divine service in

the Queen's ante-chamber; Monsieur Des Champs, who had gone with the party for the purpose, preached, and Prince Ferdinand (who was then fifteen) led the psalmody. 'It is true that H. R. H. sang a little out of tune, his voice not being one of the most harmonious; which, however, only rendered the service less lugubrious than it is wont to be in a week devoted entirely to considerations of suffering and death. The ladies choked with laughing. Even Madame de Blaspiel's devotions were disturbed; she could not help doing like the rest.* The service having ended, the Prince was well scolded even by those whom he had caused to laugh the most . . . .' In the afternoon 'the Queen, having risen from table and retired to her bedroom, began to *effiler* as usual, and the Baron de Pöllnitz had the honour of reading to her the continuation of *la Mouche*. Cards followed reading, and supper followed cards;' supper being a little less gay than the night before, owing to the absence of Prince

* Madame de Blaspiel was a particular favourite of the Queen Mother's, who had got into trouble a good many years before this time, from a too tender liking for Manteuffel. (Manteuffel was thought, at first, to be mixed up in Clement's affair, and, as Madame de Blaspiel was found to have been corresponding with him, King Frederick William concluded that she must be mixed up in it too, and sent her to Spandau; whereas it was soon proved that her letters, far from having had anything to do with high treason, had run entirely on the affections.) After a lengthened absence from the Court, she had been invited to return as *gouvernante* to Princess Amelia. She had got over the emotions of her youth, and was now a somewhat stern elderly lady, exemplary in her devotional exercises.

Henry, who had proceeded to Rheinsberg in the afternoon.

On Saturday the whole party followed him, driving from Oranienburg to Rheinsberg in four hours. Prince Henry received the Queen on the boundary of the estate, and then, galloping in front of her, handed her out of her carriage at the entrance of the Château.

'Then he led her Majesty to her apartments, which were those the King had formerly occupied. The Queen expressed the extreme pleasure she felt at being at Rheinsberg, and, whilst dinner was being served, she visited the principal rooms of the building, praising their arrangement and the beauty of the furniture and the elegance of the ceilings. . . . Prince Henry informed the Queen that she was served. Her Majesty passed on through the Ladies' corridor and the cabinet containing Lancret's paintings. She stopped for a few moments to look at the paintings, and then entered the grand saloon, where dinner was served. The Queen never tired of admiring the taste and magnificence that reigned in this saloon. She spoke on the subject during her dinner, and seized the opportunity for saying the most tender things imaginable of the King, who had caused such beautiful things to be done whilst he was yet but Prince Royal. The household of H. R. H. Prince Henry being not yet completely formed, the table was served by domestics of the King's, who had taken upon himself the expense of the sojourn at Rheinsberg, where accordingly all was done in royal fashion. The Queen, having risen from table, proceeded into the round cabinet, which commands the lake. Madame de Kannenberg, who had been at Rheinsberg several times previously, acted as historio-

grapher, causing her Majesty to remark the different places. She depicted the beauty of the Bois de Bobereau, and did not forget to speak of the happy days which she had spent at the Court of the Prince Royal.' . . .

Immediately after this the Queen began to *effiler* again.

The next day being Easter Sunday, M. Des Champs 'preached most pathetically in her Majesty's ante-chamber, and Prince Ferdinand consented that the parish clerk should lead the singing,' (which was German, whilst the sermon was French). After dinner Baron de Pöllnitz read aloud to the Queen. Others of the party made an excursion to one of the glass-works and brought home a number of presents. In the evening there was a ball in the great saloon, which lasted till four in the morning.

On Monday we hear at last that all the party, except the Queen, took a walk in the gardens and woods, and that Prince Ferdinand, venturing into a bog, lost a shoe, which happily was found again by some little boys.

'The same day the Prince of Mirow and his family came to pay their respects to the Queen. Prince Henry had caused them to be invited the evening before for the ball, but they had excused themselves on the ground that the Duchess Mother could not travel by night. All those who had seen this Court five years before at Rheinsberg, found no change in it. There were the same persons, and the same faces. Prince Henry re-

ceived them at the head of the staircase, and offering his hand to the Duchess Mother, conducted them into the apartment of Madame de Blaspiel, till such time as it should please the Queen to see them. Her Majesty did not delay in granting them an audience. She conversed much with the Duchess Mother, who seemed to her to be the most rational. The silence of the young Duchess * bored her, and she was *étourdie* by the coarse voice of the Princess of Schwarzburg, known in the Chronicles of Rheinsberg under the name of Princess *Violente*. Whilst passing through the ante-chamber to go to table, the Queen caused the ladies of the Court of Mirow to be presented to her. She was much pleased with Mademoiselle Rauchbart, or *barbe velue*, and distinguished her greatly after rising from table. She sent for her, and desired to hear her tell some fortunes. The Sybil predicted to Monseigneur the Prince Henry much glory, one slight wound, and a great and beautiful Princess, who should present him with eight Princes, as handsome as father and mother . . . . The Mirows having taken their departure, the Queen sat down to play,' &c., &c.

The next day † she left Rheinsberg, 'expressing her regret at quitting it, and saying that she quite counted on returning some day.' Halt was made for one night at Oranienburg, where, 'a few moments after her arrival, her Majesty sat down to play,' the evening ending with an illumination and a ball.

* Mother of Queen Charlotte of Great Britain. Queen Charlotte (born 19th May, 1744), was at the date of this visit the baby of the house of Mirow.

† At least, I suppose so; but at this point Pöllnitz's dates get into disorder. They disagree throughout with Prince Henry's letter to the King, which, however, also seems to give a wrong date. *Œuvres*, xxvi., p. 152.

And on the day following, the Queen and her suite returned to Berlin.

All this while, matters looking very serious on the Silesian frontier, the King was in camp at Neisse and elsewhere. Within a few days the two Princes who had just done the honours to their mother, followed his Majesty to the seat of war. And after the Easter trip a flight of the Court was threatened. In less than a month from the excursion to Rheinsberg, the King, expecting an invasion of the Saxons, was taking measures for removing the two Queens and the rest of the Royal family to some safe place. But, before that could be carried out, the battle of Hohenfriedeberg was fought, and the Queen Mother received this letter :—

'*From the Field of Battle.*

'MADAME,

'We have just won a great victory over the enemy. My brothers, and all my friends, are safe and sound, in token of which I have desired them to sign this letter. The good fortune and success that we have had are beyond expression ; sixty colours, all the guns, a quantity of prisoners, and a frightful massacre of the enemies, particularly the Saxons. The scene of the battle is called Friedeberg. I have not time to say more.

'FÉDÉRIC. GUILLAUME.
HENRI.'

The Queen Mother kept her word. In July of the following year (1746) she paid a second and

somewhat longer visit to Oranienburg and Rheinsberg. This time the King was of the party, and things were done with great splendour, festival following festival. He seems to have lingered a night at Rheinsberg after the Queen left, and, on his getting home to Potsdam late the next evening, he wrote this letter of thanks to the Prince of Prussia for his reception at Oranienburg :—

'15 *July*, 1746.

'My Dearest Brother,

'You know that I love you, and that it is always a true pleasure to me to see you. I was charmed to have that happiness at Oranienburg and Rheinsberg; it would have stood me in stead of every other amusement, if, my dear brother, your taste and magnificence had not supplied us with all kinds. I trust that the heat of to-day and yesterday may not have incommoded the Queen. Yesterday, after her departure, we had a rural supper on the bridge at Remusberg, whilst sending our regrets after the excellent company which had just left that quiet retreat. I made halt to-day at Ruppin and Nauen, places which brought to my mind the happy errors of my youth. Passing again across the stage of my noisy pleasures, I saw all the old townsfolks whispering to each other, "Sure enough our good King is the biggest Merry Andrew in his States. We know him, and so do our windows. Well! thank God, we have whole windows now, since he has taken to breaking the Queen of Hungary's." Judge, I pray you, how my self-esteem was brought low by this fine panegyric.'

I think this was the last sight Frederick ever had of Remusberg.

The only member of the royal family not invited to be of the party on this occasion, was the reigning Queen. The Prince of Prussia plainly told her he did not dare to invite her without higher orders, but he offered to leave his wife (her sister) in Berlin to keep her company. Even on the occasion of the former expedition, at Easter, 1745, she had not been able to repress a sigh at being left behind:—'As for me, I am going to remain here all alone in the old Palace like a very prisoner, whilst the others are enjoying themselves. I amuse myself with reading, work, and music.' (This is, of course, to her brother Ferdinand, whom she informs further that, when the party had all come home, she went for a day to Cöpenick, 'in order not to be the only one who did not travel.')

On the second occasion, when the King was of the party, she felt the privation or slight even more. Her letter to Ferdinand (1st July, 1746) is almost pathetic:—

'The Queen Mother is to start for Oranienburg on Monday, at the prospect of which she is greatly delighted. My sister is also going. I shall keep the palace in the meanwhile, and be my nephew's governess. I am very glad that my sister is going; it will be at least a pleasure to her, and it is as it ought to be. I am very glad that there is nobody but myself forsaken and obliged to put up with mortifications; if my sister were treated in the same way, it would be a double vexation for me. The Prince [of Prussia] asked me the

other day whether it would be agreeable to me if he were to leave my sister here to keep me company. I replied that though I was always very happy to see my sister, he might be well assured that if he took her with him to Oranienburg, it would give me much greater pleasure, because it would be a proper thing, and a thing that would give my sister pleasure. . . . Thereupon he wanted to speak about myself; but I replied at once that, though I felt very much at seeing myself treated thus, I was accustomed to it, but that it would increase my distress if I saw that my sister was going to be put on the same footing as myself.' *

One who in this July of 1746 paid the first of what to her were memorable visits to Oranienburg and Rheinsberg, was our dear Countess Voss, then Sophie von Pannewitz, a young maid of honour in the train of the Queen Mother. She was only seventeen at the time, and in the first burst of her great beauty. Though not yet fully aware of it, she had had what for her could only be called the misfortune of awakening a deep and, as it was to turn out, an abiding passion in the Prince of Prussia. He, not very happy in his marriage, had fallen in love with Sophie at her very first appearance in his mother's court. In general one has just misgivings as to the nature of these sudden likings on the part of married princes; but in this case the affection seems to have been real enough. She, poor child, at her wits' end and thrown wholly on

* Von Hahnke, p. 124.

her own resources, did, one doubts not, what she could to repel him; but that was but little. Long years afterwards, writing down her recollections of the story, she tells us how she went out of his way, how she kept her room for days together, how she tried to make him dislike her, then how she cried and implored him to let her alone and forget her, and how she was harassed by the *méchancetés* of her companions and the harshness of her relations. At last, she owns, though at the time she never acknowledged it to anyone, least of all to the person concerned, she was as deep in love with him as he with her. He was her first and only love. Tall and handsome, like some of his descendants, light-hearted, frank, and generous, he was, no doubt, very loveable. The Queen Mother, pleased with her first and second trips, made a practice of repeating her visits. I believe she generally went to Oranienburg every summer, and perhaps to Rheinsberg also. The grounds and gardens of both places, particularly when lighted up for some festival in a hot night in July, were the very scene for tales of love. It was in the long, shady beech-walks of Oranienburg,—the thick, high hedges, we are told, impervious to wind and rain and sun and moon—and in the bright young gardens of Rheinsberg, that poor Sophie, only half hidden from the keen eyes of the Court, listened, sorely against her will and yet with a beating heart, to words which ought never to have been spoken to her, but which she could never

forget. All this went on for about six years, till at last, to put an end to it, she accepted the offer of a cousin of her own whom she did not care for, but with whom she led a tranquil and tolerably happy married life. But this was not till after the Prince had begun to talk of getting a divorce from his wife to marry Sophie. With the rest of the Court he was present at her wedding, but fell to the ground in a fainting fit, and was carried out in the middle of the ceremony.*

* We have no right whatever to doubt Sophie's word, or even to suppose that she saw her actions in a different light after the lapse of years, although others, looking on at the time, did judge her differently. The Queen, for one, who was naturally jealous on her sister's account, has a little sharp notice of Sophie in November, 1745. On her Majesty's birthday there was a ball, at which, as she herself relates, the Prince of Prussia danced a great many times with Mademoiselle de Pannewitz. On which fact the Queen's commentary is: 'It is really quite comical to see how the young ladies put themselves forward to attract the notice of the great.' (Hahnke, *Elisabeth Christine*, &c., p. 105.) Sophie's attempts at keeping her admirer at bay were quite compatible with her giving herself up to the enjoyment of his society when he and she were thrown, *e.g.*, dancing, together. Very many years after this, the Queen was one of the most attached friends of Frau von Voss. She was so fond of her that she 'monopolized' her —insisted on having her about herself the greater part of the year.

The diaries of the Countess von Voss—*Sixty-Nine Years at the Court of Prussia*—which were so very warmly welcomed in Germany, did not meet with a like reception in England, though, I believe, admirably translated. This can hardly be wondered at, a great part of the book having a merely local interest. An abridgment, with some explanatory notes, would, perhaps, have hit the mark better.

CHAPTER III.

PRINCE HENRY'S MARRIAGE.

Prince Henry's thoughts are turned to Matrimony—His Bride—Their Wedding—Their Country Life—They retire to the Forest—And live in Hermitages—The King thinks they will go to the Poorhouse.

On the 25th of June, 1752, Prince Henry* married Princess Wilhelmina of Hesse Cassel. It is said, and very likely with truth, that he was not

* There are three books, all of which, in a certain sense, may be called Lives of Prince Henry. The first, in point of biographical importance, is the *Vie privée, politique et militaire du Prince Henri de Prusse, &c.*, Paris, 1809. The author of this volume (of three hundred and fifty pages) was Louis Joseph Amour, marquis de Bouillé, the son of the marquis and general François Claude Amour de Bouillé — the same who helped to plan, and would fain have supported, the unfortunate flight of Louis XVI. He, the elder Bouillé, travelled to Berlin and Silesia in 1784, to see and admire Frederick the Great. He was so much struck with all he saw on that occasion, that he begged leave to place his son for a time in Berlin, in the Academy for training young officers of rank. Frederick having granted the permission, Bouillé returned to Berlin in 1785, bringing the boy with him. And having in the meanwhile, in the autumn of 1784, made the intimate acquaintance of Prince Henry in Paris, he paid a visit at Rheinsberg, and recommended his son very particularly to his Royal Highness's gracious protection. Prince Henry is said to have been very kind to the young fellow, who retained a grateful remembrance of that time all his life and, as long as the Prince lived, kept up an affectionate intercourse with him. After the

disposed for matrimony, but that he was strongly urged to it by the King, who, for one thing, wished to see the succession well provided for. It is even added that Henry's bachelor life at Potsdam was purposely made as irksome as possible, that he might be led to look about for relief, and that then marriage was held out to him as the only hope of independence. Be this as it may, his bride was all that prince or other mortal could desire. She was a beauty; and, though by no means in her girlhood or so young as royal brides in general—she was just a month younger than the bridegroom,—she was so lovely and gracious and attractive, and had so much *esprit*, that she at once became, and for

Revolution, both father and son fought in the armies of Condé and York. The father left behind him the well-known memoirs (written 'avec une bonne foi relative,' says his Republican biographer). He died in London in 1800. The son led the life of an *émigré* till 1802, when he returned to France. He died in 1850. The *Vie privée* is not the only monument of his Prussian training; he also wrote a commentary on *The Prince* of Machiavelli and another on the *Anti-machiavel* of Frederick the Great. It were much to be desired that his biography of Prince Henry had been less vague and less declamatory; still, we have to be thankful for it, such as it is. A second book is *Prinz Heinrich von Preussen. Kritische Geschichte seiner Feldzüge. Von dem Verfasser des Geistes des neuern Kriegssystems* (Bülow). Berlin, 1805. It does not contain much that we can turn to account on the present occasion. The third is *La Vie privée d'un prince célèbre, ou Détails des loisirs du Prince Henri de Prusse dans sa retraite de Reinsberg.* Véropolis (Berlin), 1784. The author of it was Guyton de Morveau, of whom a few words will be said elsewhere. As it appeared during the Prince's lifetime, it was rather a panegyric than a biography. All three lives were published anonymously. There are also some worthless volumes of anecdotes.

years continued to be, the star of the whole Court and society of Berlin. Nearly ten years after this, Countess Voss tells us, she was still generally known, not by her own name or title, but by a whole list of endearing epithets :—'La Belle Fée,' 'La Divina,' 'La Toute Divine,' 'L'Incomparable,' &c.

Bielfeld has a long description of the wedding. To begin he tells a strange story; how that the Prince, having come home from Cassel betrothed, was pleased to give a most unfavourable account of the bride's appearance; and how that a portrait of her Highness, painted at the King's command and sent to Berlin, 'was indeed very ugly' (the Prince, as we are to suppose, having bribed the artist), so that when the Princess herself arrived, and 'displayed every charm united to every possible attraction in one person,' everybody was *ébloui*. The Prince of Prussia, going forward to help her out of her carriage, was struck dumb, and with some difficulty regained just so much self-possession as enabled him to 'extend his hand mechanically.' Prince Henry rejoiced at the success of his trick. There were great doings for three days long at Charlottenburg, where the King, the two Queens, and the Court had awaited the Bride's arrival. Bielfeld had on a wonderfully fine suit of clothes; but only for one day, the heat being so great that dominos were afterwards worn. Then came the solemn entry of the Princess into Berlin, and a fine fête given by the bridegroom in

a house which he had hired, his own palace not being ready. After which everybody went to their own again, and the Prince and Princess, as we are to suppose, to Rheinsberg. And there for the next four years—just the same length of time Frederick and his consort spent there—they kept a gay and, to all appearance, happy house. The only drawback was the same which had troubled Frederick too. Prince Henry at this period of his life was always short of money and, when he hoped for help from high quarters, got reproof. The King, who knew by experience the symptoms of such cases and remembered, with a shudder very likely, how near to bankruptcy he had himself been in the same place, prompted by an 'affection quite fraternal' sent Henry urgent warnings and good advice ending thus:—'You will go to the poorhouse, my dear brother, if you continue to spend your capital and make debts. . . . . I thought your debts had all been paid.'

There may have been wanted more skill in making ends meet than Henry ever had, to keep out of debt and yet do everything in a princely style during those cheerful years. The royal brothers (Ferdinand also got married and set up house in 1755) vied with each other in finding out surprising ways of entertaining themselves and their friends. They were young, and had plenty of delightful society and pleasant country-houses within convenient reach of each other. People did

not live in the country then quite as we do now; at least, not when they were going to practise hospitality. They were very fond of 'Nature,' but not of Nature *au nàturel.* It was usual to dress and serve her much as French cookery does food, with sauces and high seasonings, and often pulled to pieces and then kneaded together again in novel shapes.

We are obliged to Bielfeld for a glimpse of Rheinsberg in 1753. After a very minute description of Oranienburg, he says :—

'The Palace of Rheinsberg has been left just as it was,' with the exception of five or six rooms. 'The gardens, on the contrary, have been very much enlarged, improved, altered, and embellished. The Orangery, which was but begun, is now a fine apartment, with two pretty cabinets adjoining. His Royal Highness has caused a Chinese house to be built, also an incomparably fine grotto in a hidden spot on the shore of the lake, and a colonnade in ruins, which serves as a covering to an ice-cellar, and the invention of which is very fine. Rheinsberg has long been jocularly called Remusberg. It is asserted that Remus was banished by his brother to these parts, which at that time were the Siberia of the Roman Empire. The Prince has carried out this facetious idea. Supposing the ice-cellar to be the tomb of Remus, he has caused the opening to be concealed by stones, carved so as to form the pedestal of a column of the Tuscan Order, and on these is placed an urn, which appears to contain the ashes of a deceased person of high rank.' (He does not say what is the proper appearance of such an urn, 'one that contains the ashes of a deceased person of high

rank.') 'Some broken columns and mutilated statues, which were found in the workshops here, have been set up all round the monument; it has the natural look of a colonnade which has gone to ruin.. The ground near has been planted with box and cypress; old broken capitals have been thrown about, and huge stones with ingenious inscriptions engraven on them, and other things of the same kind, calculated to present the appearance of a place fallen to ruin by the lapse of time. . . . The theatre of green hedges, which the Prince has laid out, is a perfect thing, &c., &c. . . . You are aware that the palace of Rheinsberg stands on the margin of a vast lake, around which stretches a fine forest of oaks and beeches. In these woods the Prince has erected houses, which represent a Court Hermitage, without being a solitude. Ten houses of wood, in each of which are three fine rooms, a tiny kitchen, and an attic, are scattered here and there through the forest at certain distances from each other. The inhabitants can see and call out to each other, without being inconvenienced by too great nearness. On the outside these houses are of oyster-shells and bark, having roofs thatched with straw. Within, they are neat, but furnished with artless simplicity. In the midst you see one habitation which is larger than the rest and has a tower. This is the dwelling of the Prince of Prussia, and has a hall large enough for the whole party to dine or sup in when it rains. But when the weather is fine, the table is served in a pavilion of lattice-work, only a few steps off. The signal is always given by a great bell; it rings thrice, and at the last stroke the whole party sally forth from their separate habitations and proceed to the banquet-hall. Their Royal Highnesses submit to the general law, and desire to have no privilege in this respect. Each inhabitant spends the forenoon as he likes, reads, works, breakfasts, walks, pays visits to the

ladies, whiles away the time, or occupies himself as he chooses. After dinner there is the same liberty; only, at six o'clock all the guests assemble to take part in some general amusement.' . . . . Prince Ferdinand has at Ruppin 'a fine house and garden,' the description of which we will pass over. 'These great Princes and their consorts,' he concludes, 'lay aside here all pretended pomp. . . . The concord which reigns between these three august brothers, and which often brings them together, constitutes the charm of our life, and makes us undecided whether to give the preference to Oranienburg, or Rheinsberg, or Ruppin.' *

I daresay anybody would have been very glad to stay for a few days at any one of the three places. But hermitages and Tuscan tombs and Chinese houses cost a deal of money, and it was natural in the King, who had had none of the fun, to preach thrift. After all, Henry had been married only one year. But it must have been very disagreeable in November, when the hermitages were all shut up for the winter and bills were coming in, and a few thousands extra had been hoped for to pay them, to get a letter about the poorhouse, &c., &c.

* Amongst some views of Rheinsberg in water-colour in a private collection, I saw one called 'Hermitage de Jean Jacques Rousseau.' It was just such a house of bark thatched with straw as Bielfeld describes. Beside it was a sort of belfry—two big poles stuck in the ground and another big pole laid on them horizontally; from the latter hung a huge bell. It is likely that a hermitage was named after Rousseau somewhat later and kept in repair when the rest went to decay. The views seemed to have been taken in the last quarter of the century

(The above letter of the King's, with that unpleasant ending, was written in November of this very same year, 1753, a few months after Bielfeld's visit.)

Those were the 'Ten Years of Peace' (1746—1756); fresh, merry, lusty years, when everybody was yet alive and everybody was young. A deal of work was done in them, but a deal of time also was set aside for diversion. Nothing like them ever came again. A time came when survivors from thinned ranks wistfully looked back on those golden years; missing beloved faces glowing then with the pride of youth and the glory of royal birth,—veiled afterwards with reproach and death.

CHAPTER IV.

THE 'GREAT LANDGRAVINE.

The Landgravine and her Daughters—The Landgrave and his Recruits—A Midsummer's Night's Entertainment—The Colonnade is hung with Lamps—The Siamese Ambassadors are rowed across the Lake—And the Landgravine is presented with Chinese Ornaments.

A LADY, often alluded to in the annals of that period, is the Landgravine Caroline of Hesse-Darmstadt. She must have been a woman of first-rate parts, for she was liked and admired by all the best men of the day. Frederick the Great called her the 'ornament and admiration of the century,' and after her death raised a monument to her memory. Goethe called her the 'Great Landgravine.' Wieland thought she ought to be made 'Queen of Europe.' Between her continual journeyings to and fro, her martinet of a Landgrave, and the five daughters whom she had to 'get off,' *

* The daughters all married very well. The eldest, Caroline, married the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, and became mother to our own Hesse-Homburg—Humbug, as the wits at St. James's called him — who married the Princess Elizabeth of Great Britain. The second, Frederika, married the Prince of Prussia, son to the Prince of Prussia above-mentioned and eventually King of Prussia as Frederick William II.; she, Queen Frede-

she led rather a restless life. She died at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. Her powers of conversation having died with her, somehow she has unfairly and undeservedly come to figure in history more as a sort of Serene managing mamma, or Campaigner in Highest Life, than as the solid, sensible, and practical, yet brilliant and charming woman she undoubtedly was. She wrote an astonishing number of letters. To her Landgrave alone she wrote 2,555 letters.*

There were odd princes and other persons in Germany as well as elsewhere a hundred years ago, and this Landgrave was one of them. He would not live in Darmstadt either as heir-apparent or as Sovereign. On the contrary, having inherited some land from his mother, he built a town called Pirmasens on the brow of a hill in it when he was

rika, was the grandmother of the Emperor William. The third, Amelia, married the Prince Hereditary of Baden. The fourth, Wilhelmina, became the first wife of Paul, afterwards Czar. She would have been Empress of all the Russias had she lived, but she died within three years. She was not a 'success' in Russia, I fear, though she changed her name and was called Natalia. The highest place in history had been kept for the youngest, Louisa, who married Carl August, Duke, afterwards Grand Duke, of Saxe-Weimar. She was the 'Grand Duchess Louisa' of classic and Napoleonic times.

* A selection of the Landgravine's letters was published in 1877 in two volumes: *Briefwechsel der 'Grossen Landgräfin' Caroline von Hessen, &c., &c.*, herausgegeben von Dr. A. F. Walther. Many of her best letters are no longer forthcoming. And of those she received, the greater number were burned in accordance with her last will. As it is, the editing of the two volumes might have been done a little more carefully.

about twenty years old, and drilled a regiment of grenadiers there during nearly all the rest of his life. He had no turn for any other branch of the military profession, but for drill he had a craving which daily indulgence never in the least allayed. In 1750, hoping to find wider scope for it, he entered the Prussian service; but, being obliged to quit that again when the Seven Years' War broke out (owing to the position of his father as a Prince of the Empire), he went back to his work at Pirmasens and thenceforth stuck to it. His father died, and he became Landgrave of Darmstadt, but even then, leaving his wife to rule and reign (with the strong help of the famous Moser, who was Prime Minister of Darmstadt), he himself, though very jealous of his authority and expecting his orders to be taken by letter about every trifle and minutely carried out, stayed at Pirmasens and drilled his men. The Landgravine did her best, which was very good, and then, when some more years had passed, she too died—poor lady! —but still the Landgrave stayed where he was and went on drilling. The regiment consisted of 'natives, foreigners, and gipsies.' They were drilled literally all day long. Sometimes even at midnight the drums would beat a march—in commemoration of some signal service once rendered by the drum of a Darmstadt contingent in the middle of the night in the Turkish wars—at which honourable disturbance the whole garrison sprang out of bed and, smothering sleep and strong language, began to march and

drill again. In those days soldiers were formed by the use of a cane or stick; it was, of course, the method everywhere. But at Pirmasens, the regiment never passing out of elementary drill—consisting in so far always of recruits—the stick never came into *dis*use. The men, however, did not get accustomed to it; on the contrary, they liked it less and less the more they were acquainted with it, and were put to their wits' end to get out of its way. To make desertion difficult, the town was surrounded with a high wall which had only two gates, and an open space was left between the wall and the nearest streets all the way round, so that they nowhere touched each other. Along the whole line of this enclosure, sentries were placed within sight of each other, so that it was out of the question for any person to cross the enclosure unobserved. The sentries were inspected every hour by a patrol. The 'foreigners' (including the gipsies, I suppose)—*i.e.*, all who were not the Landgrave's subjects and who therefore could not be retaken if they once crossed the frontier, *were never allowed to go outside at all!* Nevertheless, what seems well nigh impossible, desertions often took place, putting the Landgrave to great distress. In 1789, fifty years after his first beginning, Guibert, the French general, travelling that way, found the Landgrave still drilling. By that time the regiment and every single grenadier in it was 'like a machine' and the movements seemed done by machinery. The exer-

cises were sometimes gone through at night, 'in the dark, without a single mistake.' *

This drill sergeant *Dei gratiâ* was very proud of his wife, as well he might be; though whilst she lived he gave her no end of bother, chiefly by asserting his so-called 'will.' He carefully kept her 2,555 letters, and, what is more, he also kept *copies* of them, all the 2,555 a second time, transcribed by some secretary! Both originals and duplicates are still to the fore.

From 1750 to 1757 the Landgrave, then only heir-apparent or Prince hereditary of Darmstadt, having, as I said, gone into the Prussian service, commanded a regiment that was stationed at Prenzlau, a town well to the north of Berlin in the Uckermark. At Prenzlau the Princess hereditary

* In cold weather two battalions could drill by companies in a *maison d'exercice* that was large enough to contain them and 'twenty-five stoves.' Guibert describes the exercises: 'Incredible precision in that difficult and useless firing [platoon firing] *tant de pied ferme qu'en avançant et en retraite.* . . . Then a ridiculous step; the legs raised for half a minute, the points of the toes on a line with the waist, then coming down like springs, and not advancing six inches. They marched past afterwards five or six times. No other manœuvre. I doubt whether they know any other.' (*Voyages de Guibert dans diverses parties de la France et en Suisse*, pp. 102, 106.) Guibert, as is known, besides being a poet and a dramatist, was the author of a famous book on tactics and of an *Éloge* of Frederick the Great. He also travelled to Berlin to see Frederick and study the Prussian military system. The Journal of his tour in Germany was published likewise after his death; but I have never been lucky enough to see the book. His dispute with Marshal Broglie on Extended Order and Deep Order, is narrated in the 'King's Secret.'

gave birth to a son, the eventual heir-apparent,* and to three of her daughters. And being not far from Berlin, where she was the delight of the whole Court, she often went thither for a week or two.

And in the same year 1753, of which we have already been speaking, Bielfeld is so kind as to give us a glimpse of her at Rheinsberg.

At the end of a stupendous festival in honour of the Princess at Oranienburg, the whole party as usual moved on to Rheinsberg, and there they performed a scene from the Court of Louis XIV. 'The chief object was to present the Princess of Darmstadt with some pieces of furniture in old Chinese lacquer in such a manner that she could find no pretext for refusing them.' So she was asked to represent the Queen Mother, Anne of Austria, giving audience to ambassadors from Siam. The beautiful Fräulein von Forcade acted the part of the young King. Much pains was taken to make the costumes as correct as possible.

'The Prince of Prussia acted the Chancellor. He had an uncommonly big wig on his head, and wore a black robe with a train four yards long. Prince Henry, who represented Cardinal Richelieu, was in a cardinal's gown and tippet.' All the rest of the Court were dressed in character, even 'the 100 Swiss and the other servants. Every one, even the ladies' maids, took part in the festivity. As it happened to be the very finest summer

* Rather the eventual first Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and great grandfather of the present Grand Duke.

night imaginable, the Court assembled under the great colonnade at the end of the court-yard, looking out on the lake. The colonnade was magnificently ornamented and illuminated. At one end there was a throne for their Majesties. . . . The King sat on his throne beside the Queen. Shortly, two barques were seen in the distance crossing the lake, all decked out with streamers and lighted up even to the ropes with lamps. They had on board the Siamese ambassador and his suite. He and his interpreter and the whole suite, were all very splendidly dressed in the Siamese costume. As soon as the barque touched the shore, the ambassador landed . . . He delivered in his strange tongue an address, the drift of which was translated by the interpreter. After which he presented his credentials, and last of all the gifts. The Prince of Prussia, as chancellor, replied to his harangue. He spoke at great length and in a most jocular style; and, to play the Prince Henry, his brother, a trick, he ended his speech with the following words: "That her Majesty, the Queen Mother, was pleased to accept the presents of his Siamese Majesty, as a token of friendship, not for their intrinsic worth. The lord ambassador might be assured that, if he might be allowed to say so, the Queen's night-stool was coated with a much more costly lacquer than all this that he had brought." All present laughed heartily at this jocular sally.' . . .

After which the ambassador and his suite were solemnly conducted through the palace, and then everybody sat down to supper. Before it had ended, Queen Christina of Sweden was announced and welcomed with great ceremony, and then there was a ball.

'I should never have done,' says Bielfeld, 'if I

were to describe all the other festivities which their Highnesses the Princes have devised. Now it was the Inquisition of Goa, an *auto da fé,'* at which the Prince of Prussia and Bielfeld himself were the victims, having been 'falsely accused' of unfaithfulness to their marriage vows. Then it was a Turkish solemnity, with the seraglio. Then it was a feast of the gods on Olympus. Then a kidnapping of shepherdesses by satyrs. Then the Elysian Fields. Then the cloister of an order of monks. Then some scenes from Don Quixote, &c., &c. 'The brilliant genius of the Princes blazed forth on every occasion, and it is a most remarkable thing to see with what rapidity these most august personages can exchange the fields of Mars for the delectations of the Court, and the fatigues of war for the most refined pleasures.' *

* When Bielfeld's letters came out, ten years after the occurrences described above, the Landgravine was not a little annoyed. She writes: 'I have read M. de Bielfeld's letters. There are a great many curious anecdotes in them, but he would have done better to suppress those details about the *fêtes.* It is all very well to repeat such things in a small party, but amusements of that sort ought not to go down to posterity; and I am certain that Prince Henry is very little obliged to him for having entertained the public with them.' (*Briefwechsel,* ii., 367.)

CHAPTER V.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

Frederick's brothers foresee the downfall of Prussia—The Prince of Prussia retreats—And dies—Henry's grief—And anger—And hatred—His courage and skill—His kindness to the vanquished—He wishes to retire—Frederick's estimate of Henry.

THE Seven Years' War breaking out put a stop to expensive garden-parties; the money and the men were wanted elsewhere. The Princes, of course, followed the King to the seat of war, but not willingly. They could not, or would not, understand why he should take up arms again. They had in the course of time got a trick of laying their heads together and making opposition to almost everything that he did. They did not show him their disapproval, or dare to discuss his plans with him, but all the more they argued themselves at last pretty nearly into a conviction that he and his schemes were all alike silly. On the present occasion they felt—the eldest of the three, who had the most to gain or lose, felt with real dismay—that this giddy, wilful, headstrong King was going to plunge the State into war, most likely into ruin, for a crotchet. 'Everything,' writes the Prince of

Prussia, 'prognosticates the downfall of our country. If that is determined on in the book of fate, we cannot escape . . . We are in the case of a ship's captain, who . . . sooner than surrender on shameful terms, *met le feu à la sainte barbe* . . . My children will perhaps be the victims of past faults.'

A conviction or mood like this was not good for the generalship of one of the Prince of Prussia's disposition. He was a soldier by station, not by liking or bent. 'My brother,' Frederick said, 'has *esprit*, information, the best heart in the world, but no resolution; much timidity, and an aloofness from vigorous decisions.' And so, in July, 1757, after the defeat at Kollin, the Prince, who had the command of the army of the Elbe, felt ruin and only ruin coming nearer and nearer, almost clutching his heels, and therefore, though the King wrote letter on letter, and Winterfeldt the adlatus remonstrated, thinking it would be flying in the face of Destiny to try to do anything, he merely retreated and retreated. The retreat of four weeks was disastrous. When the King and he met near Bautzen, the Prince and his generals formed a circle. The King did not enter the circle, but sent Winterfeldt, standing near, however, to hear whether Winterfeldt said the very words he had charged him with.* The words were to the effect

* There are two versions of the story, differing a good deal. I do not in the least know which is the more trustworthy, and take one pretty much at haphazard.

that 'they had deserved by their conduct that a court-martial should be held upon them, in which case they would without fail be condemned to lose their heads (?). The King, however, desired not to push matters so far, seeing that he did not forget the brother in the general.' When Winterfeldt had spoken, the Prince at once left the circle and, without exchanging words with the King, rode off to Bautzen. Soon afterwards he retired to Torgau, and then to Leipzig, and at last, in November, to Oranienburg, where, in the following summer (June 12th, 1758), he died.

Prince Henry distinguished himself greatly from beginning to end of the Seven Years' War. He thought the war a needless, a rash, and an ill-conducted one, but he never lost his head nor forgot (with some small exceptions) his duty as a Prussian Prince. He was found to be possessed of uncommon strategic talents, which he turned to admirable account.

In the King's suite he had been a witness of the scene at Bautzen. Sure that the brother he loved had done right, and the one he disliked had done wrong, what he thought injustice and oppression filled him with rage. His sorrow at the death of August William would in any case have been keen, but as things were he nursed his grief, mixed it largely with anger, and never let it go. The King's own sorrow at the death was violent, but Henry was overwhelmed. Memories of past years,

most likely dreams of possible futures, had all gone down into that grave. Who knows what notions may have crossed his brain at times? After all there are many chances in war. Anybody might be shot down. There might be changes in very high quarters. There might be a golden time ahead. Now things had happened differently, and that was all over. But it made him mad to think that vile tongues might talk lightly of his brother's misfortunes, or call these by some other name.

The Prince of Prussia had appointed Henry his executor, which made some correspondence with the King necessary. His earliest letters are very touching, all the more so as we have to read the half of his feelings between the lines. Neither then nor afterwards could he speak his mind fully; *that* family discipline altogether forbade. The King had written immediately: 'I know the tenderness you had for him . . . . I fear for you . . . . Think of the State and our country,' &c., &c. To which Henry replied:—

'In the agitation in which I have been since my brother's death, it would have been impossible for me to write to you upon a subject which has caused me to suffer so much, if I had not received the letter which you have deigned to write to me. The feeling which animates me is more powerful than my reason. I have nothing before my eyes but the sad object of a brother whom I have tenderly loved, his last days, and his death. Although life is full of misfortunes and vicissitudes, and though I have not been exempt from suffering such,

yet this is the most terrible and cruel that I have experienced.'

Several letters follow on both sides, in which lamentation, consolation, the will, the movements of the armies, the movements of the enemies, are treated by turns.

In one the King says . . . . 'Sometimes my affairs deaden me to our common sorrows, but all at once when these come back to mind my heart bleeds, and I become horribly melancholy. Every letter from my sisters, the sight of the regiment, everything affects me frightfully.' Something in this letter had jarred on Henry's feelings, for he replied angrily :—

'I have groaned at the misunderstanding which was between you and my brother. The manner in which you remind me of it aggravates my distress, but respect and sorrow impose silence on me, so that I can make no answer on this subject. My affliction will endure as long as my brother remains a prey to ill fortune. If he yet lived, I would willingly cut off some of my own days to efface the number of those in which you were displeased with him. But that is not possible now. I shall support my misfortune with patience. Still, whilst we can resign the happiness and the enjoyment of life, we feel nevertheless that it is hard to be deprived of these. . . . My sister of Bayreuth has been in extremities. She cannot write. I fear that she will not recover from this illness. She is not yet aware of my brother's death, and it is justly feared that the tidings will dissipate the little hope that there is of her recovery.' . . .

To which the King (3rd August, 1758) :—

'My dear Brother,—We have enemies enough outside, without tearing one another to pieces in our own family. I hope that you do me the justice not to regard me as an unnatural brother or relative. The question at present, my dear brother, is to save the State, and to use all the means imaginable to defend ourselves against our foes. What you say about my sister of Bayreuth makes me tremble. She, next to our revered mother,* was the person in this world whom I cherished the most; she is a sister who has my whole heart and confidence, a character which could not be bought with all the crowns in the universe. I was brought up with her from my tender childhood.' . . .

In his next letter the King, having constituted Prince Henry the guardian of their nephew 'with unlimited authority,' gives directions about the oath of allegiance which is to be administered to the troops in case of 'anything happening' to himself. In a few weeks the battle of Hochkirch was fought and lost, and immediately after it Frederick received the news of the death of his sister Wilhelmina.†

We mark the *animus* when the Prince as above sends word of his sister's danger. Hating Frederick, thinking, believing, hoping the worst of him, he did not care to avoid wounding his feelings. His dis-

* The Queen Mother died 28th June, 1757, a year before the Prince of Prussia.

† The Margravine of Bayreuth died on the 14th of October, 1758.

like, mixed with a little fear, then and afterwards took shapes which in our eyes now are tragi-comic. According to him the King was the one mar-plot in military matters. He himself and the other generals had the merit of what was done right. Had it been possible to lock his Majesty up somewhere whilst the war lasted, there would have been a chance of bringing it to a tolerably safe end. But with a jealous, fickle despot always meddling, hampering other people, and spoiling their 'best designs,' what chance could there be? At the bottom of one of Frederick's letters to Henry, written about a year after this time, soon after the disaster at Maxen, to give his brother some necessary information, there are actually these words in the Prince's handwriting:—

'I do not put any faith in his intelligence; it is always contradictory and uncertain, like his character. He has hurled us into this cruel war; nothing but the valour of the generals and soldiers can extricate us. Since the day he joined my army, he has brought it into disorder and misfortune. All my efforts in this campaign, and the good fortune which has seconded me, all is thrown away by Frederick.' *

This is not the place for writing Prince Henry's military life. It was a distinguished career; none the less so for his own high opinion of it, or for his habit of carping at the genius of certain others.

* *Œuvres, &c.*, tome xxvi., p. 203.

His services were often first class; in several campaigns they were brilliant;—feats of generalship which will always give him a high rank in military history. It is the more necessary to say this once for all, and to lay stress on it, and to bear it well in mind; partly because alongside of the fame of his brother Frederick, any other martial reputation is apt to dwindle away, and partly because the features of Henry's character which strike us the most in the retirement of his later life were often so eccentric and bizarre as to dim or greatly overshadow the popular representation of a hero. And, along with talent and energy, he was distinguished for a kindness (*bonté*) or gentleness of disposition which is borne witness to by every authority, and which made him very popular with his men. Not the soldiers only made proof of it, but quite as much the populations of conquered provinces, whom he always to the utmost of his power tried to save from exactions. In which he sometimes went further than the usages of the time bore him out, or than the King approved.

The King always fully acknowledged Henry's merit and services; at least it seems so to ordinary on-lookers. His letters teem with thanks and praises. Henry himself did not think so, and his biographers tell us of nothing but the jealousy and injustice and the constant slights to which he was exposed. In consequence of these he feigned severe illness in the autumn of 1760, left the army and

shut himself up at Breslau and then, for the greater part of the winter, at Glogau; 'retained there,' says the biographer, 'less by illness than by the chagrin he felt at some fresh injustice (nouvelles injustices) of the King's.' But in the spring he came forth from his hiding-hole and, joining his Majesty at Meissen, received the command of the army of Saxony.

At all times and in all places, during the Seven Years' War just as much as before or after, Frederick the Great was every inch a king; and the correspondence between him and his brother shows us that anew. If Henry does his work, he is praised; if he forgets his duty, and seems for awhile to care for his own person more than for the *thing*, the State, the King at once accepts the new position and writes him polite letters such as he might send to anybody, so sorry that he cannot write more, 'being much occupied.' There was certainly no good at all in 'trying it on' with *him*. Nor did he ever for a moment suppose that his own approbation, the approbation of the Head of the State, was not the highest reward that any man could hope to earn.

In 1762 there was again a very peppery correspondence between the brothers; the anger, however, being chiefly if not wholly on the Prince's side. From time to time the King sent orders different from those the Prince had given, and to some

extent intended to supersede them; he also criticised certain of the Prince's measures. To an ordinary reader nothing could seem more natural or milder in tone than his fault-finding; it always takes the shape of hints or suggestions—designed of course as commands. These matters of business thus disposed of, alongside of them he always wrote to his brother his usual friendly letters full of the last news and gossip. Certainly he never dreamed that the necessary regulation of military matters need interfere with the ordinary relations of life. Prince Henry, however, thought very differently. His wrath rose from week to week—it is really very difficult to understand how or why,—and his letters soon reached the boiling point.* At last he sent in his resignation, and he wrote:—'Your former letters, about which I was willing to say nothing, and this latest want of affection, show me plainly to what fortune I have sacrificed these six years of campaigning;' and he peremptorily demanded the appointment of his successor. The King replied:—'Spare, *Monseigneur*, your wrath and your indignation against your servant! You who preach indulgence, have some of it for those persons who have no intention of offending you or of failing in their duty towards you, and deign to receive with more benignity the humble representa-

* The letters are published by Schöning:—*Militairische Correspondenz des Königs Friedrichs des Grossen mit dem Prinzen Heinrich von Preussen*—and by Preuss in the *Œuvres de Frédéric.*

tions which conjunctures sometimes force me to make to you.' As his Majesty at the same time decidedly refused to listen to any proposal of resignation, the Prince said nothing more about that, and possibly began to perceive that the reasons for it were not so urgent as he had thought they were.

Knowing as we do something of the state of Frederick's affections, knowing too his high opinion of Henry's generalship, we are the more puzzled to make out why Henry specially at this time should have been filled with a downright horror and dread of him. There are letters proving that he believed himself marked out to be another victim of Frederick's 'tyranny,' and that the *best* he hoped for was to be allowed to retire without molestation or insult. He condescended to write to the King's private secretary, Eichel, requesting his good offices in the matter of the resignation! And to Sir Andrew Mitchell, who was then about the King, he wrote in the same strain. As the letter shows the writer's feelings, one is tempted to print a part of it, exactly in the spelling, accentuation, &c., of the original.*

'*De Hoff*, 19 *d'avril*, 1762.

'MONSIEUR,—

'L'indisposition que j'ai eu m'a fait négliger de repondre a l'obligente lettre par laquelle vous vous m'aprenes la prise de la Martinique, l'interet que je

* These letters form a volume of the Mitchell Papers in the British Museum.

prend a la Gloire de votre nation doit etre le garant de celui que j'ai pris a Cette nouvelle, receves mes felicitations sinceres a ce sujet. Je n'ai pas eu envie de vous entretenir sur mes propres affaire, je sai que vous y etes sensibles et je n'ai pas voulu vous faire partager mes pesne, le sujet qui m'atire les chagrins que J'ai, vont de la Juste compassion que J'ai des malheureux qu'on fait dans ce pays ci, malgre mes representations, ressu avec Duretes, l'autorites a prévalu, et J'ai essuyes toute espece de désagrement, et me trouve encore en compromis avec des gens de l'espece la plus abjecte. J'ai ecrit pour me retirer sur quoi J'ai ressu une reponse comme si elle émanoit du conseil du Camps des Tartares, car Jamais Prince chretien a t il écrit sur ce ton a un frere. J'ai le Poignard dans le cœur, Je suis malleingre et d'une constitution qui n'est pas forte : si vous pouves contribuer pour qu'on me laisse aller sans me chagriner davantage, Je vous en devres une obligation éternelle, car Je ne saurois plus avoir a faire avec l'auteur de toute mes disgraces. Je pouvois vous repondre sur toute les objections a faire contre ma résolution, quoique J'avoue que ce n'est pas le moindre sujet de mes chagrins, d'avoir devant moi l'alternative a recevoir des reproche qui ont une aparence contre moi si Je quitte, ou de rester comme l'esclave d'un souverain absolu, sans faire mention de letat de ma sante qui sufit pour me faire souhaiter d'etre tranquile . . . . Je souhaite que vous arives heureusement a Breslau, et me réjouires toutefois que Je pouves vous temoigner l'amitie et consideration avec lesquelles Je suis,

' Monsieur,
' Votre tres devoue
' ami et serviteur,
' HENRI.' *

* Prince Henry spelt not correctly, but better than the King, and very much better than some others of the family did. He

In the autumn of the same year, 1762, the battle of Freyberg was fought, in which Henry, nobody being at hand to spoil all his best designs, fairly thrashed the troops of the Empire to the admiration of everybody. A victory so neat and complete left in the victor's mind a feeling of satisfaction which went far to neutralize many jarring sentiments, and it put a happy finish to the seven years of services which he had thought so ill-appreciated. At the same time, as it happened, it put a finish to the whole Conflict. The battle of Freyberg was the last battle of the Seven Years' War. In the spring of 1763 came the Peace.*

Soon afterwards, we are told, the King giving a banquet to his generals, delivered a kind of

wrote a cramped hand, but not, as it seems to me, a very illegible one; in which opinion, however, other decipherers differ from me. Bisset gives it up, and prints a single letter in the hand of an amanuensis. He says:—'There is a great number of letters [34] from Prince Henri of Prussia, written in his own hand, which, being far from a legible one, we give the following as the only one written, on account of severe illness, in another hand, and therefore more easily deciphered.' (*Memoirs, &c. of Sir Andrew Mitchell*, ii. 252.) Count Henckel also, who *has* deciphered a good many of Prince Henry's letters, complains bitterly of the handwriting.

* In Montholon's *Mémoires* of Napoleon (tome v., p. 329) there is an elaborate criticism of Prince Henry, which, whilst it does not underrate his talents, aims at lowering the merit of the victory at Freyberg. After giving the reasons for his opinion, Napoleon sums up. 'La bataille de Freyberg est considérée comme le principal titre de gloire du Prince Henri: c'est la seule bataille dans laquelle il ait commandé en chef. La campagne de 1761 est celle où ce prince a vraiment montré des talents supérieurs.'

harangue, in which he commented at considerable length on the chief occurrences in the successive campaigns in which they had all been engaged, criticising pretty freely the conduct of each commander at certain junctures, and not sparing, it is said, himself any more than the rest. 'After summing up the blunders that had been made by one and another, he said, "Let us salute, gentlemen, the only general who, during the whole war, did not commit a single fault. To your health, my brother!" and turned towards Prince Henry.' *

Another compliment very much to the Prince's liking, was the grant of a body-guard of four and twenty hussars—a distinction bestowed on nobody but himself and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

* Bouillé. *Vie p. p. et m., &c.*, p. 138. It has been often and quite truly observed, that this celebrated compliment was, to a marked degree, negative in its character. The King was as well aware as any one could be of two things:—1st. That he had been guilty of many faults and mistakes himself; 2nd, That Henry's wariness and surefootedness and powers of calculation, valuable as these were, would not have saved the Prussian monarchy in the Seven Years' War.

CHAPTER VI.

RETIREMENT.

The Herr von Reisewitz swallows a Diamond—Prince Henry drinks Mineral Waters—And cuts out Figures with a pair of Scissors—The Crown of Poland is held out at a distance—Separation of Prince and Princess Henry.

DURING the Seven Years' War Rheinsberg, though deserted by its proprietor and his guests, was not neglected. Improvements were steadily carried on and new buildings were erected under the eye of the Intendant, the Baron von Reisewitz. It was then that the so-called *Domestikenhaus* was built. We wonder at the risking of such undertakings in such times. Berlin itself and the houses and palaces near it were sacked and plundered; Rheinsberg escaped by being further out of the way. Only the Swedes, as we know, encamped for a time in dangerous nearness.

Those were seven dull dreary insecure years in rural parts. All the robust manhood had gone to the wars, and much of it was destined to 'remain' there.* What was left behind was weak and

* He 'remained' (*er ist geblieben*) is the almost invariable expression in Germany to denote that some one fell in battle.

helpless. 'Society' had mostly forsaken its estates and was huddling together for safety behind the walls of fortifications.

In March, 1761, we do once get a brief glimpse of Rheinsberg. The Court of Prussia had spent that winter at Magdeburg, having fled thither for security. But in the spring, the enemy having retreated, the Herr von Voss took advantage of that movement to make a rapid journey to Mecklenburg for the sake of looking after his estates, which had been laid under heavy contributions. And on their way back to Magdeburg, he and his wife halted for a night at Rheinsberg. In her journal the Countess tells us that, though it was late when they arrived (eight in the evening) and raining heavily, they at once went to see the House and grounds, which last were looking beautiful. She says that Herr von Reisewitz was so kind as to insist on their spending the night under his roof. And next day, 22nd May, she says: 'I got up at three o'clock, was quickly dressed, and went at daybreak to the House. After wandering alone for a long time in the dear beloved gardens so full of sweet recollections, I went back, and at six o'clock we started again on our journey,' &c., &c.

One cannot help pausing at this picture. It was just ten years since the romance of her youth had been put an end to by her own act. And now, in the dawn of a May morning after a rainy night, in the course of a hurried journey in troubled and

dangerous times, she runs out alone and steals a look at the old place, and has an hour to herself and the dead in the deserted gardens, whilst the rest of the world is sleeping indoors. And then she goes back to her friend's house, and at six o'clock her husband and she proceed on their journey.

Concerning this Baron von Reisewitz very strange tales are told. Having been as a boy page to the Prince of Prussia, and afterwards equerry to Prince Henry, whom he attended during the first winter of the war, in 1757 he was appointed Intendant of Rheinsberg, in which post he continued till the 22nd of February, 1763, when, within a few days of the signing of the Peace of Hubertsburg, he died, says Hennert, of an inflammatory attack. Rumour, however, says that he poisoned himself, and gives, as his motive for that act, his having been falsely accused of a dishonest administration of the large sums of money intrusted to him for the new buildings, as also for the laying out of walks and drives both in the grounds and in Boberow Forest; the grounds, as they are now, being mainly his work. Prince Henry appearing to believe the charge, Reisewitz, in view of the Prince's speedy return, chose rather to die than meet him under such a calumny. So far the rumour concerning his death. But what comes after is a very great deal more extraordinary,—as well as odd, I think, to be said of a man of such a fine sense of honour. It is currently told that *he walks*

again—or, at least, his ghost—generally in those very roads which he constructed, or on the site of them; the roads themselves having in many instances disappeared, blotted out by the encroaching forest. He leads people wrong—not tourists, I rather think, but busy peasants and tired belated townsfolk hurrying and panting homewards. Suddenly they find themselves in places quite unknown to them, parts of the forest which they never saw in their lives before, where they get confused and entangled and inextricably bewildered, till they lose their bearings, the road leading them not out but always back to the same point. Then a loud laugh or a clapping of hands lets them know what is the matter. At night, of course, he makes a great stir in Boberow Forest;—in the German phrase of all work, *er treibt sein Wesen*, whatever that may be. As aforesaid, it strikes one that such a fate for such a ghost is hardly poetically just. But, we are assured, it is a very fine instance of the growth of fable, and one of the newest additions to that lore in Brandenburg.*

* Fontane has a very curious passage about this Herr von Reisewitz. In the first place he calls him Herr von Reitzenstein, and repeats this version of the name in his last edition (1875), although Schwartz (at page 148 of the *Sagen und alte Geschichten der Mark Brandenburg*) put him right on this point as long ago as 1871. Referring to the report of the suicide, he mentions a curious tradition prevailing amongst the people, viz., that 'Reitzenstein' took his life 'by swallowing a diamond.' He remarks that a diamond, of course, is as harmless as the kernel of a plum, and that this is a rather interesting instance of the growth of popular

This Baron von Reisewitz was succeeded as Intendant by another Baron von Reisewitz. They do not seem to have been related—at least, the first was a Silesian and the second a Saxon. It was the *second* Reisewitz who carried out the alterations in Frederick's Study and the rooms adjoining it. (Hennert, pp. 20, 28, 31.) Yet he hardly lived a year in his new post. He died on the 16th of April, 1764.

In May, 1763, we find Prince Henry at Rheinsberg, where, with few interruptions, he was about to spend the springs, summers, and autumns of forty

mythology. What is meant, he says, is *essence d'amandes* or Prussic acid (*Blausäure*), the similarity of sound between 'd'amandes' and 'diamond' (Diamant), working upon the popular turn for the poetical, having caused the substitution; therefore it seems to him 'pretty certain that Reitzenstein' poisoned himself with Prussic acid. One cannot help thinking that there might be a good deal to say on this chain of demonstration. Is *essence d'amandes* the name by which Prussic acid would naturally be called in out-of-the-way parts of the Mark? But, to let that pass, surely this is not the first time that we have heard diamonds, or diamond dust, named as a deadly poison. The belief or superstition is very ancient and was once very wide spread; it was held not by the ignorant only, but by those who, we think, ought to have known better. An instance in the Mark itself (i.e., in Berlin), not so very much earlier than the one in question, is that of Bube, one of the unfortunate persons who got into trouble through Clement's denunciations in 1719. He 'died' in prison before sentence was pronounced. The Saxon *chargé d'affaires*, repeating and endorsing the popular rumour, wrote home to his government that Bube had taken his own life 'by swallowing a diamond.' (Weber. *Aus vier Jahrhunderten*, i., 234.) Four years ago, as we all remember, diamond dust figured again in India as a deadly poison, at the trial of the Guikwar.

years more. He was fond of country life, and, as time wore on, he liked Berlin less and less. In the autumn of 1763, offering to pay his brother a visit at Sans Souci, he says: 'I hope you will allow me afterwards to return here; I am attached to nothing in Berlin. The remembrance of the past greatly afflicts me, and the life they lead there seems to me very insipid,' &c. Of course the King is delighted at the prospect of the visit and promises to let him go home whenever he likes. But he wants to show him some sketches for his ceilings. The fine palace in Berlin which his Majesty was building for him was not yet finished—the war had put it back—and in the letters from Potsdam about this time there is much mention of wood-work, railings, furniture, frescoes, &c., the Prince, however, always leaving it to his Majesty to decide on everything. The King and Prince Henry generally wrote to each other once a week. Presents of fruit went to and fro with the letters. The King sent grapes from his hot-house specially for his sister-in-law. The Prince rummaged the Rheinsberg glass-works for 'large panes *à la française.*' Life had at once gone back, as if with the snap of a steel spring, into its old groove. His Majesty, indeed, had a good deal of business on hand, and now and then he might make an allusion to it—ravaged provinces that he was going to set on their feet again, a Turkish alliance that was to be formed and a 'mamamouchi' coming to conclude it, a Polish

election, or such like. ('What do you think of the King of Poland who has gone and died like a blockhead? I confess I do not like people who do everything at the wrong time.') But he brings in such matters half apologizingly, and, for the rest, his letters breathe a refreshing and wonderful air of leisure. And if the Prince 'drinks the waters,' till we yawn to think of him pacing up and down during the process, straightway there comes from Sans Souci such an outburst of good wishes and fond hopes and medical commonplaces, as puts us in mind at once that Henry's 'santé' is the one thing of real importance in this world.

Soon after the ill-timed death of this blockhead of a Polish King, the King of Prussia got a fresh surprise just as little to his liking. A section of the anti-Saxon anti-Austrian party in Poland being just as keenly anti-Russian and opposed to Poniatowski's candidature, a deputation of these magnates travelled all the way from Warsaw to Potsdam to put to the King the question, Whether his Majesty would have any objections to the nomination of his brother the Prince Henry as a candidate for the vacant throne? His Majesty, as it happened, had nothing *but* objections, not to be gone into here—for one thing he had pledged his word to the Empress Catherine—and he gave expression to these shortly by asking in his turn, Whether the deputation had said anything of this to the Prince? They replying that they had not, he then requested them

to go straight home again and to speak not a word of the matter to living soul. The injunction, we are told, was badly obeyed. The secret oozed out, and the King's prompt veto was another life-long cause of offence, a grievance never to be forgiven.* A crown was just the sort of thing that would have suited Henry exactly, a thing that perhaps he had sometimes rather wished for; and very likely he did not choose to see the very great hindrances which would have stood in the way of his ever obtaining the one in question.

After seven years of fighting, of such fighting, people had grown older—older and a little more *solid*, as they say in Germany. Drinking mineral waters wearisomely was a sign of that. People themselves were no longer so ready as once to take juvenile parts in charades—had they tried they would have been reminded afresh of painful blanks—but they were very well inclined to look on and be amused by a younger generation. The hospitalities of Rheinsberg seem to have been renewed forthwith—the snapped thread instantly taken up—on the old scale, with the old gaiety, and amongst many of the old set. Only it was already becoming an exertion to riot without any interval; we observe that some calm pastime was found agreeable during

* It soon ceased to be a secret. It was openly spoken of, even in print, during the lifetime of Frederick. Guyton de Morveau has it in the *Vie privée.*

a few hours of the day. I am disposed to put in this period, or in one a little (not much) later, the following undated description of the way in which the afternoons were spent :—

'About four in the afternoon, if there was no excursion to the forest, the guests were admitted to the Prince, who had two or three hours of reading,' . . . general history, travels, &c. 'The reader had his own place. Any one of the listeners could interrupt the reading, to communicate his doubts or reflections. These listeners were all seated and arranged in a semi-circle, each one having in front of him a little table and a pair of scissors, and sheets of paper covered with prints of flowers or animals, either coloured or plain. They clipped out these prints, which served afterwards to paper the walls of some rooms and cabinets. Several apartments thus hung were shown at Rheinsberg.'

It is not one of the survivors who tells us this, but Thiébault on hearsay.* It must have been

* I am very far from thinking of putting my trust in Thiébault. Amongst the writers of Prussian memoirs in the days of Frederick the Great, he is the acknowledged leader in 'inaccuracy,' that is to say, putting a broader point on it, in blundering and slandering. When he tells us anything, no matter what, that did not come within his own ken, he is always wrong more or less; when he writes about things that happened before he came to Germany, there is little help for it but to draw the pen through one page after another. But when he talks of what he himself saw or heard, if we feel, or fancy, or hope that he has no motive for wishing to deceive us, I think then we may take his rather dull stories for what they are worth. It is to be remembered that his nonsense is to some extent to be accounted for. He did not understand German, could not read a German book or converse with a native who did not speak French. Thus information came to him in a roundabout

very nice. But later, the novelty wearing off, the clipping out seems to have lost its charm for the guests, and the Prince did it by himself.

But all the gaiety and social harmony were doomed to suffer change and loss, sad loss and change. A misunderstanding arose between Prince and Princess Henry. What the rights and wrongs of it may have been, I am not going to inquire. The stories given in the books leave scope to our imagination. We read of 'appearances artfully prepared,' and we are assured on one side that the estrangement had no real foundation. There can be no good reason for doubting that Kalckreuth, the aide-de-camp, had an active share in it; whether merely out of malice and the love of mischief, is another question.* What is much more doubtful is

way, and in a mixed condition fell on ground not prepared to receive it. Besides, he wrote his memoirs from 'memory' (at least I suppose so) in his old age, many years after he had gone back to France, where he knew that there was nobody to check him, whatever he said. In Germany Thiébault has become the scape-goat amongst the writers of memoirs; sometimes I think half unfairly. After all his 'inaccuracies' are only more and greater than those of Bielfeld, Pöllnitz, the Margravine, &c.

* Kalckreuth left the Prince's service in consequence, and was sent by the King to a distant garrison. It is said the King received him very sternly on the occasion of his departure, and told him to attend to his duty and that he would have his eye on him. He remained under eclipse for twenty years, till the death of Frederick, when Frederick William II., apparently to annoy his uncle Henry, immediately recalled him, raised him to the rank of count and major-general, and gave him a command in the army that was to invade Holland. Kalckreuth's subsequent career (he became a field-marshal in 1807) is a matter of history. But

the assertion that Prince Henry in the long run 'disowned his suspicions,' and that nothing but the 'obstinacy which he had in common with all the 'princes of his house,' stood in the way of a reconciliation. At all events, the upshot was an immediate and final separation between the couple. The Princess never went to Rheinsberg again. She lived in Berlin, in one wing of the fine new palace, finished at last, and the Prince, when he came to town in winter, lived in the other. They had separate staircases, and never saw each other in their own house. When they met at Court, or when etiquette obliged them to appear together anywhere, they did not speak to each other. This sort of life they led for thirty-six years, till the death of Prince Henry in 1802.

If people, with a fact like this to back them, do say that Prince Henry was nothing but a poor copy of Frederick the Great, one must own that the

what is rather odd—as an instance of the activity of Nemesis in these later ages—is this. Just as Prince Henry always maintained that his brother Frederick had his generals to thank for all his victories, so Kalckreuth loudly asserted as long as he lived, that it was he, as aide-de-camp, and no other, who had had the merit of the victory at Freyberg and of sundry other of Prince Henry's successes. Of course the one pretension had just as much truth in it as the other. But as Kalckreuth had won his way to name and fame, many persons were ready to believe him at Prince Henry's expense. And about fifty years ago, a son of his, a sort of literary person in Berlin, who died recently, wrote a long set of articles in the Jena 'Minerva,' to re-assert and prove the above pretension. I once had the misfortune of reading them.

points of resemblance are becoming painfully many. There is no denying that this sort of wedded life was very like that led betwixt Sans Souci and Schönhausen—alienation, broken once a year by a dumb bow ! *

* There is, I think, only one published utterance of Prince Henry's own on this miserable topic. It occurs in a letter of his to the Landgravine of Darmstadt. For which, see Appendix.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OCCUPATION OF WEST PRUSSIA.

Prince Henry goes to Sweden and Russia—Catherine's reception of him—The Queen of Sweden returns his visit—He goes to Russia a second time—The Grand Duke Paul returns the visit—Paul sees the Tritons performing their natural functions.

In Prince Henry's letters there are hints that he would have liked to go on his travels; to perform the grand tour; to see Italy. Of course he could not go without leave asked and given; but the King took care never to understand the hints, and thus it would have been both clumsy and useless to put the wish into plain words. (Frederick always affected to think very meanly of travelling in Italy; rather to pity the people who went there.) Failing the grand tour, the Prince went, in 1768, to Holland. In 1769 he accompanied the King to Neisse, to receive the visit of the Emperor Joseph. And in 1770 he went to Sweden and Russia. He had not seen his sister Ulrique since she went away as a young bride in 1744, and there were also political reasons for the journey;—communications to the Swedish Government, which could best be made personally. (Frederick dreaded the intended overturn of the Swedish Constitution, and he wished

his sister to be made aware that, in the event of any attack by Sweden on Russia, he would be obliged to side with the latter Power.) Henry stayed August and September with the Queen, and the visit seems to have given a great deal of pleasure to both of them. The diplomatic mission was soon and easily fulfilled; but before Henry had been many weeks in Stockholm, he learned that he was to be employed on another and a longer errand. The Empress Catherine, hearing of his journey, sent so urgent an invitation for him to come to St. Petersburg, that Frederick, in the then critical state of matters, seeing nothing but risk in a refusal of the invitation, insisted on Henry's accepting of it.* There was a good deal of delicate diplomatic work to be done at St. Petersburg, work for which Henry was specially fitted. The thing of all things which Frederick desired the least, the breaking out of a general European war, there seemed to be every chance of; a war brought on mainly by the policy of Catherine, whom, however, Frederick was bound to stand by. Henry was not delighted at the prospect of his journey, but the King, though very

* It has often been said that the trip to Sweden was intended as a feint or veil, to mask or divert the public attention from the real errand, the journey to St. Petersburg. In point of fact this last was an afterthought, and was brought about by the Empress's invitation. She had been annoyed and alarmed at the exchange of visits between the King of Prussia and the Emperor Joseph, and, to counterbalance these, she grasped at Henry who was half on his way.

sorry for him, would not let him off. He told him twice the visit was 'unavoidable.' He sent him instructions, which he left it to his *esprit* to make such a use of that he should secure acceptance for his proposals, and 'become the chief instrument of the pacification of Europe.'

Henry arrived in St. Petersburg on the 12th of October, and met with a very warm welcome. Catherine was very glad to see her old friend—they had known one another in their childhood—and behaved to him with great cordiality. I do not know whether they came to have much liking for each other, but their intercourse was very intimate. He stayed till the 30th of January, 1771, and was, of course, treated everywhere with all the honours and attentions due to the brother of the King of Prussia.* His diplomatic negotiations, which were

* He does not seem to have enjoyed himself very much; we hear of nothing but his 'solemn' looks at the various merry-makings. (Very likely he felt ill as well as bored, and was longing to get home.) His shortness of stature, and his gravity, and his huge head of hair, which he wore 'clubbed, and dressed with a high toupée,' were made fun of by the Russian wits. They said 'he resembled Samson, and that all his strength lay in his hair, and that, conscious of this, he suffered not the approaches of any deceitful Dalilah.' They said he was 'like the comet, which, about fifteen months ago, appeared so formidable in the Russian hemisphere, and which, exhibiting a small watery body, but a most enormous train, dismayed the Northern and Eastern potentates with "fear of change."' (Richardson. *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire*, p. 323.) Richardson, whose 'contemporaneous' letters had a good many years and a good deal of historical sunshine to ripen them before they were printed, is not such a fool as to

delicate and difficult, met with hindrances; but in the end he did, in a sense, 'become the chief instrument of the pacification of Europe.' It was towards the end of his stay that the scheme of the First Partition of Poland may be said to have taken shape. The Empress herself, *en badinant*, gave him the earliest hint of a project of the sort at an evening party; and at the same party, a few moments later, Count Czernichew repeated the hint also as a *plaisanterie*. It was not till a year and a half after Henry's return home that the project became a reality.* And though he cannot in any sense be said to have been the author of it, yet he both took and got the credit of the occupation of West Prussia, and with reason. But for his presence in St. Petersburg during those eventful winter

believe in visits of friendship betwixt great personages. . . 'He came here about the beginning of November, on pretence of a friendly visit to the Empress; to have the happiness of waiting on so magnanimous a Princess. . . But do you seriously imagine that this creature of skin and bone should travel through Sweden, whence he is come at present, and Finland, and Poland, all for the pleasure of seeing the metropolis and Empress of Russia? . . . Prince Henry of Prussia is one of the most celebrated generals of the present age,' &c., &c. Richardson's description of the masquerade, and the French parrot, and the 'Henri! Henri! Henri!' has been transcribed by Mr. Carlyle, after whom I will not re-transcribe it. It is quite wonderful how much better it reads in those new and glorious surroundings than in the original book;—like a very ordinary pebble in a setting of wrought gold.

* There is a luminous *résumé* of the history of the Occupation of West Prussia by Duncker in the essays elsewhere alluded to:—*Aus der Zeit Friedrichs des Grossen und Friedrich Wilhelms III.*

months, combined perhaps with his skilful diplomacy, it is likely that the course of events would have been different. And had a general war broken out, who can tell what would have been the upshot of it?

Of course, it was not the first time that a partition of Poland had been thought of, or a desire felt in Prussia for an extension of territory in that direction; but it was the first time that the thought and desire had shaped themselves, so to say, practically. Prince Henry himself years before had talked and written of his wish that his brother's dominions might 'command the whole coast of the Baltic.' Perhaps when the scheme was realized, and by his means, he laid a little too much stress on those former aspirations. Frederick, never chary towards Henry of thanks and praises, in writing to him gave him all the credit. In a letter of June, 1772, when West Prussia was as good as secured, though not yet taken possession of, he says:—

'I have seen the Prussia which, in a certain fashion, I have received at your hands. It is a most valuable and advantageous acquisition, both for the political position of our State, and for our finances; though, to make the fewer people jealous, I tell everybody who wants to hear it, that in the whole course of my journey, I saw nothing but sand, firs, fogs, and Jews.'

The Prince of course accepts the thanks quite with the air of a statesman of long standing who

has just done another masterstroke, and done it willingly, ungrudgingly, for the good of his country and the Puppet who happens to be at the head of it. He accepts also that which is better than mere thanks:—

'I have just learned from Domhardt that you, my dearest brother, have assigned me a thousand dollars a month on the new acquisition which you have made. Whilst offering you my most humble thanks, I beseech you to believe that my sole satisfaction consists in the happiness of seeing you enjoy an *accroissement* advantageous to your interests, and in the flattering idea of having had it in my power to be serviceable to you.'*

It was not long till Queen Ulrique of Sweden returned her brother's visit. Becoming a widow only five months after he left her, in February, 1771, and not having much reason just then to feel herself very comfortable in Stockholm, she soon set out to see her native country and all her relations. She stayed in Berlin the whole winter of 1771–72; and in the summer of 1772, along with her daughter, Princess Sophia, and a very numerous suite, she paid a visit to Prince Henry at Rheinsberg. She enjoyed her stay there so much that after her departure she caused a temple to be erected in the grounds in commemoration of it. I have seen no trace of this monument, but Hennert has a description of it. In a dark niche in the

* *Œuvres, &c.*, xxvi., 358–60.

temple there was an urn on a pedestal, and above the urn there hung a burning lamp. Friendship stood weeping on one side, and Love was putting out his torch on the other. The pedestal was hung with 'sad festoons,' and this inscription was engraven on it :—

Le désir d'admirer de ce doux hermitage
L'hermite révéré, le maître gracieux,
Nous fit abandonner nos foyers et nos dieux
Pour faire le pèlerinage
De ce séjour délicieux.
Du bonheur, des plaisirs, la constante harmonie
Remplit nos sens, y pénétra nos cœurs ;
Chaque instant de nos jours fut semé de fleurs ;
Et loin de ces coteaux la tristesse bannie
Ne put en troubler les douceurs
De la tendre amitié, de la reconnaissance,
Des plus justes regrets, du plus pure sentiment.
Passans, reconnoissez ici le monument,
Et du sort avec nous déplorant l'inconstance,
De nos cœurs attendris partagez le tourment.
LOUISE ULRIQUE.
SOPHIE ALBERTINE.

And the names of the Swedish ladies and gentlemen who attended the Queen and Princess, eleven in number.

Queen Ulrique's regrets were very sincere. She liked her native country so well and seemed so unwilling to go back to Sweden (there were good reasons for her not hurrying, but they could not be made public), that some people thought she meant to stay in Prussia for the rest of her days. Frederick was supposed to partake of the misgiving,

and the Queen is said to have found out, of course quite accidentally, that the sorrow to be shown at her departure was all ready, and that some were fearing lest it should spoil with keeping. (That the cook who had been lent to her received orders to return to Potsdam, I do not believe.)

Her son, Gustavus III., on his way through Brandenburg, also paid Uncle Henry a visit at Rheinsberg.

From first to last Prince Henry received a great many visitors. Besides those who were regular guests and returned periodically—some of them seem to have stayed long,—'everybody' came at least once. Strangers and foreigners, such as the members of the *corps diplomatique* and tourists of distinction, were sure to pay their respects to his Highness in his own house. In the Lives and Letters of the English Ambassadors—Sir Andrew Mitchell, Sir James Harris,* and Hugh Elliot—and in Wraxall's Memoirs, we find records of such visits. Even so in the *Souvenirs* of French *savans*. But their reminiscences are hardly ever worth repeating.

Prince Henry kept up a friendly correspondence

* 'Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury,' &c., London, 1870,—the second instalment of the Harris Papers—vol. i., p. 261, &c. In the Countess of Minto's delightful Life of Hugh Elliot, there are many references to Rheinsberg, but they all bear very strictly on the subject of the memoir.

with the Empress Catherine, and in 1776 he went again at her invitation and paid her a second visit. The long northern journey was not to his mind, but there was no help for it; the King was delighted at the intimacy of the two, and would on no account agree to the slackening of it. His Majesty writes:—

'In thanking you for the Empress's letter, which I return to you, my dearest brother, I must tell you, as you ask my opinion, that I think, considering the terms on which you are with the Empress, that you cannot with a good grace excuse yourself from undertaking the journey to St. Petersburg. She treats you as a friend; she requests you to show her this complaisance in order that she may have the pleasure of seeing you again. If you refused, it would be breaking with her; and you know, my dearest brother, that the Indians say that we must worship the Devil, to keep him from doing mischief.'

Henry's lady-correspondent happening to be the very biggest devil going, with the greatest capacity for doing mischief, at least as far as Prussia was concerned, breaking with her was not to be thought of. The Prince did go to see her in the spring of 1776; and, arriving in St. Petersburg just in time for the death of the poor young Grand Duchess (the Landgravine of Darmstadt's daughter), he brought back with him to Berlin in July the widower, the Grand Duke Paul, to betroth him to a grand-niece of his own and Frederick's, the

Princess Sophie of Wurtemberg.* Paul was betrothed accordingly; and, within six months of his first wife's death, was married again.

This visit of Paul's to Berlin was turned into a very great affair indeed. It was, for political reasons, Frederick's wish that the reception should outdo everything of the kind ever seen or heard of before in those parts, and he gave orders that there should be a festive welcome in every place at which the Grand Duke halted along the whole extent of his journey in the Prussian dominions, from the Russian frontiers *and back again*;—that is to say, that Paul was to pass *everywhere* under triumphal arches and waving banners, be stopped *everywhere* by civic deputations, listen *everywhere* to harangues and poems, be presented *everywhere* with flowers by young girls, danced round *everywhere* by haymakers, and surprised *everywhere* at the stiff joints and attitudes of persons clinging to an artificial Olympus. The King's orders about all this were very strict; and for a succession of days, first in the one direction and then in the other, his Imperial Highness underwent it all, and, as a change from the bondage of his life at home, perhaps enjoyed it.†

* Better known as Marie Feodorowna, Empress of all the Russias, wife and widow of Paul. Her mother was a Princess of Brandenburg Schwedt, whose mother was Princess Sophie of Prussia, fourth daughter of Frederick William I.

† There is a volume which minutely describes the whole Progress:—*Ausführliche Beschreibung der Reise Seiner Kaiserlichen*

In Berlin the doings, especially those connected with the betrothal, were sublime.*

When they were well ended, Paul, before going home, paid a visit to Rheinsberg. Prince Henry had gone before with a large royal party, including the bride elect and her parents and grand-parents, and of course Prince Ferdinand and family, to receive the imperial guest, who, having made halt at Oranienburg, read on the great gateway there at his departure the words, in immense letters :—

REQUIEM. HEROIS. ELYSIUM. RHINSBERGÆ. ADEUNTI.

On his arrival in 'the plains of Rheinsberg,' the Grand Duke was met by the whole party, including the bride, in a grove; in which grove there was a temple decorated with allegorical groups 'as rustic as possible,' and niches and floral wreaths. Above the

Hoheit des Grossfürsten von Russland Paul Petrowitz von St. Petersburg an den Königlichen Hof nach Berlin. Berlin, 1776.

* There is a good deal about the betrothal in the Harris papers. Sir James says :—'Prince Henry, who looks upon himself as the author of this remarkable event, cannot contain his joy. It burst forth the other evening to a confidant of his, to whom he said, "Embrassez-moi, c'est le plus beau jour de ma vie!'" And in Reichardt's Memoirs there is a long account of the theatrical and musical preparations for Paul's reception, one episode in which is very funny. By an oversight of the King's, who gave orders about everything himself, the Prussian Genius was to be taken by a tall singer, and the Russian Genius by a little one;—a cast that might have blighted in the germ all the political fruit hoped for from Paul's betrothal. Nobody dared to make direct representations to the King, but in some roundabout way his attention was drawn to the impropriety, so that by his, doubtless horror-stricken, orders, the cast was changed at the last minute.

portal was P. P., explained by a French inscription. Refreshments were offered, and then the whole cavalcade proceeded slowly onwards. Shortly they came in sight of a sailor's house constructed of reeds and rushes and 'uncommonly artfully covered with a huge net; inside of which house a number of mariners and marineresses were dancing their rustic (!) dances.' Further on the cavalcade reached a bridge adorned with vases and boughs of birch and fir. In the water, which was as smooth as glass, were groups of Tritons, 'all performing their natural motions and presenting a most agreeable spectacle.' (It was in August.) Beyond the bridge on the right came an artificial village fountain with a cottage, and on the left an Arcadian hut with shepherds and shepherdesses 'playing with their lambs and dancing pastoral dances.' A little way further on was 'an immense hay-rick of reeds,' amazingly high and covered with flowers; on the top of it a 'moweress,' with a rake in her hand. After that a whole Bacchanalia; then a harvest wain with the attributes of Ceres, the reapers dancing and singing. The nearer the royal and imperial personages came to their journey's end, the more brilliant grew the scene; 'niches and groups relieved each other,' till at last, just outside the town gates, was beheld 'on an elevation Mount Parnassus, with Pegasus and Hippocrene.' Apollo and the Nine Muses appeared on the mount, and Melpomene came down and spoke a welcome. This

was the reception. The next day, and the next again, whilst Paul's visit lasted, things continued to be done in the same style;—there was, for instance, an excursion to the Isle of Remus in 'gilded gondolas.' The third day (August 8th), early in the morning, Paul took his leave; and, as I said, it was 'kept going' in a like fashion everywhere till he got out of Prussia.*

* I like the account of his reception at Stargard in Pomerania. When two hundred and twenty young shepherds and shepherdesses had finished dancing to the sound of drums and trumpets under the superintendence of Monsieur Cantrier the French dancing master, eight lovely little boys, each about five years old, and all dressed as deities, came forward, and one of them, 'the son of Herr Gilly the builder,' as Cupid, presented Paul with two Hearts, covered with red velvet and stuffed with sweet-smelling herbs. On the one were the letters P. P. in gold thread, and on the other S. D. A. L. (Paul Petrowich, and Sophia Dorothea Augusta Louisa).

CHAPTER VIII.

RENEWAL OF HOSTILITIES.

The King celebrates Henry's Birthday—And wishes him to be the Guardian of Prussia—The war of the Bavarian Succession breaks out—The King is badly seconded—Prince Henry lays down his Command—And again retires to Rheinsberg.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, although he thought it right to keep his brothers and sisters in some awe of him, was really a very fond Head of the family. After Wilhelmina's death, I suppose Henry was his favourite near relation. He was not only fond of him, he confided in him. After all, Henry was the only one with whom he could talk philosophy and politics, and he was the one, moreover, to whom he could look for some sort of help in time of need. In 1758 he had appointed him the guardian of their nephew the heir-apparent, with 'unlimited authority.' And during twenty years he looked to him to be the mainstay of public affairs in the event of 'anything happening' to himself. The nephew, from whom nobody hoped for great things, grew out of the years that had made the appointment of a guardian with authority a thing possible. But, even then, both the King and Prince Henry himself strove to keep alive the influence of the latter over the heir-apparent.

Though the King knew very well that his affection was not reciprocated, he gave no sign of having any misgivings on that point. Very likely he flattered himself that the manifestations of anger lay on the surface, and that, by digging deeper, brotherly love might be found embedded in its usual place;—in which conjecture I fear he was mistaken. But, during the last twenty years of his life, he was unwearying in showing Henry marks of his attention and regard. What in him was most unusual, he went on certain occasions very far out of his way to avoid the risk of hurting Henry's feelings. An instance is his refusing to let any one step over Henry in military promotion. It being then a principle or usage in the House of Hohenzollern—a usage which remained in force down to our own day—that none of the princes of the House should hold the rank of Field-Marshal, the Duke of Bevern, Fouqué, Seydlitz, and Zieten, were, out of consideration for Henry, never created Field-Marshals, lest he, who was an older general than any of them, might, though without reason, feel annoyance.*

From the close of the Seven Years' War till the

* Preuss, in the *Œuvres*, xxvii. 2, 24. The custom was, at last, broken through in 1870, when the present Crown Prince of Prussia and Prince Frederick Charles were created Field-Marshals. Prince Henry's military promotions were as follows:—Colonel, 27th June, 1740; Major-General, 15th July, 1745; Lieutenant-General, 21st February, 1757; General of Infantry, October, 1758.

death of Frederick the Great, Prince Henry's birthday was always the greatest festival in the whole year. Till then, and since, the 18th of January had, and has, been celebrated as the Prussian 'Coronation Day,' the anniversary of the foundation of the monarchy. But for the space of those twenty years, owing to Frederick's great tenderness for Henry, the foundation of the monarchy was pushed into the background. It was all on Henry's account that the gold plate was brought out on that one day only in the whole year, and that the Queen and Princesses appeared in their magnificent new robes, his Majesty's Christmas gifts.

There is a letter extant from the King to his youngest brother Ferdinand, ordering him to take his place on the 18th of January, 1776. He was himself too ill of gout to leave Potsdam that winter, and Ferdinand was to represent him. He was to write to Henry in the King's name and invite him to the Palace, and he himself was to take the place of the host 'at the dinner, and the supper, and the ball.' Everything was to be done just as usual, and there would be nothing awanting 'except myself, whom I beg you to represent, and at the same time to say all the most tender and affectionate things you can possibly think of to our brother; I shall certainly not disavow you.' *

A few weeks later (in February, 1776), when the

* Frederick and Henry were both born in January.

gout had begun to subside, the King wrote and begged Henry to come to see him at Potsdam :—

'Your friendship alone would cure me, my dear brother, in absence of all medicine.' . . . . As for the designs of Austria, 'the expedient which you suggest is admirable ; but you might be able to win the confidence of our nephew, to which I shall make it my duty to contribute on my part. I shall be able to inform you about all our affairs, and their connection with one another, concerning which not even any one of my ministers is informed ; and that will make you so indispensable that everybody will be forced to have recourse to you and to beg you to help them. I think this method infallible, and I hope out of love to this State, which all our ancestors have served, that you will not refuse to aid in supporting it ; so much the more as you are the only person from whom the State can expect such service.'

And four days later :—

'I think I shall feel this last attack for the rest of my life. I have long intended, my dear brother, to speak to you on the subject of my last letter ; I do not know what has happened to put it out of my head. But, I assure you, I shall not die tranquil, as far as the interests of the State are concerned, unless I see you in some manner appointed their guardian. I look on you as the only person able to maintain the glory of our house and to become in every respect the stay and pillar of our common country ; and if I once have the pleasure of speaking to you, I shall be able to enlarge more fully on the means of making this project succeed.'

And eight days later, apparently after the brothers had seen each other:—

'We know not the moment of our death, but we have the obligation to ward off as far as we can any evil consequences that might ensue from it. For myself, having devoted my life to the State, I should commit an unpardonable fault if I did not try, not to reign after my death, but as far as possible to make a person of your wisdom participate in the government. . . . In this, my dear brother, I have only the State in view, for I am very well aware that even if the skies were to fall down, it would be quite the same to me the moment after my death. Persuaded of the friendship that you feel for me, I have opened my heart to you on this subject, which has been a matter of reflection with me for a long time. I thank you a thousand times for the pleasure you have given me in yielding to my desires, and if Heaven could be touched by my vows, I would pray it to pour down upon you the richest blessings.'

In 1778 the War of the Bavarian Succession broke out. Frederick the Great again took up arms against Austria, again to the consternation of his own family. Ferdinand, the youngest brother, on the plea of ill-health, at once asked to be freed from all military service. Henry did not go quite so far. On the contrary, he accepted the command of the so-called Army of Saxony and took the field, sorely against his will and with a growl of dismay muttered in the hearing of all who cared to listen. Even at the King he kept firing small arms for half a year or more,—letters full of alarms

and forebodings, of notices of the wretched state of his health, of the wretched behaviour of everybody, of difficulties to be overcome by no mortal skill, and of the destruction awaiting them all right ahead.

His Majesty takes all this, and most other unavoidable things, with wonderful quiet, suppressing the sigh. He writes:—

'I own, my dear brother, I am astonished at the sombre reflections which you make at a time when I do not see what we have to fear. Man was made for action. . . . . On such occasions as this, we must forget ourselves, and think of the weal of our country, and not buoy ourselves up with what is no longer possible, as, for instance, peace . . . . If this war is repugnant to you, you had only to tell me so like my brother Ferdinand, and it was in your power to be dispensed from it, but in reality I do not see what it is that troubles you so.' . . .

Another day:—

'I am very sorry that you see everything from the dark side, and that you picture to yourself a calamitous future, when for my part I see only that sort of uncertainty which precedes all great events. There is no glory, my dear brother, except in overcoming great difficulties; no account is taken of the things that cost no trouble. . . . Do not tell me, I beseech you, of defiles and mountains; we have them here every quarter of a mile [in Silesia]. . . . but I am causing the roads to be mended. . . . I am in despair at the stupid difficulties put in your way by the *magasiniers;* I am sending them to-day a fine letter.' . . .*

* *Œuvres*, xxvi., pp. 414, 428, 442.

This went on through the spring, summer, and autumn of 1778. In October Prince Henry having happened to report that Major Günther had made seventeen prisoners, the King replied :—'I observe that a Major Günther has made sixteen prisoners ; that is very good, but in truth it was not worth mentioning. *Il faut tendre au grand.* Those who make decisive strokes are to be distinguished, but trifles of this sort deserve no attention.' His Majesty went on to say that he was up to the ears in work (at Jaegerndorf), that he had got 'quite other things' to occupy him, that he was looking after everything himself, and must therefore cut his letter short ! Unluckily he finished with the remark that, if things did not turn out well, he hoped people would not lay the blame at *his* door, but think that he had been badly seconded ! This was too much. After all, Henry was the second in command. To be told in so many words that any thing he thought proper to speak of was a *bagatelle !* And a person whom he had commended pooh-poohed ! ! And a blunder, wilful of course, made in describing the exploit ; a six put for a seven ! ! ! His answer is a good specimen of wrath at white heat, wholly suppressed, of course ; the owner being 'quite cool.'

'*Gross-Sedlitz, 28th October*, 1778.

'My dearest Brother,

'I have no doubt whatever on the subject of the occupations which you, my dearest brother, have, and

concerning which you do me the honour of speaking to me. I have been pretty often in the position of having such, and I know by experience how difficult it is to command armies. Although we are not at this moment on the march, I nevertheless bear my burden, and I am not idle; as it is not to be so to watch over troops, means of subsistence, and different posts of considerable extent. I see with much pain that you, my dearest brother, complain of being ill-seconded. Those on whom this falls are without doubt very unfortunate in not being able to satisfy you; but then, if I may be permitted to say so, and to speak with my usual frankness, it would be better for you, my dearest brother, and for them, if you were to choose others in whom you had more confidence. Amongst the great number of officers whom you have formed in war and peace, there must be some who would merit your approbation. Those who have lost it must lose besides some of their natural activity, as soon as they perceive that they do not deserve your favour. Nothing is more discouraging than when the Sovereign is indisposed against those who serve him. I am very anxious to get tidings of your successes, my dearest brother, in which I take an interest by the sentiment of tender and respectful attachment with which I am,' &c., &c.

On one occasion the King sent the Prince the most flattering compliments for a brilliant strategic design which he had communicated to him; but on the other hand, it never seems to have struck his Majesty that when he, the King, thought anything had gone wrong, he ought not to say so. The arrival of any despatch in which fault was found, or a proposal of the Prince's not at once heartily

lauded and consented to, always produced a 'bad impression' on his Royal Highness and threw him into an 'ill-humour.' Count Henckel, who tells us so, played, during some months of that winter, the part of safety-valve :—

'As I,' he says, 'enjoyed the honour of spending several hours daily in the society of his Royal Highness, I had an opportunity of making repeated and sad reflections on men, greatness, and princes, as well as on the nothingness and deceitfulness of fame and glory. He who has opportunity of making the nearer acquaintance of heroes and the human heart, will discover a thousand hidden motives which impel men and heroes forward, or stop them in their career. . . . The conversation generally embraced all possible topics, and ended with the usual burden which I have already alluded to. But such are princes. In their eyes other people do not exist; and generally they do not consider how those about them must suffer.' *

In December Prince Henry, from his winter quarters in Dresden, wrote to say that the state of his health forced him to lay down his command, and he begged the King to accept his resignation. The King, who was himself very ill at Breslau, begged that Henry would think better of it :—

'. . . I was sensibly touched,' he says, 'by the letter which you, my dear brother, wrote me, but my gout rendered it impossible for me to write, as I had it in both

* Victor Amadeus Graf Henckel von Donnersmarck. *Militair-ischer Nachlass*, ii., 2, 189—90, 217.

legs and in my left hand. Now that my legs are a little easier, I can at least scribble in a fashion. But to come back to your letter; you must perceive that it throws me into great perplexity, persons like yourself not being easy to find. . . . I expect therefore from your friendship and complaisance that you will be pleased to defer your resolution till such time as we shall see more clearly into affairs in general.'

But Henry insisted, and so, without further ado, the King let him go. At great risk, the Prince Hereditary of Brunswick was withdrawn from Upper Silesia and sent to take Henry's place. When it was all settled, the King, still in Breslau, wrote in as friendly a way as ever:—'I am very sorry to learn that your health, my dear brother, is not such as I desire it to be. We must hope that rest will restore it, at least in part. It is very true that at a certain age tranquillity is preferable to activity. Everybody, except myself, can dispose of himself. My destiny will have me to run along beneath the harness that I have got to carry, and I must submit.'*

Prince Henry went back to Rheinsberg. The King and he went on writing to each other, just as before, often long letters full of the news of the day or of moral reflections on that and other things. But of Prussian affairs of state, properly so-called, or of Prince Henry in connection with them, not a

* *Œuvres, &c.*, xxvi., 468, 470.

word more. There never was another hint in the King's letters that he as much as thought of his brother's existence in connection with affairs of state; *that* was all over. The State would have to get on as best it might in the hands fate had appointed for it; the persons, whose intelligence would have made them its natural 'guardians,' being so ill as to 'dispose of' themselves and throw down their command at critical moments. His Majesty would have thought it rude to break in upon the quiet of a sick man in Rheinsberg with summonses for time to come; it being so 'very true that at a certain age tranquillity is preferable to activity.'

CHAPTER IX.

PRINCE HENRY'S COURT.

A Court of Opposition—Knyphausen—Kaphengst—The Wreichs—Prince Henry's thoughts on Religion.

THE Rheinsberg Court had again become, and for many years continued to be, very brilliant and elegant—as much so as a bachelor Court could be. Not that women were unknown there; they often and long were welcomed as guests. The Prince's sisters came, the Queen of Sweden, as we know, also the Duchess of Brunswick, and Princess Amélie, and the rest. Other ladies seem to have made their head-quarters in summer there. But the Court itself was a male one, and even in later times, when the visits of ladies were prolonged for years together, these visits were after all but the shoot of womanhood grafted on the male stock by way of trial. The King's Court and Prince Henry's were both monkish, but Sans Souci was graver and sterner.

The Court of Rheinsberg numbered, we are told, 110 persons. Besides the aides-de-camp and chamberlains, the secretaries, pages, &c., and the domestic servants, it is possible that the actors and

musicians are to be counted in this number;—not, however, the four-and-twenty hussars and their captain, who were maintained by the King. The household generally cost the Prince a little more money than he had. He was nearly always straitened in means, the more so as he was naturally generous and threw away sums of money on the undeserving rather than be molested. He was 'a foe to all bickerings indoors, which take up more time and do away with more comfort than things of greater importance do, and he "would rather be robbed," he said, than constrained in his liberality.' *

In the long list of aides-de-camp, chamberlains, and other attendants who from time to time were in Prince Henry's service, there are found not a few who sooner or later made a name for themselves.

On the big bell of the town church, which was a gift of Prince Henry's in 1780, are engraved under the Prince's own name the names of his suite in that year. These are Major de Kaphengst, Baron Frederick de Wreich, Baron Louis de Wreich, Baron de Knyphausen, Baron de Knesebeck, and de Tauenzien, of each of whom Fontane has given a short sketch. But this is a list in which nearly all the best known of the followers are wanting. Count Henckel had left the Prince's service long before; so had Kalckreuth, who, in the next reign,

* Bouillé. *Vie, &c.*, p. 150.

rose to high command. La Roche-Aymon had not joined it. Of those who figure on the bell, none but Tauenzien can claim a place in history.

The Baron de Knyphausen is the same who is so well known to English readers for his ill-behaviour to Hugh Elliot. Three years after this he was dismissed from the Prince's service.* He was called the 'handsome' Knyphausen, to distinguish him from a relation of his own, who was also much about the Prince. This other or 'elder' Knyphausen was rather an adherent than an attendant.† He was a man of considerable fortune who had filled diplomatic posts in his day. (It was he who as ambassador in Paris, by order of Frederick the Great, did *not* call on Madame de Pompadour. ‡) In the retirement of advancing life he had joined the party of the opposition in Prussia and, next to Prince Henry himself, was perhaps the most important member of it. He spent a great part of his time at Rheinsberg, although, except on questions of politics, there seem to have been few points of agreement between the Prince and him. Prince Henry always looked down on agricultural pursuits in all their

* Prince Henry writes to Count Henckel (28th July, 1783):—'Les abominables procédés de Knyphausen m'ont revolté depuis un an, aussi l'ai-je congédié, il a été rudement puni. Elliot est mon ami; tout cette histoire diabolique est si compliquée qu'on pourrait en former un volume en écrivant.'

† Fontane is certainly mistaken in thinking that it is the elder Knyphausen who figures on the bell.

‡ *Mémoires du Marquis de Valori*, i., 320.

branches as an occupation fit only for boors, but utterly unworthy of persons of education and refinement, whereas Knyphausen, who had landed property in East Friesland, was fond of farming. He took pride particularly in his cattle, and great pleasure in talking about them. Whereupon Prince Henry made him the present of a waistcoat embroidered all over with oxen. Knyphausen wore the waistcoat so very long and so triumphantly, that the Prince at last, feeling that the point of the joke was being turned round and the fun poked at himself, made some cross speech which caused the embroidery to disappear again.*

Of the two Wreichs above-mentioned (or Wreechs, the name being spelt both ways), of whom the one was the *maréchal* and the other a chamberlain, little else is known than that they hated Frederick the

* Bülow. *Kritische Geschichte der Feldzüge, &c.*, S. 400. Frederick, following his father's tradition, was in the habit of giving his envoys at foreign courts very meagre salaries. It was said that Knyphausen had had to sell one of his estates when he was recalled from Paris, and another when he was recalled from London, to pay unavoidable debts. Some time afterwards, the King proposing to send him again on an embassy, Knyphausen begged to be passed over. He said that, if his Majesty had no objections, he would like to keep his third estate, the only one he had left.

It is not unlikely that Prince Henry's contempt for agricultural pursuits was kept on the stretch by the favour and respect with which the King was known to look on them. The King, by nature at least quite as strongly bent on the 'ideal' as Henry, had been taught, in the severe school of his father and of his own royal office, that the 'details,' as he himself called them, of practical life had supreme claims of their own. As for agriculture, he called it 'the First of the Arts.'

Great with all their hearts. They were the sons of the fair Frau von Wreich, whom Frederick had liked only too well in his Cüstrin days in 1732-3. It is known that she took great offence because the same Frederick as King did not in the years 1758 and 1760 send her so much money as she had asked for and expected when the Russians had laid waste her estates. I do not know whether the sons had any other ground of quarrel than this, but they spent their lives in exalting Prince Henry at the King's expence. The younger of the two died as the last of his race in 1795, and Tamsel then went to the son of a sister.*

Kaphengst, the first on the above list, was in his day only too well-known. In 1780 he was no longer in the Prince's service, but, as he lived near, he spent much of his time at Rheinsberg. The Prince had taken a fancy to the handsome youngster, it is said sometime in the course of the Seven Years' War, and had brought him home with him. Afterwards, the said youngster, grown to a dissipated but still handsome man—he had no refined tastes, no liking for fine arts or French verses, but was coarse and overbearing—had for many years, merely by his fine figure, played a great *rôle*, the first *rôle*, in

* Fontane, S. 239. When Sir James Harris describes the members of Prince Henry's court, Knyphausen, Kaphengst, &c. as 'tracassiers, faux, impertinents,' and warns Hugh Elliot to 'avoid all of the name of Wreech,' I suppose that only means that he himself whilst in Berlin did *not* belong to the Opposition. *Memoir of Hugh Elliot*, p. 109.

the household. Of course a good many things were said about him, more or less in a whisper, but loud enough to reach the ears of the King, who, tired after a while of hearing the same thing again and again, is said to have sent his brother a sum of money, requesting him to give it to Kaphengst and get rid of him. Prince Henry, we are told, added a like sum out of his own pocket, and with the money bought the estate of Meseberg, only a few miles from Rheinsberg, and bestowed it on the favourite. At Meseberg, one of the finest places, Fontane says, in that part of the country, Kaphengst led a rough life with horses and dogs and Italian dancing girls, and fell ever and anon into debt. Prince Henry paid the debts from time to time and kept up the old intimacy. He went now and then to Meseberg, and Kaphengst often came to Rheinsberg. Thus his name was engraved on the church bell. Fontane tells a story about another inscription, to be seen in a saloon at Meseberg, and put there once when Prince Henry was expected, and a painter had been sent for from Berlin to surprise his Royal Highness with an apotheosis of himself on a ceiling. The Prince, who was fond of Art and liked a compliment that was artistically turned, was delighted with the painting and did not observe, neither did Kaphengst, a blunder that the artist had been guilty of in writing the motto. I do not quite believe the story as it stands, and am certainly not going to repeat it.

Thiébault says that Kaphengst has been known to ride from Rheinsberg to Berlin (about fifty English miles) after breakfast, dine in Berlin and amuse himself during a part of the afternoon, and then ride back to Rheinsberg in time for supper. Further, that he has been also known to ride his horse upstairs to the *bel étage* of a house in which a wedding was taking place, join in the dance on horseback, and ride down again. Also that he could break open the strongest door with one blow of his fist.

Kaphengst made a *mésalliance* in marrying Frau Bilger, *née* Toussaint, the actress, and the wife of Prince Henry's valet, whom she had to divorce to marry the Baron. She was an energetic woman, who struggled to make the ends meet. But her husband led an ever wilder and wastefuller life, was feared and hated, and at last forced to sell the half of his estate. In 1800 he died. His memory is not blessed. But for nearly a century his name has helped to call the people of Rheinsberg to the house of God.

All the descriptions of the manner in which the day was spent are much alike. The exuberant gaiety of the early years had passed away, but, for those who were fond of the country, life was not dull. The Prince spent the morning alone. He wrote a good deal. Like others of his family he loved to philosophize, and especially with his pen.

He also carried on a very large correspondence and was in the habit of writing all his letters, except business notes, with his own hand. Later in the forenoon he went out, generally on foot and alone, on rare occasions only with some favoured guest. Dinner was served at two o'clock and was very lively. The French guests say it was a very plain dinner, but that the gaiety made up for the want of delicacies. In the afternoon the Prince was read to, and during the reading he still cut out figures or daubed Chinese paper-hangings. But, as I said before, as years wore on the guests seem to have been at liberty either to associate themselves to him in those arts, or to do anything else they had a greater mind to. About six o'clock they all re-assembled either for the play, when there was one, or for some other amusement; in summer often somewhat earlier for an excursion. The whole finished with supper, which was often prolonged till late in the night and was nearly always most animated. Till in his later years, when failing strength forced the Prince to give up appearing at supper altogether, it was the meal at which he liked not merely a lively talk but a discussion, which oftenest turned on politics or questions of philosophy or religion. As a rule he went out of the way of literature properly so called, and also of military matters; though, on this last, when led thereto by the inquiries of distinguished guests, he did at times enlarge *ex cathedrâ* with wonderful spirit.

On religious subjects he was quite of one mind with his brother Frederick. He never in his life performed an act of worship nor entered a church. Yet, though he would have thought it uncalled-for and hypocritical in himself as a private person to be seen in such a place, he found great fault with the King for not, *as* King, taking part in the established worship of the State.

Frederick and Henry were also perfectly alike in their disregard of the literature of their own country. As for the King, he saw only the beginnings of it. It is not wonderful that the *Sturm und Drang*, which he may be said to have lived to the end of, failed to arrest even his passing curiosity;—it must have seemed to him nothing but a ridiculous *réchauffé* of those 'bad pieces' of Shakespeare's, which he had glanced at and contemptuously put away from him long before. (We should sooner have expected that Lessing's career, which ended five years before his own, would have wrought on his imagination.) Prince Henry lived till the sun of German literature had gained mid-heaven. But it never shined into his soul.

It is curious to know that Goethe, in the suite of the Duke of Weimar, dined at Prince Henry's, in Berlin, on the 17th of May, 1778.

23514

CHAPTER X.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Combination of Styles—Prairies, Bowers, and Bowling Greens—A Grecian Portal and a Chinese Garden—A Chinese Dairy, decorated with a fresco of the Temple of Concord—Ruins which seem built of Stone—Hermitages, Altars, and Mandarins—A Tomb of Virgil containing swings and *carrousels*—Prince Henry walks in the Grounds, tablets in hand—And notes down his Philosophical Reflections.

LANDSCAPE gardening and ornamental building were always in a thriving condition at Rheinsberg. A good deal of what was built would not be to the taste of our day; but, run up as it was in a hurried way merely to meet the eye and neglected afterwards, the most of it has long ago gone back into the Void. No modern eye need be vexed by the few scraps that are left of what served and gave unmixed pleasure to one generation.

Strange styles and monuments as unlike to each other as they could be, often *not like themselves*, were ranged together with untiring delight. People travelled then less often than they do now, and when they did travel they could not bring home bundles of photographs, or even miniature copies of antique sculptures and antique lamps, or models of temples. I do not know whether it was usual then

to gather lapfuls of broken marble on the sites of palaces. As a rule they were content to be reminded of what they had seen by prints or paintings hung on the wall. The very rich, princes and the like, might now and then allow themselves a more lasting *souvenir* by rearing the *fac-simile* of a favourite façade in its own size. In architectural matters the latter half of the eighteenth century was not itself remarkable for fertility or originality of style; it had no profusion or abundance of ideas. Its highest effort, the mere enlargement of the same plain wall, with an increase in the number of the same oblong windows, is a thought of singular simplicity expressed with great soberness. Thus persons of wayward fancy were driven to beg and borrow strange ideas from strange people, and to make patchwork of them—patchwork in which sometimes the very patches were not real, not actual rags at all, but mere blotches of colour intended to look like patches; *i. e.*, not Corinthian pilasters or Roman porticoes in real, though modern, stone and lime, but vile daubs of paint meant to deceive those persons only who were not worth deceiving.

In 1778 Lieutenant Hennert published his book on Rheinsberg. About forty pages of it are filled with a description of the grounds as they then were. Statues and groups of statues he counts up by scores if not by fifties. There are stone Sphinxes at the foot of the steps in the great walk, and

beyond them is the Grecian Portal, and at some distance outside on a hill is an obelisk sixty feet high—successor to a wooden one left there by Frederick in 1740. There is the natural Theatre in which everything is hedge—orchestra, proscenium, stage, dressing-rooms, all of live hedges of various heights. Hard by that is the Chinese garden, full of pagodas, and mandarins, and apes, and cages of gilt wire holding birds of brilliant plumage. Beyond that is a Chinese House. Then a Grecian House containing baths, and standing in an Oval 'all surrounded with busts.' Then a shady Quincunx leading to a Temple on a height. Then a Grotto, described with more than ordinary tenderness—a Grotto seventy feet long, with a great dining-room and two closets in it, the walls covered with shells and bits of coloured glass, and the whole lighted by a splendid glass lustre and glass candelabra made at the White Glass-Hut. From this Grotto we can see the lighthouse (Hennert's own design), and beside it the boat-house, and all the boats and gondolas in the water—the biggest and finest gondola being of Swedish build, and a present from her Swedish Majesty. Further on we come to a Hermitage, as in old days, then to more hermitages, then to an altar under lime trees, then to another altar in a temple, on which the Duchess of Brunswick, in an inscription, commemorates her visit. Then there are Ruins on a Hill, 'intended to be seen from a distance and therefore made of

wood which is overlaid with the bark of birch and oak, the capitals of the columns being covered with white bark and the shafts with dark; which at a distance looks very like stone.' Down in a hollow are more ruins; these of stone. The gardens with their hothouses are carefully described. Then we get confused with more Chinese houses, more Roman columns, more temples, till at last making our way to the tongue of land opposite the *Schloss*, we come to the terraces there, the forester's house, the fishing hut, the *Poulaillerie* (both Chinese these), and the Dairy, disguised with a gable, 'on which the ruins of the Temple of Concord are painted in fresco'—also intended to be seen from a distance. We hear next of a succession of resting-places, from which fine views of the Lake and the grounds and the House are to be had, and we are told that 'the long shadows of the setting sun . . . lull the soul in soft emotions of rural beauty.' We begin rather to long for rest, but then comes the Entrance to the Park in Chinese taste, and a garden-house with two Bacchantes painted on it. Further on, near the shore of the lake, I suppose, are the Temple of Jupiter at Spalato and the Tomb of Virgil, in the basement of which latter apartments have been constructed, containing '*carrousels*, swings, and other rural diversions.' Beyond this is the Temple which commemorates the departure of the Queen of Sweden, after which we come to a Labyrinth, and then to more Chinese houses, and

more ruins, and ascend at last to a Pagoda on a Hill.

As I said, Hennert published his book in 1778.* If we reflect that Prince Henry lived for twenty-five years after that, allowing for some slackening in his pursuit of improvements as old age weighed heavier on him, we may still imagine that the place must at last have become a 'sight.' In the year 1784 we have another description of it, almost an official one—wholly official in its wonder and worship—from the pen of Guyton de Morveau :—

'The gardens,' he says, 'combine everything that can render them enchanting. The English parts redouble at every step the admiration and astonishment of those who traverse them; the conservatories and orangeries which they contain, the parterres which embellish them, the bowling-greens which run through them, the various pavilions erected on purpose to guard our eye against their extent, all reveal, all mark the vastness of the genius which conceived them and caused them to be executed.

'The immense and delicious park, which terminates them, is not less interesting for the majesty of the woods that overshadow it than for the beauty of its perspectives, the regularity of its avenues, many in number and prolonged to infinity, and all the picturesque localities of which art, aided by his ideas, has been able to make the most. . . . Here it is a rustic farm, there an ancient temple, further on a tomb of Virgil, the charming situation of which, revealing so to speak the whole of Nature,

* Hennert afterwards left Prince Henry's service. There is a notice of him in Nicolai's 'Berlin,' iii., Appendix, 32.

seems to inspire you with what he sang so finely. Grottos, ruins, artificial prairies, several hermitages in rustic taste, colonnades, obelisks, rocks, springs, fountains, parasols, greenswards, winding paths, odoriferous thickets, bowers without number, bosquets almost impenetrable to the light of day, savage scenery alongside of the most smiling prospects, as though it had been designed to place terror beside pleasure, harbours, basins, and roadsteads, decked out with skiffs and gondolas. . . . finally, an enchanted isle, which a tradition —doubtless, ill-founded—maintains to have been inhabited by Remus, and the summit of which is crowned by a donjon decorated with various allegories, where the eye at last quite loses itself in the beauties of the picture. There it is that he is usually seen, tablets in hand, now seeking to surprise the secrets of Nature, or again, having found them, trying to trace their charms with the pencil of Fontenelle or the crayon of Le Vahier; there it is that, beneath the foliage which hides him—attentive observer of the passions of men—he follows the wandering steps of those whom the liberty of the woods and the silence of the forests have attracted thither; finally, there it is that, calculating the distance of created beings from their Maker, the enthusiasm of his soul carries him away and transports him to the very heaven of his ideas. Ardent, unwearying in his researches, from the hyssop to the cedar, from the insect to man, all things supply him with new sources of light, and there is nothing that he does not force to reveal its secrets to him; and all the fruit that he collects is ever for the benefit of his mind and his heart.' *

* As is said elsewhere, Prince Henry devoted the early hours of the morning to writing letters. When he had finished his letters, he was accustomed very methodically to 'reflect on some given question of philosophy or history, and to write down his reflections.'

This took place, according to the season or the weather, either indoors or in the open air. In the latter case, the tablets were convenient. We have to figure him to ourselves, as a description which I have met with has it, 'stealing along sunk in meditation, then suddenly checking himself to put on paper with artistic skill this or that interesting point, or to note down some thought which was the result of his philosophical reflections.'

CHAPTER XI.

PRINCE HENRY IN PARIS.

Prince Henry goes to Paris—The Comtesse de Sabran—Madame Vigée-Lebrun—Boufflers and Nivernois—Prince Henry's political creed—Death of Frederick the Great—Frederick William II. and Prince Henry—Mirabeau in Berlin—Prince Henry thinks of leaving Rheinsberg—His second visit to Paris.

In 1780 we find Prince Henry at Spa, simultaneously with the Emperor Joseph. And in 1784 he went to Paris, taking Switzerland on his way.* There were political reasons for the journey—chiefly a hope of loosening the tie between France and

* The Misses Berry were present at a ball given in honour of him at Lausanne in August, 1784, on which occasion they made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Necker (afterwards Madame de Staël), then eighteen years old. At Tonnerre Prince Henry went to see the Chevalier d'Éon, who was an object of much curiosity at that time. At Dijon he went to see the more famous Guyton de Morveau the chemist, whose balloons and disinfecting fluids (*guytonniennes*, as they were called after him) were a great deal talked of. The Prince was particularly desirous to know 'how a man felt' in a balloon. It was a brother of Guyton's, but a much less distinguished person, who lived for so many years at Rheinsberg as Prince Henry's reader and poetaster, and wrote the *Vie privée d'un Prince célèbre* which we have quoted. The chemist, as is known, went afterwards the full length of the revolution, was a member of the *Assemblée Legislative* and of the *Convention*, and voted for the death of Louis XVI., *sans appel ni sursis*. He also, as is perhaps less well known, went up in a balloon at the battle of Fleurus.

Austria. On this occasion he did not succeed in his diplomacy, which of course was kept well in the back-ground, but he enjoyed himself to his heart's content. He stayed in Paris during the months of September and October. Marie Antoinette treated him, the brother of her mother's worst enemy, coldly; but the French ladies in general, it appears, liked him. They had heard he was *farouche* to women, and, when he arrived, they were almost frightened at his personal appearance, but after a while they and he got upon very good terms. Before he went away, he was the object of their esteem and attachment.

His best friend was Madame de Sabran, and her house was his chief resort. The intimacy then begun between that most fascinating woman and him lasted for many years, and a time came when he did more than repay tenfold to her and hers the hospitality she showed him. But not in private houses only, in public places also the Prussian Prince was *fêté* with all the enthusiasm of the French civility of the old school. When he went to the theatre, or to the French Academy, or to the Lyceum, or even to the Palais de Justice to hear the pleading, there were graceful allusions to his presence and ovations in honour of him.* Half the praise, indeed, was generally meant for the brother

* Some Odes and Addresses delivered on those occasions, and treasured up, most likely by Prince Henry himself as memorials of his tour, are still preserved in the Berlin Library.

of Frederick, but the other half, given to the Hero of Freyberg himself, was enough and very acceptable. Of all which, faithful narratives are to be found in Grimm's Correspondence.

Madame de Sabran's *ami*, the Chevalier de Boufflers, whom eventually she married, was unremitting in his attentions. He turned his fine talent for making verses to account in happy *impromptus*,* and he composed dramatic scenes in honour of the Prince. So did the venerable Duc de Nivernois, the old diplomatist, who many years before had passed some time in Berlin as French ambassador.

Madame Vigée-Lebrun gives us a glimpse of Prince Henry in private life. She says :—

'When the Countess de Sabran presented me at her house to the brother of the great Frederick, I saw that prince for the first time, and I should be at a loss to say

* 'A la représentation de Castor,' Grimm writes, 'donnée pour M. le comte d'Oëls [Prince Henry's travelling name], il avait à coté de lui le fils de Madame de Sabran [the same vicomte de Sabran who at his death left his mother's correspondence for publication], et s'amusait beaucoup de la curiosité avec laquelle cet enfant suivait le spectacle.—Mais qu'est ce donc que Castor et Pollux ?—Ce sont deux frères jumeaux.—Et qu'appelle-t-on des jumeaux ?—Ce sont des enfants sortis du même œuf.—D'un œuf ?—Et vous même, vous êtes sorti d'un œuf. Tandis que l'enfant demeurait fort étonné d'un origine si merveilleuse, M. le chevalier de Boufflers lui souffla bien vite l'impromptu que voici pour M. le Comte d'Oëls.

'Ma naissance n'a rien de neuf,
J'ai suivi la commune règle ;
Mais c'est vous qui sortez d'un œuf,
Car vous êtes un aigle.'

(*Correspondance littéraire, &c.*, Paris, 1830. Tome xii., p. 209.)

how ugly I thought him. He might be about fifty-five [fifty-eight] years old at that time. He was short and slim, and his figure—though he held himself very straight—had nothing noble about it. He had a strongly marked German accent, and lisped excessively. As regards the ugliness of his face, it was at first sight perfectly repulsive. And yet, with two great eyes, one of which looked to the right and the other to the left, there was nevertheless a certain indescribable sweetness in his look, which was noticeable also in the tone of his voice, and when you listened to him his words were always most obliging. One got accustomed to the sight of him. . . . He was good, and laid great stress on goodness in others . . . . He had a genuine passion for Art, and particularly for music, to such a point that he travelled about with his first violinist, in order to be able to cultivate his talent during the journey. The talent was pretty middling, but Prince Henry never let an opportunity of exercising it pass. During the whole time of his sojourn in Paris, he constantly came to my musical parties; he was not in the least overawed by the presence of the greatest *virtuosi*, and I never knew him refuse to take his part in a quartett alongside of Violtis, who played the first fiddle.' *

These two months were the happiest of Henry's whole life. I do not believe there was any exaggeration in the complimentary words he said to the Duc de Nivernois before leaving,—'I have spent the half of my life in desiring to see France, and now I shall spend the other half in looking back upon it.'

* *Souvenirs de Madame Vigée-Lebrun*, Paris, 1835. Tome i., p. 297, etc.

For the rest, no doubt, he thought that his visit to Paris not only ought to be, and in all likelihood was, a turning point in Prussian politics, but that it was one of the most important events, as far as Prussia was concerned, that had happened, or was likely to happen, in the whole course of the century. The King, whose health was declining, had for a time tried hard to make him his *quasi* successor. Henry himself had, by his own methods, tried even harder to secure that end, and was not in doubt that, by means of a good deal of flattery and a good deal of help and countenance given in trying times, he had made quite sure of keeping his hand firmly on the weak king that was to be. His own political horizon, though he was far from being aware of it, was a good deal narrower than that of his brother; inasmuch as his whole code of foreign politics could be summed up in the three words—Alliance with France. It was this principle which he meant to set in action in the next reign; and to this end his late journey and his personal relations with French statesmen, were things of paramount importance.

In 1785 the Marquis de Bouillé, who, out of mere admiration, had come twice to Prussia to see Frederick the Great, paid a visit to Prince Henry at Rheinsberg, and was a good deal surprised at the tone of his host's conversation.

'The Prince,' it is said, 'often spoke to M. de Bouillé about his brother Frederick, whom he disliked,

and in respect of whom his language in nowise disguised his jealousy. He represented him as impatient, restless, suspicious, and even timid, which seems extraordinary. He ascribed to him a disordered imagination, susceptible only of disconnected notions, much more than a mind capable of combining ideas judiciously, so as to cause them to bear fruit. He added, amongst other strange things, that Frederick greatly dreaded war, and that just this dread of his might perhaps be the occasion of the bursting out of fresh hostilities. "At some false alarm," he said, "the King will collect a number of troops near the frontiers; the Emperor Joseph will do the same, and then the slightest spark will kindle the conflagration, without either of the two sovereigns having thought of it beforehand." He begged M. de Bouillé to hasten his return to Paris, and to show M. de Vergennes how necessary it was to destroy Frederick's mistrust and calm his precipitation, by letting him know that France was disposed to maintain the old treaties. This proposal arose out of the very impatience which Prince Henry found fault with in his brother.'*

The younger Bouillé, the son of the foregoing, talking of the bitterness that was always mixed up even with the private intercourse of King and Prince—a bitterness which the Prince, on his side, exaggerated and even affected—remarks very truly that Prince Henry's continued display of a 'spirit of improbation against his brother,' has been hurtful to his own renown :—

'For there are reputations,' he goes on, 'which, even

* *Essai sur la vie du Marquis de Bouillé*, Paris, 1853, p. 167.

if we think they have been obtained by usurpation, we ought not to tamper with, if they have been recognized by fortune and public opinion. It is often dangerous, always useless, to try to undeceive the public when it wishes to be misled . . . . and when the opposition to the general enthusiasm, made to the disadvantage of some one whose claims to glory cannot be gainsaid, comes from a man who himself has claims of the same sort to put forward, he risks getting attributed to him a motive of jealousy, which will throw suspicion not only on his testimony, but on his own deserts.' *

Prince Henry has in fact lowered himself—disastrously in the opinion of mankind in general—and drowned the voice of his own just fame, by the very marked tone of his life-long opposition. It is the shrill voice of a man much aggrieved and always angry. Besides the many other reasons for his anger, some of which are known to us, there was doubtless another reason that lay deeper; one that M. de. Bouillé, whom I will again quote, puts in plain words:—

'Prince Henry,' he says, 'gifted with all the qualities which would have shone upon a throne and at the head of armies, could not without regret and anger see that Nature, whilst placing him so near to the front rank and creating him so fit to fill it, had at the same time removed him so far away from it; and we have reason to believe that this irrevocable disposition of Destiny's was the torment of his life. The imperious, even despotic,

* *Vie, &c., du Prince Henri, &c.*, p. 87.

character of Frederick . . . . made Prince Henry feel and lament all the more the immense distance that fate had put between them.'*

Frederick the Great died on the 17th of August, 1786. Two days afterwards Prince Henry, on the invitation of the new King Frederick William II., arrived in Berlin, thinking to reap the fruit of his long waiting, his experience, his counsels, and many kindnesses. But things turned out otherwise. Frederick William took counsel of Herzberg, the late King's minister, and almost from the first would give ear to nobody else. Herzberg and Prince Henry were at strife in most things—in nothing more than foreign politics. Naturally the minister did his best to keep the uncle at bay, and Prince Henry, without meaning it, himself seconded him. Not at all at first 'realising the situation,' trusting neither his eyes nor his ears, taking it for granted that the plans he had so carefully worked out were now going to be put in execution under his own leadership, there can be no doubt that the *début* he made was very far too much that of a responsible Mentor or monitor come straight from Rheinsberg to keep all things right and let nothing go wrong—not the sort of company that crowned heads generally like best. Frederick William, having been more and longer snubbed than any man, and desiring not to be served with any more

* *Vie, &c., du Prince Henri de Prusse*, p. 139.

of that sort of thing, even under the new and more respectful forms, perceived, very likely, that it would be safer to have an ordinary minister about him than an elderly uncle. Prince Henry was strangely shocked when, with a sudden Anti-Gallic spurt, many of the late King's French *employés* were turned off (*chassés même ignominieusement*, we are told). Other things were done as though on purpose to undeceive and offend him.

Mirabeau was in Berlin at that time, keeping the famous Diary which was afterwards published. He had come, a good many months before, with strong leanings to Prince Henry as the representative of the 'French party,' and had enjoyed the most intimate *rapports* and *liaisons* and what not with the Prince, who, honestly believing what he said, had talked by the hour of the fine times coming for French interests in Prussia under his own protection. Now, matters having turned out differently, protector and protected alike being 'nowhere,' Mirabeau was outraged and fell foul of the Prince. His picture of him is as like as good caricatures necessarily are. A few sentences of it will serve as specimens of many :—

'*August* 26*th* (1786). Now puffed up, now agitated, he (Prince Henry) can control neither his countenance nor his first impulses; he is deceitful, but does not know how to dissemble; endowed with ideas, with wit, and even with a certain portion of talent, he has not an opinion of his own. Petty measures, petty counsels,

petty passions, petty views, everything is petty in the soul of this man, whilst there is something gigantic but unmethodical in his imagination; as haughty as an upstart, as vain as a man who has no claim to distinction, he can neither lead nor be led. He is one of those too common instances in which a petty moral nature may nullify the finest gifts of intellect. . . . The thing the new King dreads the most is being thought to be governed; in this respect Prince Henry is, of all men, the one the least adapted to him, for I believe he would consent not to govern provided he were believed to do so. . . . *2nd September*. . . . Prince Henry has fixed his lot. His petty character has split on the rock of his huge vanity. . . . He has made a display all at one and the same time of a prodigious desire of power, most repulsive haughtiness, insupportable pedantry, and a disdain of intrigue, whilst his whole life is nothing but one petty, low, vile intrigue, contempt for the ministers in power, whilst, except one man (the Baron Knyphausen, who is every day on the eve of an apoplectic stroke *), he has not a creature about himself that is not a knave or a fool. . . . *5th September.*—The Prince himself no longer tries to disguise his position, but, like all weak men, passing from one extreme to another, clamouring, crying out that the country is lost, that the priests, the fools, the *catins*, and the English, are going to plunge it into the bottomless pit, by the intemperance of his tongue he is completing his ruin in the King's estimation. My opinion is that, if he is allowed, he will leave this country where he has not a friend . . .

* —— 'tous les jours à la veille d'une apoplexie.' This is the same Baron Knyphausen who formerly wore the fat cattle on his waistcoat; now himself threatened with the fate of many stout country gentlemen.

he will leave this country, or he will go mad, or he will die; that is my prediction. . . . Prince Henry's Gallomania has been of little advantage to us.'

So far Mirabeau, angry and oratorical.*

The *désillusionnement* was in truth a very sudden and thorough one, and it was hard to bear. In addition to general measures and the unlooked-for turning in foreign politics, things were done on set purpose to annoy Prince Henry and, if possible, wound him to the quick. One of the first acts of the new King on his accession was to annul all grants of reversions, survivorships, &c., which had been made under preceding reigns, but had not yet taken effect (*survivances, donations à écheoir et expectatives accordées sous les règnes précédens*). Many years before, after the refusal of the crown of Poland, Frederick the Great, it is said as a balm or plaster for that disappointment, had made a gift to his brother Henry of the succession to Schwedt, in the even then probable event that the family in possession should die out. At Frederick's death

* Mirabeau himself had addressed an Epistle to the new King, in which Prince Henry was spoken of in a different tone, —in language which, if Frederick William II. really dreaded the appearance of being governed, was surely not wisely chosen :—'One of your uncles, crowned with glory and success, possesses the confidence of Europe, the genius of a hero, and the soul of a sage. He is a counsellor, a coadjutor, a friend, whom nature and destiny have sent to you at the moment when you have the most need of him, at the time when the more voluntary your deference to him shall be, the more infallibly will you be applauded.'

the owner of Schwedt was the Margrave Henry, a good-for-nothing old fellow of seventy-eight, and the last of his race.* It was to be supposed that the time of the Margrave's departure could not be far off. Schwedt was a very valuable estate, and the rental of it would have been a very fine addition to the revenues of Rheinsberg. It was a keen disappointment and a real grievance to be cut out of that, after looking forward to it for so long; but the manner in which the thing was done, by a decree couched in general terms but having a particular aim, was offensive and insulting. And in addition to this, the new King actually went to law with his uncle about some other money matters —some revenues which were to fall to the latter at this time by the will of Frederick William I.—and lost the lawsuit, or, at least, quashed it; not in time, however, to avoid showing the *animus* which had moved him.

In a very short while, we are assured, the aversion between Prince Henry and his nephew Frederick William 'knew no bounds.'

In the spring of 1787 the Prince resolved on doing one of the very things that Mirabeau had foretold.† He made up his mind to leave Prussia

* He was the only surviving descendant in the male line of the Great Elector by his second wife Dorothy of Schleswig-Holstein. Margrave Henry died in December, 1788.

† I take for granted that Mirabeau wrote his diary and his predictions at the time at which they are dated; not two years afterwards by better light.

altogether—home, friends, country, Rheinsberg—and go to France and settle there. It does not appear that objections were made; but the march of Prussian troops into Holland not long afterwards, and the likelihood of war between Prussia and France, made him pause. This danger having blown over, in 1788 he actually set out, and in the month of December of that year he arrived in Paris. Whilst he was there, Mirabeau's book came out and made some stir. The author was taken to task for it;* but Prince Henry, disliking it very much, I daresay, only shrugged his shoulders *en très grand seigneur*, and ordered some copies, twelve I think, for distribution amongst his acquaintances.

He enjoyed his winter in Paris. By his old friends in the great French houses he was welcomed with the old cordiality and distinction. He delighted in the political atmosphere in which Frenchmen had begun to live, and would not for a moment believe that in such air there could be mischief. But in March, 1789, he went away. The States-General were about to meet, and he thought it would be 'improper for a foreign prince to be in Paris during their sitting';—it would have looked like a visitor's staying to listen to family secrets. He was then on terms for the purchase of both a town house and a villa; and he intended to come

* Mirabeau denied being the author.

back and settle the bargain as soon as the States-General should have finished their sittings.*

After this, for the thirteen last years of his life, he hardly ever went away from Rheinsberg. He soon saw that it would be a long while before Paris would be a comfortable retreat for elderly foreign princes. French princes and other Frenchmen of rank fled from Paris, fled across the frontier; and some of them found their way to Rheinsberg and claimed hospitality. The winter season in Berlin was more and more pruned down to a flying visit. He was justly shocked at the new order of things in the Prussian administration; but his counsels were not asked for or listened to. His remarks, consequently, on persons and things were apt to be neither mild nor winning. Of the Countess Lichtenau's fine new house in the Linden he said, 'That is a den in which *everything* is infamous.'

* It was some time in the course of this winter, I believe, that Fleury of the *Théâtre Français* made his famous appearance on the stage in the character of Frederick the Great. His 'make-up' was so good as to startle those who had seen the original. From Fleury's narrative we should suppose that Prince Henry had taken a lively interest in the preparations and rehearsals, and even permitted some of his suite to instruct the actor. What is certain is that after the performance he sent him a snuff-box with a likeness of Frederick on the lid, set in diamonds.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OBELISK.

Apotheosis of the Prince of Prussia—Criticism on Frederick's History of the Seven Years' War—The abuse of Riches and Power.

I DO not know when the idea of the Obelisk first took shape. I do not even know when the foundation stone of it was laid. But for a while after Prince Henry's second return from Paris, the raising of it, with the composition of the inscriptions for it, was doubtless the thing that occupied the most of his thoughts and time. It was finished by midsummer, 1791. It was the biggest, gravest, and most solid of his architectural undertakings; it has also turned out to be the most enduring of them. It has withstood the tooth of time. It has even withstood the Tusk of Neglect; of the rampant and riotous demon or dragon of Indifference, which for seventy years has sapped and shaken every *souvenir* of both King and Prince, grinning whilst these memorials crumbled away, and capering for triumph on the bare ground when the materials of them were being carted back into chaos.

The Obelisk was meant to be, and was, a monument to the memory of the Prince of Prussia and

the other heroes of the Seven Years' War, *with the exception of the King.* It does not bear any legend or inscription to explain why this all-important name was left out. It was itself meant to be the explanation. The *absence* of the name is loud-voiced. The monument is in more ways than one a protest. It is visibly and intentionally, though not in words, a protest in favour of a beloved brother. His just claims to glory are inscribed on it, and, between the lines, we read the record of the blindness and malice that deprived these claims of their fair acknowledgment. Furthermore, and also between the lines, we learn that a voice not long ago all-powerful for praise or blame, is powerful now for nothing, and can be left out of the reckoning altogether whilst other voices make themselves heard. But over and above this open secret, latent in its solid masonry and in its trophies and medallions, the Obelisk hides another meaning, one that could not be expressed or avowed at all. It is in deepest truth an eternal protest against the fate of its founder;—the destiny of a gifted younger son in a royal house, under a great King, in despotic times. The burden of such a life is laid down here in stone. One cannot but think mournfully and, if I may say so, with infinite sympathy of what throughout a whole lifetime must have lain at the bottom—at the very bottom—of the founder's soul, never stirred up, never shown, but always there, and sometimes forcing him to cry out.

(A cry, being inarticulate, must be put into the class of interjections. And thus the Obelisk, seen dimly from the other side of the lake, may at least pass for the mark of exclamation—!)

As long as Frederick the Great lived, it is hardly possible that anybody anywhere in Prussia, even in private grounds, could have set up a monument to the military heroes of Prussia and left him out. Most likely the new King did not care to interfere, and, if he did, it would not have been easy for him to find a pretext for objecting to a monument to the memory of his father.

The Obelisk stands on a rising ground just opposite the House on the other side of the bay, here about six hundred yards wide. On the side of the basement facing the lake is a trophy of arms, under which is a medallion containing a portrait in relief of August William, and under that is the inscription.—'To the eternal memory of August William, Prince of Prussia, second son of King Frederick William.' On this and the three other sides of the pedestal are twenty-eight more medallions, all containing inscriptions in gold letters to the memory of Prussian heroes. The names, the most of them very familiar to us, are Keith, Schwerin, Leopold of Dessau, Prince Ferdinand, Seidlitz, Zieten, Duke of Bevern, Platen, Wedell, Hülsen, Tauentzien, Möllendorf, Haucharnoi, Retzow, Wobersnow, Wünsch, Saldern, Prittwitz, Kleist, Dieskau, Ingersleben, Henckel, Goltz, Blumenthal,

Reder, Marwitz, Quede, Platen. Each inscription gives a sketch of the career and claims to glory of the person named. Several who might well bring forward claims quite as urgent, have been left out in Frederick's wake; the most notable of these being Winterfeldt and Fouqué. But Prince Henry, anxious not to bear his testimony in a vulgarly loud tone of voice, has tried to soften it by means of a tablet on which, also with gold letters, he says,—

> Their names graven on the marble
> By the hands of friendship
> Are those chosen by special esteem
> Which in nowise throws a slur
> On all those who like them
> Deserve much of their country
> And participate in public esteem.

There is also a notice of Boumann the architect. All the inscriptions are in French.

The Obelisk was 'inaugurated' on the 4th of July, 1791. There were many thousands of spectators, a great number of them from a distance—from Berlin, Hamburgh, Strelitz, and even Cassel—and including multitudes of officers and soldiers. There was a grand military banquet, after which the coverings which concealed the inscriptions fell to the noise of cannon and drums and trumpets; and then Tauentzien, the aide-de-camp, mounting the steps, read aloud the oration which the Prince had composed, of course in French.

One cannot resist translating a few sentences.

'. . . . Such was my motive. We wished to show the Prussian army our gratitude; we wished to give some marks of esteem to those whom we have known more particularly. . . . But perhaps it will be said, "Why has Frederick been left out?" The history of his life which the King composed, has left me nothing more to say, and nevertheless great services, often rendered in obscurity, on which we cannot even expatiate at sufficient length, remain buried in oblivion. . . . In speaking to you, gentlemen, of all the motives which led us to raise this monument, you will look at the bust placed at the head of the inscriptions, and you and those who knew him will approve, I hope, of the honours which I render to the memory of a brother. To my mind and heart it is not sufficient that his name should be found at the head of those whom he would have commanded had he lived; the abuse of riches and power raises statues of marble and bronze to those who were not worthy of being remembered by posterity. It is from a sense of duty, founded on justice and equity, from a feeling as dear as it is sacred, that I am about to speak to you of August William, Prince of Prussia. Do not expect, gentlemen, that, to honour the memory of a brother, I am going to exalt his talents or his actions. Snatched from the world before he had completed his thirty-sixth year, he could neither draw attention to himself, nor make himself known by difficult enterprises or deeds of great *éclat*. He had those virtues which form the citizen, and without which true grandeur, enlightened courage, humanity, generosity, and the uprightness of the just, are not to be found in any man. Never did pride or vanity mar his character, his mind was improved by study, and duty was the rule of his conduct. I might add proofs to this

picture, if the limits of a speech permitted. Beloved and respected in his military career, he was cherished equally by the soldier and the officer.' . . .

Here follows a list of the battles in which he was engaged.

'. . . In conclusion, I shall be allowed to add that he bore adversity with the firmness, the sweetness, and the modesty which formed his character.'

Later in the day a German translation of the speech was read to the old soldiers, who, when they heard it, fell aweeping. And at night the solemnities ended with dancing. Sending Count Henckel a copy of the speech, the Prince wrote:—'I told you long ago that I would do something for my brother, and I have done it; and I have recalled to our mind and heart all the names I could, of those of whom the Great Frederick in his lying memoirs does not say a word.'

The thirty-two inscriptions read critically might be of some value to the military historian. There cannot be a doubt that each word was well weighed, before it was graved in golden letters. It is known that Prince Henry wrote a Commentary on Frederick's History of the Seven Years' War; but the manuscript of it, in accordance with the terms of his will, was burned after his death. Fontane remarks with much truth that the Obelisk 'is a short summary of that work, giving with great decision the *opinions* of the author on well-

known events, though certainly not the reasons for those opinions and much less the proofs.'* Such expressions as 'la *surprise* de Hochkirch' (which occurs twice) and 'la déroute totale de Cunnersdorff,' are very significant.

I have already described the little square building still standing that bears the date 1790, and is dedicated to the Memory of the Departed. It is placed much further away from the House, in a dense lonely part of the park, near the little lake of Boberow. Some years later the Prince raised another monument, not far from this one, to the memory of Louis XVI. and 'the devotion of the virtuous Malesherbes.' The ruling passion for ornamental building was still strong, but it had taken a dedicatory turn. As old age drew on and friends dropped off, the number of those calling for some remembrance of this kind, was growing greater year by year.

* *Die Grafschaft Ruppin*, S. 223.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ÉMIGRÉS.

French Royalists and French Republicans—The *émigrés* look to Prince Henry for help—His intercourse with the leaders of the Revolution—His French guests—Prince Henry is sent for to Potsdam—'*Mon Oncle, sauvez-moi!*'

PRINCE HENRY looked on eagerly and hopefully whilst events followed each other in France. For a long time he had no misgivings about the upshot. He delighted in everything that was done by Frenchmen. He was so much a Frenchman himself that he could not quarrel even with the French Revolution. His personal friendships were nearly all on the side of the Court and the *noblesse*, but his sympathies, for a time at least, were pretty fairly divided. Much to the horror of other royalists at home and abroad, he entered into correspondence, apparently of a quite friendly nature, with some of the men of the new school in Paris. To the last, even when things had come to the worst, he kept his face firmly set against everything like foreign intervention. The *émigrés*, who came crowding across the Rhine, had counted on him as the chief support and agent of their cause. They had never

doubted that he would be 'their champion at the Prussian Court,' and they had hoped to get the benefit of his military knowledge. But he neither could nor would give them the sort of help they wanted. He opened his house and his purse, but, both by word of mouth and by letter, he tried to make the French Princes and their followers understand that their threatenings and blusterings were doing harm to their cause. By such good advice thus offered out of season, as well as by his known relations to men of the Revolution, he earned for himself the title of Democrat.

Even when the Prussian and Austrian governments in 1792 resolved on invading France, Prince Henry still set his face against it. As a soldier he did not, at first, in the least doubt that the allies would succeed. But, when he learned how the campaign was going to be carried on, he had misgivings. In Berlin people talked of a 'walk to Paris,' and got themselves ready accordingly. It was thought disaffected and revolutionary to talk in any other way. Prince Henry, conjuring generals and ministers not to think of the foe too lightly, was looked on as a Demagogue, dangerous in the neighbourhood of his Majesty and the young Crown Prince.

The King and the Crown Prince set forth on their walk, leaving hosts of the enemy and fortified places in their rear, and Prince Henry, the old Silesian general and now dangerous demagogue, stayed at home, doing the honours to his French

visitors. The campaign in Champagne, as all the world knows, soon came to an absurd end.* In the campaigns which followed, fortune more and more favoured the French. Upon which, after much difference and many changes of opinion, the Prussian Government, driven by the position of their affairs in Poland, bethought them of making peace with the French Republic. Only the King, strongly bent the other way, was loth to yield. Under these circumstances, what had not happened during the whole reign, Prince Henry was sent for. It may have been hoped that his *rapports* with Parisian democrats might be turned to good account, or at least that the abundance and

* Prince Henry did not expect great things from the big monarch, his nephew, as a military commander. He states his opinion plainly, though in figurative language, to Count Henckel, who would seem to have been asking his mind on the subject. 'Place a bag of wool behind a battalion, put a crown on it, and let it be under the fire of the enemy's cannon, you will admit that neither the battalion nor the army will derive any advantage from having that bag with them; make the application. That is my reply to that point in your letter.' (*Briefe der Brüder Friedrichs des Grossen, u. s. w.*) Bouillé gives a letter stated by him to have been written by Prince Henry to General Count Grimoard, the French Minister of War for the time being, and dated 12th November, 1792. It is an extraordinary letter for any Prussian Prince to have written to a member of the enemy's government. . . . 'I beg you to be assured that if regard had been had to my poor opinion, this war would never have been undertaken. I could not calculate every event, but I could foresee that twenty-four millions of men would not act like a handful of Dutchmen. . . . When I was informed of this fine project'—of *walking* past the fortified places straight to Paris—'I would not believe it . . . now you know the results.' (Bouillé, p. 300.)

energy of his arguments might help to clear away many difficulties. A pressing invitation to Potsdam was sent to him, and he went. It is told that the huge King fell into the frail little old man's arms with the words 'Mon oncle, sauvez-moi!' Prince Henry, who had nearly had the breath driven out of him and was half squashed, said, no doubt, as soon as he could speak, that he would try. Whether he did much or anything more than settle by his opinion, strongly, constantly, and eagerly urged, the decision which the others had been labouring to arrive at, is doubtful. But the negotiations which had been begun were thenceforward steadily carried on, and they ended in what is known as the Peace of Basle, on the 5th of April, 1795.*

After this Frederick William II. and his uncle were on much better terms with each other. Prince Henry was again to be seen in Berlin for longer periods.†

* Bouillé (*Vie p. p. &c.*) and Von Sybel (*Geschichte der Revolutionszeit von* 1789 *bis* 1800, iii., 324.) Sybel is always worth quoting; he says:—'Prince Henry was sitting pretty solitary in his castle at Rheinsberg, watching political events with the choleric acrimony which in persons of talent and excitable temperament is apt to be the result of a compulsory inactivity. He was wholly devoid of the patient firmness of purpose and the circumspection and self-possession which distinguish the practical statesman from the political amateur, but he was lively, alert, and eloquent, and, what his royal nephew was totally wanting in, he had, dauntless determination, and was never troubled with contradictory moods, but always disposed for swift and speedy action. He now eagerly laid hold of the long wished-for opportunity of exercising a weighty influence,' &c., &c.

† In 1796 the King would appear to have accepted an invitation to Rheinsberg, but owing to his failing health the visit did

But the Royalist and Austrian party at Court, hating the very name of negotiations between Prussia and French regicides, could not forgive him for his share in these. They abused him worse than ever, and this time they called him a Jacobin. (Democrat! Demagogue!! Jacobin!!!) The *émigrés* scattered up and down had no words for their fury.

He took no pains to evade their reproaches. When, after the conclusion of the Peace, Caillard, the new French ambassador, arrived in Berlin, Prince Henry was the only person about or of or belonging to the Court, who showed the republican diplomatist a friendly face; and this although Caillard, from motives of policy, rather kept out of his way. An inferior member of the embassy, a person of the name of Parandier, who had been sent by the French authorities chiefly as a spy on Caillard and was 'ready for an intrigue of any sort,' grasped all the more eagerly at the Prince's acquaintance, and seems to have carried on a secret negotiation of some kind betwen Paris and Rheinsberg. Though Parandier was 'a fierce Jacobin,' Prince Henry invited him to Rheinsberg in summer and received him with great cordiality. The Jacobin was charmed with the vigour of his aged host, who 'grew young again' every time that the news came of another of Bonaparte's victories.*

not take place. (*Neun und Sechzig Jahre am Preussischen Hofe*, S. 161.)

* Sybel, iv., 243.

The *émigrés* at Rheinsberg, however shocking to them Parandier's intrusion must have been, did not, I suppose, abuse their host to his face. The place had become, and for some years continued to be, a sort of French colony. In large-hearted hospitality the Prince opened his doors wide to old acquaintances and others, and gave them a most courteous welcome as long as they liked to stay. The visitors felt themselves, one hopes, tolerably comfortable. They had the necessaries of life, including a French theatre, and, as long as they did not go out of doors, they might fancy themselves in Paris. With a courtesy that never varied, they were given to understand that it was they who were conferring a boundless favour by their visit—some of them believed it. They made no pretence of liking anything in Germany or of not laughing at anything that was badly copied from a French model;—of course their host always agreed with them.

Besides hospitality he is said to have given 50,000 dollars in money to needy emigrants.

Amongst those who stayed the longest and were made the most welcome were the Comtesse de Sabran with her son, by this time a big boy, and her friend the Chevalier de Boufflers—still only 'friend,' though by-and-by to become her second husband. They were both of them, he with his poetical and other talents, and she with the charms of a lovely and agreeable Frenchwoman of the high old

school, a real gain to the party. They made a sojourn of several years, I believe, the Chevalier going and coming,—he being about to try farming in Silesia; in furthering which design, Prince Henry was very helpful and generous to him.

Another Parisian friend, Madame Vigée-Lebrun, passing through Berlin on her road to St. Petersburg, paid a flying visit to Rheinsberg and wrote down a brief record of it.

'After having spent five days in Berlin, I started on the 28th of May, 1795, for Rheinsberg, the residence of Prince Henry, situated twenty leagues from the capital. We made the journey very slowly, the road being mere sand. You pass through many forests and well-cultivated plains. . . . I was going to have the pleasure of seeing again the Comtesse de Sabran and the Chevalier de Boufflers. Indeed it was a letter which I had received from that charming woman after my arrival in Berlin, saying that Prince Henry would never forgive me for going to Russia without paying him a visit first, which had led me to decide on this excursion. I had every reason to think that Madame de Sabran had spoken the truth, when I saw the Prince run out to meet my carriage, and receive me with a kindness not to be described. Though I was in my travelling dress, he insisted on presenting me to his relatives (*la famille Ferdinand*), without giving me time to change my dress.'

She then describes the house—the largest and finest part of which was occupied she says, by 'la famille Ferdinand'—and the grounds and the lake, and her walking and boating excursions. She

pauses longest at the Temple of Friendship with 'its sad and affectionate inscriptions to the memory of lost friends.' After which she continues:—

'The Comtesse de Sabran, her son, and the Chevalier de Boufflers were established at Rheinsberg; they remained there a long time after my departure. The Prince had made them a gift of lands, and the Chevalier had turned farmer. The life led in that charming place was most sweet and pleasant. There was a band of French players belonging to the Prince, &c., &c. . . . I cannot tell how sad I was at quitting that excellent Prince, whom, alas! I was never to see again, and whom I shall mourn for all my life. The welcome I had received, the kindness he had loaded me with during my whole stay,—everything made the separation distressing. His attentions did not slacken one instant; and after I had left Rheinsberg I was touched beyond measure at discovering the quantity of provisions that he had caused to be put into my carriage, knowing that I should find nothing between that and Riga. There were eatables and bottles of wine enough in the pockets and boxes to nourish a whole regiment, and certainly the good Prince must have been well assured that I should not die of inanition on the road.'

CHAPTER XIV.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Blainville—Toussaint—Lekain—The Household are trained to Sing and Play—Schulz leads the Orchestra—Gluck's Operas—Princess Amelia declines the dedication of 'Athalie'—A Trio does treble duty—Mara and his Wife—Mozart's Requiem.

SOME day it might be worth somebody's while to gather together the memorials of the dramatic and musical doings at Prince Henry's court. They are remarkable, not merely because so much was undertaken and carried through in the face of narrow means and by leaning on amateur talent when no other was to be had, but because the very existence of a regular French stage, and of regular operatic performances during so long a course of years—performances remarkable enough to draw professional people from Berlin to see them—on ground naturally so barren, and in a place so difficult of access, and for an audience so limited,—this is singular. Prince Henry had a French theatre at a time when there was not one in Berlin.* The 'creator' of it, and for many years the chief actor in it, was Blainville, a good actor and admirable manager, who took

* The King's French players were dismissed in 1778.

no end of pains to turn the materials at his command into a worthy *ensemble.* Alongside of him was a family called Toussaint. Toussaint *père,* author of *Les Mœurs* and other books, for writing which he had been forced to leave France, was nominally the Prince's librarian and died early, but Madame Toussaint and her three daughters and one son, all excelled on the stage, and each in a separate line (elderly female, tragic heroine,* amoureuse, soubrette, &c.) It would be easy to recall a great many other names.

In 1775 the famous Lekain made his much talked-of journey to Prussia, and played before Frederick at Potsdam. He also paid a visit at Rheinsberg, and acted several nights. It was a short-lived pleasure, keenly enjoyed and often fondly looked back to.†

Amateurs were sometimes the Prince himself, whom we hear of as acting Œdipus, and his princely visitors, the Dukes of Brunswick for instance; still oftener visitors of a less exalted rank.

Blainville died, it is said, of a broken heart, brought on by his having temporarily fallen out of favour.‡ The Prince, who may have had good

* The eldest daughter was Frau Bilger, the wife of the Prince's *valet de chambre,* whom she divorced afterwards to become Baroness de Kaphengst.

† Prince Henry and Lekain had corresponded with one another for years before this. There is a whole series of the Prince's letters published in Lekain's *Mémoires.*

‡ 'Il n'eut pas la force de survivre à la douleur de s'en voir un instant oublié.' (*La Vie privée, &c.,* p. 31.)

reasons for being displeased—he often had sufficient cause for objecting to the behaviour of his favourites—took Blainville's death much to heart, set up a stone to his memory in the churchyard, and gave his widow a pension. Afterwards he seems more and more to have taken upon himself the duties of acting manager. For long years the French stage was well supplied, and it must have cost a good deal of money. In later times, after the French revolution, some of the *émigrés* distinguished themselves as amateurs.

More remarkable even than the French play was the Opera. Prince Henry, like his brother Frederick and his sister Amelia, prided himself greatly on his knowledge of music. It does not appear that he took quite the same delight as they in the theoretical and practical exercise of it, but he never spared any pains—and if he spared expense, that was greatly to his credit—in providing musical entertainments. Many of the performers in the orchestra and choruses were servants in the household. His Royal Highness, 'turning to account,' as Bouillé expresses it, 'the innate predisposition of the Germans for musical harmony, formed of the majority of those who wore his livery an orchestra capable of performing the greatest operas.' It was thus put in his power to augment and maintain his theatre at less expense, and thus too, in some instances, hidden talents were brought to light,

which their owners were afterwards able to turn to good account. Generally the Prince was fortunate in the choice of his directors. In the course of more than thirty years a great deal was attempted, and not a little was actually achieved. In the same space of time, in the long list of performers who passed through his service, we find a number of names well known in the annals of music. Some few stayed with him long, but in general the *personnel* shifted pretty often; tempted as their skill increased by higher bids than Rheinsberg could make, or offended, as was sometimes the case, justly offended it may be, by sudden marks of neglect or displeasure, and other princely caprices, from which Prince Henry, with the rest of his calling and his family, was by no means free.

One instance will do as well as another for an illustration; as it can neither be expected nor wished to find here an entire history of the Rheinsberg Theatre.

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz, a distinguished and prolific composer of that day, not forgotten yet,* was during seven years the Director of Prince Henry's orchestra, accomplished great things in that position, gained the Prince's very highest regard, and

* He is generally known as 'the Danish Schulz,' not because he was a Dane, but from his having lived for some years in Denmark.

yet went away at the last in anger owing to some misunderstanding. Born at Luneburg in 1747, he became in Berlin a scholar of Kirnberger's, the head of the strictest and most bigoted school of contrapuntists. He was so very distinguished a scholar of that old autocrat's, that he wrote a book on the principles of Harmony * by his directions, and published it, not under his own name but Kirnberger's. Yet ere long the originality of his genius burst these trammels. He had a fine dainty gift of what his biographer calls 'naïve' melodies, and instead of spending his whole life on musical grammar,—in the construing and copying of the classical writings,—he found things to admire in some of the most modern French composers, and outraged his master by beginning to write songs himself somewhat in their style. After coming home from his travels, he led the orchestra in the French theatre in Berlin till it was closed in 1778. Then he was in the employment of the Princess of Prussia for two years, conducting the music at her private theatricals. In 1780 Prince Henry offered him the post of leader of the orchestra at Rheinsberg. Just then the operatic company there was in a weak condition, sundry tiffs having recently been taken, with dis-

* *Die wahren Grundsätze zum Gebrauch der Harmonie.* In certain quarters this authorship of the *Grundsätze* has been called in question, but apparently without reason. Schulz, who is himself the authority, does not complain of Kirnberger for allowing his name to appear on the title-page —rather the contrary.

missals ensuing.* Schulz, who had a rare gift as leader, soon brought life into the body, and a few new members. He was much liked by those under him, and certainly his employer had reason to be satisfied with his energy. We cannot but wonder at what he tells us himself:—'In the course of the seven years I spent there, I produced all [?] the operas of Gluck, Piccini, and Sacchini, as well as a great many of the best French Vaudevilles.† Besides a number of big and little occasional pieces, I composed for the Rheinsberg theatre the operas of "La Fée Urgèle," "Aline, Reine de Golconde," and the

* Salomon, the leader of the orchestra, after being for a good many years a very especial favourite of the Prince's, had just left, and a number of the members had followed in his wake. Salomon came to London, where his career was a brilliant one. Particularly his successful negotiations with Haydn, which brought Haydn to England, and his share in founding the Philharmonic Society, are remembered to this day. He led the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, and also the first performance of the Creation in London. He died in 1815 of a fall from his horse, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. 'Everybody' attended his funeral. Salomon, like Beethoven, was born at Bonn.

† This was at the very time when the good folks of Berlin were forced to listen to the everlasting repetitions of Hasse, Graun, &c., Frederick in his declining years tolerating no innovations. He loved to hear the same sounds which had been dear to him years before, and wrote of them with enthusiasm in his letters, calling modern music a 'charivari.' Towards the end of his life he seems, Preuss remarks, to have had 'one presentiment of the Promised Land.' In 1782 he wrote to his ambassador in Vienna, ordering him to procure for him, if he could, Mozart's Belmonte and Costanza. But neither it nor Don Giovanni, nor any of Mozart's operas, were performed in Berlin till after Frederick's death.

choruses to "Athalie." ' As afore-mentioned, people came from Berlin to listen to some of these performances. In May, 1783, Reichardt (the leader of the royal orchestra in Berlin) tells us he went to Rheinsberg to hear Gluck's Iphigenia (Gluck at that time exciting prodigious curiosity in musical circles, but being a prohibited commodity in Berlin). Reichardt went another time to hear Schulz's own great work, the *Athalie.* Cramer, likewise, who published the Choruses, with a dedication to Marie Antoinette, spent some weeks at Rheinsberg whilst preparing them for the press.

These Choruses to *Athalie* were Schulz's greatest work,* and had as long a run in their day as another *Athalie* is having in our own. They brought him a deal of fame and profit too, but not till after they had brought him both annoyance and loss. For one thing they were the chief indirect cause of his leaving his situation ; a removal that went against his grain and was attended by many discomforts and troubles. The conservative school attacked *Athalie* all the more virulently because its composer was in their eyes a renegade from their ranks. It would appear that Prince Henry went with them a certain length. Princess Amelia, strong in the faith of Kirnberger and counterpoint, went with

* Unless we are to except some of his songs. I believe he did *not* compose the melody of the familiar *Rheinweinlied,* 'Bekränzt mit Laub,' which often goes by his name.

them the whole way. Unluckily Schulz, having been been graciously treated by her Royal Highness in his younger years, had sent her the score of the composition, with the humble request that he might be permitted to dedicate the work to 'so august a connoisseur.' The Princess looked through the score, and then declined the dedication in the following terms :—

'I imagine, Mr. Schulz, that you have made a mistake, and, instead of your work, sent me some sheets of music-paper scribbled over by your child, seeing that I do not discern therein the slightest theoretic knowledge of the art, on the contrary, all full of blunders from beginning to end, as well in the expression, conception, and meaning of the language as in the rhythm, the *motus** *contrarius* placed quite in the background, no harmony, no melody, the thirds left out, no fixed key, one has to guess which it is to proceed from, no canonical imitations, not the very least bit of counterpoint, nothing but fifths and octaves, and that is called music! God be pleased to open the eyes of those persons who are possessed of such a powerful imagination regarding themselves, to enlighten their understandings, and teach them to perceive that they are but botchers and bunglers! I have heard it said that the handiwork should praise the craftsmaster, but now all things are turned upside down, the masters are the only ones who praise themselves, even if their works stink.

'Wherewith enough,

'AMÉLIE.'

* I risk this alteration. Ledebur and Bitter, each of whom copies the letter, both print *modus*, (Ledebur; *Tonkünstler-Lexicon*

On receiving this Royal Letter, Schulz in a letter of his own to Cramer, remarked that it was probably quite true that he 'did not know anything about music,' but he rather wondered why he should be told so in such a rude manner. He thought the Princess would not have expressed herself so strongly unless Prince Henry were of the same mind.* The result was that his position in Rheinsberg, annoyances real or imaginary cropping up about him, became very uncomfortable. And when in 1787, on the strength of *Athalie*, which had found great favour in foreign parts and borne the fame of its author far and wide, a very brilliant offer was sent to him from Copenhagen to become leader of the royal orchestra in that city, with a fine salary, he could not but grasp at it. He would have stayed in Copenhagen, doubtless, all the rest of his life, but for his health, which broke down so completely, that, with a pension equal to two-thirds

and Bitter, *C. P. E. & W. F. Bach*, i. 67).

* In this Schulz was very likely quite mistaken. Prince Henry and Princess Amelia were very seldom of one mind about anything. It was he who gave her the nickname of 'la fée malfaisante.' I remember hearing—judging by my authority, the anecdote ought to be an authentic one—that they once agreed to drive to Potsdam together. But at the very outset of the journey, some difference of opinion proved irreconcilable. The carriage had not gone many hundred yards beyond the walls of Berlin, when a head was popped out at the one window, and another head was popped out at the other window; a shrill voice on this side cried 'Stop, coachman!' and a shrill voice on that side cried 'Coachman, stop!' They both insisted on getting out and walking back—on opposite sides of the road, I suppose.

of his salary, he took his leave in 1795 and set forth in search of a warmer climate. He sailed from Hamburgh for Portugal, but having been driven back by stormy weather, he lost courage for all further sea-faring and went to Berlin. In 1797 he returned to Rheinsberg—not as *Kapellmeister* this time, but as a private person in ill-health—with the view apparently of ending his days amongst old friends. He had been twice married; each time to a Rheinsberg wife, and each time, they say, to a beauty. In 1798 the second wife died. Then Schulz himself was tempted to quit the place again and go to Schwedt for the sake of a doctor, who wanted to subject him, and who did subject him, to peculiar treatment—to a 'cure' of which I never read or heard before or since—a gherkin or cucumber cure (*Gurkenkur*)! After which Schulz died in Schwedt in 1800.*

Schulz had a deal of fun in him and dry humour; he was always glad to play a trick, and could do it so gravely as to run hardly a single chance of being found out. From his younger years in Berlin, before he went to Rheinsberg at all, there is the following story, told by Reichardt.

The English ambassador in Berlin at that time liked, it appears, to receive at his house occasionally

* The chief authority for Schulz is Reichardt in the *Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung* for December, 1809, and following numbers. Also, of course, Gerber and Ledebur.

one of the French actresses, who was a very pretty person and had a sweet voice. And as the lady was fond of letting her voice be heard from time to time, the ambassador once gave Schulz a commission to make arrangements for a quiet musical evening at the embassy, *i.e.*, to look out a few suitable songs and bring them with him along with two or three musicians to play the accompaniments. Schulz agreed, of course, and on the appointed evening, along with four of his band, two violins, a viol, and a violoncello, he presented himself at the embassy. The party having assembled, he placed a song on the harpsichord, and was standing awaiting the pleasure of the French lady, when all at once the ambassador came and asked him to commence the performance 'with a symphony.' As not a word had been said about instrumental music, Schulz was utterly unprovided, but he at once said 'Certainly,' and asked his companions in an undertone, 'whether they had any music about them?' It did so happen that in the violin case of one of the four there was an old trio of Stamitz's. 'Out with it!' said the leader. 'And now, gentlemen, all four of you be so good as to pull away from beginning to end as hard as ever you can.' He himself sat down to the harpsichord, hammered as loud as he could, the company talked and laughed, and the 'symphony' came to an end without being much listened to. The lady sang next, and then the ambassador begged the leader to vary the performance with a

trio or quartett, or 'something of that sort.' 'With the greatest pleasure, your Excellency!' returned Schulz. So he gave his men the necessary instructions, and the same trio was played again, pianissimo and with the most exquisite feeling. Some elderly ladies, who were seated near the performers, applauded, and their example was followed by the whole party; composition and performance were universally and equally admired. The French lady sang again several times, and then, more instrumental music being called for, one of the four players gave the part for the first violin, still of the same trio, as a solo, with a number of shakes and cadenzas, Schulz accompanying him on the harpsichord in the same style. The ambassador, who had been much *préoccupé* with his French beauty during the evening, overloaded the leader with compliments and thanks for the admirable arrangement and management of the concert, and made him a handsome present.* Schulz was fond afterwards of telling the story, to show that there need never be any difficulty in getting up a musical entertainment in the great world; particularly to encourage any of his younger friends who might have been honoured with a commission of the sort, and were at a loss as to their programme.

* During the years of Schulz's engagements in Berlin, from 1773 till 1780, the English ambassadors were Sir James Harris and Hugh Elliot.

A favourite of Prince Henry's at a rather earlier period, but one who caused him a deal of annoyance, was the husband of the very celebrated Madame Mara. The male Mara was a member of the Rheinsberg orchestra, and became one of the best violoncellists of the day. Moreover, he was a capital actor, and, when he was not wanted in the orchestra, he appeared on the stage. It is said he was well-educated, well informed, and uncommonly handsome, and that on a slight acquaintance he left the impression of his being a most agreeable man and distinguished artist. This was, however, only on a slight acquaintance. The man was bad, and the story of his sins and crimes is a long one. His wrong-doings towards Prince Henry, who was kind to him, made a good deal of stir for some years, till he fled from Berlin in 1780, and was seen there no more.

'Never could the Prince,' says Reichardt, 'by all the benefits with which he loaded him, succeed in gaining the favourite's gratitude. On the contrary, the scoundrel treated his master every day worse and worse, sulked at him for weeks together, disturbed the public worship and the sermon on Sunday in the town church, went into the kitchen when the Prince's dinner was being prepared and laid hands on the best morsels, got beastly drunk when he was expected to play, turned Rheinsberg —which lay so conveniently near to the Mecklenburg frontiers—into a receiving-house for contraband goods, and, by taking advantage of the Court equipages to get

the articles conveyed into Berlin;* carried on a barefaced and profitable trade in smuggling.' †

Prince Henry's patience seems to have been boundless, but the King's came to an end more than once. On the occasion of a concert given by Prince Henry in Berlin, Mara, who was to play the violoncello, did not appear. Being found drunk in some public house, and dragged to the palace, he even then refused, and perhaps was not able, to play. Another time, the Prince giving some theatricals in which Mara was to act, exactly the same thing happened. The whole court was assembled, but the performance could not go on; 'in vain the Prince begged, commanded, and implored.' But Frederick the Great, the Queen having been present on one or both of these occasions, was pleased to look on the insult thus offered to his consort as the *crimen læsæ majestatis*, and Mara was punished. He was punished, one is glad to hear, several times and in various ways. Once, whether for this affair or for his intended marriage I cannot quite make out (the authorities contradict themselves), he was suddenly stuck into a uniform as drummer to a regiment and, to the great pleasure and amusement

* The carriages belonging to members of the Royal family not being subjected to the inspection by officers of the customs, to which at that time all other vehicles were exposed at the city gates.

† *Johann Friedrich Reichardt.* Von Schletterer, Augsburg, 1865, S. 302.

of the public, drilled in the rough fashion then usual.

In the long run the King was forced to let fall his opposition to Mara's marriage. The poor girl, Mademoiselle Schmeling, was infatuated and threatened to throw up her engagement. The wedding took place and brought misery in its train forthwith. Their married life was one long wretched quarrel. But they continued to live together, off and on, for many years. They left Berlin together in 1780, and went to Vienna, Paris, and London together; she winning laurels and gold, and he living on her gold and ill-using her. From time to time she, as is well known, sought other 'protectors,' who generally also lived on her gold;—leaving her, they and her husband together, at the end of her brilliant career very little richer than when she had begun. From her husband she was finally separated in London in 1799. He then went back to Germany, from whence eventually he found his way to Holland. He spent his last years playing galops and waltzes for the sailors to dance to in the lowest public-houses of the Dutch seaports, and thus earned coppers enough to buy gin. He was, they say, always drunk. He died at Schiedam in 1808.*

Though Prince Henry's musical tastes were those

* Besides the references in the accounts of Madame Mara, there are allusions to Mara and Prince Henry in various quarters. As, for instance, in the Letters of the First Earl of Malmesbury, i., 144.

of his youth, they were very far from being so markedly conservative as those of Frederick or Princess Amelia. Perhaps they would have gone faster with the current, had he not thought it necessary to lay some restraint upon them. As we have seen, he let Schulz have his own way in the production of novelties. What he thought of the novelties, whether he would have gone to seek them himself had he had the direction in his own hands, whether he did not at last think there might be enough of them, this is what I do not know. I know just as little what to make of the story that, on occasion of the first performance of Gluck's Iphigenia in Berlin in 1795, 'the musical Prince Henry declared he should go that night to the Opera, because he wanted to have a hearty laugh,' but changed his mind so completely before the end of the performance as to send some one to thank Weber, the leader, in his name for the enjoyment he had had. We know that Iphigenia had been given at Rheinsberg in 1783 and was not new to him.*

What he thought some years later of Mozart's sacred music, we know from his letter to Countess Henckel of the 15th November, 1800.

'On a donnes Vendredy passes une musique d'eglise de Mosar, beaucoup de personne furent dans l'admiration; En confidence Je vous dires que Je l'ai trouves

* Reichardt is the authority for both stories, but he does not attempt to reconcile them. The one is in his memoir of Schulz, and the other in his own life.

abominable, Cette musique resemble a celle que Crispin depeint au Mellomane, musique enrage infernale, le Canon y manquoit seul, tout les instrument fond un bruid d'enfer, on dit que c'est tres savand; en ce cas ai-je repondu, C'est le Mesias de Klopstock, qu'on trouve admirable mais que personne comprend.' *

By that time (1800), perhaps sooner, the musical and dramatic performances had grown fewer. The Prince's interest in them had begun to slacken, as, with old age advancing, his power of sitting out a long evening's entertainment was failing him. And thus neglect crept in, and activity soon came to a standstill. Of the last of the directors of his orchestra,† Wessely, a Jew, who was at Rheinsberg when Prince Henry died (and is known for a cantata on Moses Mendelssohn and other things), we have an instructive glimpse in Klöden's Recollections. Obliged to admit that Wessely had fallen into bad habits by the time he knew him, Klöden accounts for it by the sort of life the man had learned to lead at Rheinsberg. 'Wessely,' he says, 'had little to do at Rheinsberg, as there was not often a performance. He got married there and accustomed to idle habits, for all his comrades, singers, actors, and members of the band, did the same; they smoked,

* *Briefe der Brüder Friedrichs des Grossen an meine Grosseltern.* Herausgegeben von Leo Amadeus Graf Henckel Donnersmarck, S. 89. Of course the spelling is exactly as Count Henckel gives it from the original.

† The next last was Christian, the father of Frederick, Kalkbrenner. He left in 1799.

chatted, intrigued, ate, drank, made love, and slept.'*

Having nothing to do, and nobody minding them, they took to these naughty tricks. With all due allowance for Klöden's rather odd way of saddling on everybody what he makes out to be the two-fold vice of marriage and idleness, one reads these indirect indications of the decline of a noble passion with some natural pathos. Silence was gradually settling down on the gaudy little theatre, where so many gay assemblages had gathered. Now and then till near the end, till within a few weeks of the end, there was a momentary reawakening—on some special occasion a sudden outburst of singers and choruses quickly hushed again,—before the silence became Final.

* *Jugenderinnerungen Karl Friedrichs von Klöden*, S. 398. Wessely composed the solemn dirge for Prince Henry, which was performed in the *Garnisonkirche*, but he had the bad luck to miss by six weeks the pension settled on all who, at the time of their master's death, should have been a certain number of years in his service.

CHAPTER XV.

COUNT HENCKEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Prince Henry's old age—His costume and manner of life—A Wedding *par procuration*—Prince Ferdinand's birthday.

In 1793 Prince Henry's old aide-de-camp in the early part of the Seven Years' War, Count Henckel of Donnersmarck, died at Königsberg, of which city he had in the meanwhile risen to be Governor. The Prince had always maintained a very friendly correspondence with him,—they were thrown together again, as we have seen, in the campaign of 1778,—and had a very real regard for him. He showed this regard after Henckel's death by at once offering his good offices to the widow, who was left with two sons and a daughter in circumstances which, for her station in life, were very narrow. The Prince took upon himself the education of the younger son (and carried it out). Countess Henckel left Königsberg; and, after some stay in Dantzig, she arrived in Berlin in the autumn of 1794. Her daughter was appointed a maid of honour to the Princess Henry in Berlin, and the Countess herself then made her abode at Rheinsberg. It was only

a visit, but it was one which lasted for about five years. She had not and could not have technically any 'position' in a bachelor court, but in fact she was something very like the *grande maîtresse*, acting as a centre of order and rule to the large miscellaneous party. She did not formally do the honours, I suppose; but she was, as only a lady can be, a stay or backbone to society. For this position she was fitted as few ever were; Prince Henry had for once, at least, hit on the right person. Very much the *grande dame*, clever, energetic, and most plain-spoken, she could cope with any amount of French overbearing. She could not be brought to see why she should not speak her mind, when the other guests did not reserve their criticisms of the land that had given them a shelter. The Prince, it is said, often tried, but tried in vain, to restrain her.*

During a part of the time which the Countess spent in the Prince's household, it so happened that her eldest son, who was a lieutenant in the army, was stationed with his regiment in the little town of Zehdenick, about twenty miles off; under which circumstances he was often invited to Rheinsberg. Of his visits there he has left some record in his

* The Countess Henckel was afterwards, during nearly forty years, one of the most notable persons at the Court of Weimar, where she filled the post of *grande maîtresse* to the Grand Duchess Marie Paulowna. She died at a great age in 1843. She was one of those 'original' figures of the old German aristocracy, which are now either very rare or quite extinct.

Recollections.* The following is his account of his sister's wedding. It took place, as was natural, at Rheinsberg, where the young lady's mother was living; Prince Henry being delighted at having an opportunity of showing his hospitality and his taste.

'Before I go further,' says Henckel, 'I must mention, as one of the remarkable things in my life, that I was married to my own sister. . . . Prince Henry, who never let an occasion for a celebration go by, wished to solemnize the wedding with great pomp, and had set apart three successive days for the different festivities. All at once there came a letter from Pogwisch,† to say that he would not be able to arrive till two days after the day fixed. On receipt of which Prince Henry despatched a hussar to Zehdenick, with orders to me to bring my full dress uniform with me, and be at Rheinsberg by a certain hour on a certain day. I arrived at the appointed time, and he then required of me that on the following evening I should marry my sister *par procuration*. On my taking the liberty to reply that that was only done in the case of princes, but was not lawful for private persons, he said, "That is no business of yours; that is my affair."

'So, a little before five o'clock in the afternoon, every-

* *Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben.* Von Wilhelm Ludwig Graf Henckel von Donnersmarck. Not to be confounded with his father's book, the *Militairischer Nachlass* of Victor Amadeus Henckel, formerly quoted. Both father and son were generals in the Prussian army. Count Leo Henckel, who has edited the letters to his grandparents already quoted, is the nephew of the one and the grandson of the other.

† The bridegroom. The Baron von Pogwisch was at that time in a regiment stationed in West Prussia.

body assembled in full dress in one of the reception rooms. There was a table on one side with a cloth on it, and the chaplain standing behind it. After a pathetic address on our reciprocal duties, my "Yes" was demanded, and the ceremony was concluded. The Prince congratulated us. Then there was a grand concert, at which my wife had to sit on the right and I on the left of the Prince, and an Italian air was sung in honour of us by the *prima donna*. After which we went to supper, I all the while next the Prince, and from that to the bridal chamber, where the garter was distributed. As he was going out the Prince said to me, "To-morrow you will give a *déjeûner*." I was horror-stricken, for I had hardly two dollars in my pocket. I rushed after him, assuring him that I was quite unprepared for anything of that sort, but he tranquillized me. "Of course, at my expense," he said. So, on the second day, I gave a *déjeûner*, the Prince gave a great dinner, and in the evening there was an opera and then a supper; I, as bridegroom, having to do the honours the whole time. On the evening of the third day there was a ball. The balls there were always very funny, for as the whole number of persons about the Court was so small, the ladies' maids and the female portions of the families of the actors, musicians, &c., were invited. In the middle of the ball I was called out. My brother-in-law had arrived, furious at hearing that all this had been gone through without him. But the Prince would not take the slightest notice of him. He was obliged to put up for the night at the inn. The next morning he was married to my sister at breakfast, at which, however, nobody was allowed to appear in full dress. The Prince himself had his wig in papers, to show his disdain of the proceedings.'

(The eldest child of this marriage, Ottilie von Pogwisch, became the wife of August von Goethe, the Poet's son. She died on the 26th of October, 1872. Her only sister, Ulrique, died unmarried, as Prioress of the most noble Sisterhood of St. John's, in Schleswig, on the 23rd of September, 1875. She was, I believe, the last of this most ancient family of Pogwisch, a branch of which is said to have emigrated from Anglia to England in the sixth century, and to have founded the dynasty which reigned in Wales till 1281. The modern Earls of Powys have, of course, nothing to do with them. The line that remained behind flourished greatly in Holstein, where they were numerous and powerful, and had many castles and lands as late as the end of the sixteenth century. Somewhat before that time they had begun to spread into the neighbouring provinces.)*

Count Henckel goes on: 'Perhaps it will not be unwelcome if I add a few words on Prince Henry and his Court as they were when I saw them. Nobody could have guessed that this was the brother of Frederick the Great, the conqueror at Freyberg, the captain of whom the King had said, he was the only general who had never committed a blunder. The Prince led the party of opposition against the reigning monarch. This arose, no doubt, partly from his being out of humour, for both at the accession of Frederick William II. and that of

* Freiherr von Zedlitz-Neukirch. *Neues Preussisches Adels-Lexicon*, iv., 43.

Frederick William III.,* he had tried to obtain some influence on publica ffairs, but had not succeeded either time. Since his visits to Paris, he had become quite a Frenchman. He pretended not to be able to speak German correctly, and French was always spoken. His dress was in the French fashion as it had been when he was there; in summer silk or satin, in winter cloth embroidered or bordered, always with silk breeches and stockings, and shoes with huge buckles. Two or three immense watch chains hung down in front. To which are to be added a flowered silk waistcoat, large diamond rings, a gold-headed stick with a long silk ribbon, a little three-cornered hat with a steel clasp (on great occasions a diamond one), in his hand a gold snuff-box, in his pocket a sort of opera-glass, a powdered wig with curls and a little pig-tail, or in the morning sometimes a Cadogan in imitation of his own hair, and as a matter of course enormous ruffles. He was seldom to be seen in the morning, except when he paid visits to the ladies *en négligé*, between eleven and twelve o'clock. The *négligé* consisted of a silver-gray surtout; the wig was in papers, and covered with a large round hat. His manner of life was this. In the morning he wrote letters and transacted business; then he was read to, during which he painted, or rather daubed, Chinese paper-hangings—for the whole thing was always swimming; then he went out walking, sometimes in the town, and was pleased when he was not taken notice of. (He had a strange fancy for seeing dead bodies, but he could not bear pallid ones, so that if they had no natural colour, they had to be rouged before he came. When anybody had died anywhere, he always bent his steps in that direction). Then he paid visits to the actresses,

* Which had not taken place at that time.

and went to the rehearsals, of which he might be said to take the direction himself, for if any of the actors or actresses did not gesticulate in what he considered the proper manner, they had to repeat it till it was right. Of course the theatre was French. He himself made up beforehand the *repertoire* for the whole year, and did not forget to put in such notices as, "Surprise for myself on my birthday," or, "Anniversary of the Battle of Freyberg." At a quarter to two, all assembled. When everybody was present, he entered, as I have described him. Dinner being announced, first the ladies, and then he with the gentlemen proceeded to the dining-room. A servant took his hat and stick. The Prince always placed himself at a corner, and usually made known who was to sit beside him and who opposite him. All the servants went out; anyone who wanted anything knocked with his knife on a glass. Dumb waiters were placed at the four corners of the table. The dishes were placed on the table in two courses, after which came the dessert. The Prince ate a great deal, but drank little. At dessert he always gave orders what sort of dessert wine was to be brought, and then he himself poured it out into little glasses. The conversation was almost always interesting, turning on the events of the day or on matters of history. He did not at all dislike being asked questions about the Seven Years' War, but in that case the dinner, to the annoyance of the rest of the party, would last a very long time. And then, too, he would begin to speak German, "I'll tell you how that was," &c. How much there was that would have been worth writing down! His court was an asylum for emigrants. At that time there were at Rheinsberg the celebrated Vicomte de Boufflers, the Maréchal de Bassompière, Madame de Sabran, and M. de Royer—afterwards ambassador at Constantinople; Count de la Roche-Aymon—afterwards Peer of France,

but at that time aide-de-camp to the Prince—M. de Parceval and his wife—excellent people—and M. de Brancion. The Prince ate in a way that was unpleasant for the lookers-on, for he ate a great deal with his fingers. As soon as the party had risen from table, coffee was handed round, and then the Prince made a bow and retired. In the afternoon he was read to, and painted the while. When there was a play, all assembled at six o'clock; when there was none, at seven o'clock, in the drawing-room, where tea was drunk and something read aloud, during which the Prince laid out figures with little coloured squares in a corner. As soon as supper was announced, he wished every one good-night, and went to his own apartment. In the theatre he and his more distinguished guests sat in the pit, on each side of which was a fire-place, with a large fire burning. Tea was handed round in the *entr'acte*, and the Prince went to pay compliments to the actresses, if they had played to his satisfaction. But he also found fault aloud, making use of such energetical expressions as "Ass!" "Pig!" &c. . . . The Prince always celebrated the birthday of his brother Ferdinand, who on these occasions came to Rheinsberg with his family; and, on the day after, the birthday of Prince Ferdinand's daughter, who subsequently became Princess Radziwill. . . . The Princess Ferdinand always took care that her consort should be very warmly dressed for the play, and though he reiterated "je ne veux pas," one greatcoat was put on him above the other, the consequence of which was that he generally fell asleep. Once a rural scene had been represented on the stage, with a huge tree in the centre of it. The scene was then to be changed into a room, but, notwithstanding every exertion, there was no getting the tree to move. The creaking wakened Prince Ferdinand, who began to think it would be about the

right time to say something polite to his *frère Henri*. So, after studying the stage through his glass for a little, he nudged his brother, who was almost beside himself, and said, "Mon frère, cela fait un très bel effet, cet arbre dans cette chambre."*

* Of Prince Ferdinand, who in due time became the proprietor of Rheinsberg, there is not much more to be said. His life, made up in great part of weak health, greed of money, good nature, and stupidity, was far from being a remarkable one. He was, and always remained, in every respect the youngest of the family. Of his Princess, perhaps the less that is said, the better. During her lifetime a good deal was said about her; but that is a long while ago now. She was also a Hohenzollern—the very last survivor of the degenerate branch of Schwedt (she died in 1820). She was not at all squeamish or staid or spiritual. She wrote *very* extraordinary letters. She composed, with her belongings, *la famille Ferdinand*, to which the Prince gave his name.

CHAPTER XVI.

END OF PRINCE HENRY.

Accession of Frederick William III.—Prince Louis Ferdinand—Prince Henry's strength fails him—Prince Ferdinand's last birthday—Prince Henry's Golden Wedding—His Death—His Epitaph.

THE accession of his grand-nephew, Frederick William III., in November, 1797, made little change to Prince Henry. Something is said about his having again taken offence at some supposed want of deference;—I daresay it is untrue. The days of his years by that time were three score years and ten; the time for action had gone by. The young King, full of veneration for the memory of Frederick the Great, and for everything belonging to the heroic times of Prussia, showed his grand-uncle—the only one left of those who had founded the State—every possible mark of deference.

In this, Frederick William III. was badly seconded by those about him. Prince Henry was not liked by the younger generation. He had the common misfortune of being old, and the less common one of belonging to a greater epoch than the actual epoch, and of living in it mentally and judging the present by it. His eccentricities, which were many, were made the worst of by a world which was far

more ill-natured than the kind-hearted old man who often snarled at what he thought the follies of young people.

Lavalette's Recollections doubtless give a pretty fair reflection of the mind of Berlin in this matter. They are the last from which I will quote :—

'The most singular man,' he says, 'of that court was the Prince Henry. Posterity, which has already begun, as far as he is concerned, and is confirming the eulogies on his renown, is of course not mistaken, and I must yield to its verdict; but Berlin, at least, had not ratified it. He was the subject of the sharpest jokes, and the disesteem into which he had fallen went beyond anything that I can describe. His manner of life, his odd tastes, and his singular style of dress, no doubt contributed a good deal, but more than these the hatred—always bursting out in biting sarcasms—of the Great Frederick. Louis Bonaparte was in Berlin at the same time as myself, and went to spend a few days at Rheinsberg, the Prince's usual residence. When he returned to Berlin, Louis repeated to me with indignation some remarks which the Prince had made at table. "You in France," said he, "have a very high idea of my brother Frederick. How you French are mistaken! You are not acquainted with the secret of his victories. He ought to have spent his life in writing; that was what Nature had called him to!" A thousand speeches of the same sort were repeated to me in Berlin by persons of distinction.' *

Prince Henry took great pride in the eldest son of his brother Ferdinand, the brave and handsome

* *Mémoires et souvenirs du Comte Lavalette.* Paris, 1831, p. 6.

Louis Ferdinand. He was so fond of him that, as I have mentioned elsewhere, he did not merely regard him as his eventual heir, but actually settled Rheinsberg on him as an immediate inheritance (the father Ferdinand, to whom, as we know, Henry was sincerely attached, being rich enough). The brilliant and gifted nephew, who in due time found a hero's death, was at that period wasting the best years of his youth in habits which made him the horror of all sober-minded persons, and, like so many others, took a delight in giving shocks to public opinion. But the indulgent uncle, who was not easily shocked, took no offence. Louis Ferdinand seems to have been very attentive, perhaps sincerely attached, to Prince Henry. He often came to see him. No doubt debts, and the urgent hope of pecuniary help, went a certain length in prompting those long rides and short visits. But he was always welcome. He would ride out from Berlin on a summer's afternoon without ever stopping, and arrive about the tea hour, when his uncle and the small remaining party were sitting on the terrace in the sunset. The old man's heart always warmed at the sight of his splendid heir, and he started up and went to meet him with a glad, 'Oh! soyez le bien venu!' Generally the heir rode home again the next morning before breakfast.

I do not know when it was that Prince Henry's strength began sensibly to fail; but gradually he shortened his daily walks. At last he could not

go even so far as the Temple of Friendship. In 1801 he began to build the pyramid that was to receive his remains. It was only a few hundred paces from the *Schloss*, and there he used to go and sit down and look at the workmen. A fortnight before his death, he is said to have stretched himself out in the place where his body was to lie.

In the latter half of June, 1802, he had his house full of visitors, *la famille Ferdinand* and 'some of the foreign ambassadors.' Prince Ferdinand had been ill, and a fête was given on the 20th in honour of his recovery,—a play in the theatre, introduced by a Prologue 'by a very mediocre author,'* and followed by fireworks in the open air.

Five days later an anniversary fell, of which certainly no notice was taken—the fiftieth anniversary of Prince Henry's wedding! Frederick and Henry were alike in this too; each of them lived to see his golden wedding, and each, separated from his wife, suffered it to pass over in silence.

On the 27th of June Prince Ferdinand and family took leave. The other guests would seem to have gone before. Prince Henry was left with his usual attendants, not any the worse for the fatigue. But towards the end of July he caught cold, and, by bathing imprudently, made it worse. On the 1st of August he had a stroke of apoplexy. And on the 3rd of August, 1802, he died.

* Prince Henry himself, who sends Countess Henckel a description of the festival.

This may be the fitting place for a transcription of the Epitaph on Prince Henry's tomb:—

Jetté par sa naissance dans ce tourbillon de vaine fumée
Que le vulgaire appelle
Gloire et grandeur
Mais dont le sage connoit le néant;
En proie à tous les maux de l'humanité;
Tourmenté par les passions des autres,
Agité par les siennes;
Souvent exposé à la calomnie;
En butte à l'injustice;
Et accablé même par la perte
De parens chéris,
D'amis sûrs et fidèles;
Mais aussi, souvent consolé par l'amitié;
Heureux dans le recueillement de ses pensées,
Plus heureux
Quand ses services purent être utiles à la patrie
Ou à l'humanité souffrante:
Tel est l'abrégé de la vie de
FRÉDÉRIC-HENRI-LOUIS
Fils de Frédéric-Guillaume, roi de Prusse,
Et de Sophie-Dorothée,
Fille de George Ier. roi de la Grande-Bretagne.
Passant
Souviens-toi que la perfection n'est point sur la terre.
Si je n'ai pu être le meilleur des hommes,
Je ne suis point au nombre des méchans;
L'éloge ou le blâme
Ne touchent pas celui
Qui repose dans l'éternité;
Mais la douce espérance
Embellit les derniers momens
De celui qui remplit ses devoirs;
Elle m'accompagne en mourant.
Né le 18 janvier 1726.
Décédé le 3 août 1802.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARK OF BRANDENBURG.

The Mark of Brandenburg—The Holy Roman Empire's Blotting-Book—Flat, Barren, and Unprofitable—It does not attract Mountaineers—But is not without Natural Features—The Boor of the Mark—Is not always stupid, sly, and humorous—Luther's Prophecy.

THE sandy soil of Brandenburg has long been a byword. I do not know when the definition of the Electorate as the Holy Roman Empire's Sandbox—*des heiligen Römischen Reiches Streusandbüchse*—first came into vogue with a nation which has no use for blotting-paper ;* but the practice of throwing gibes at the Mark for its barrenness has prevailed throughout Germany for many centuries. A hundred and fifty years ago, we find Bekmann mourning over the evil tongues of historians long deceased, 'who from sundry tracts judged of the whole country;' but all that he himself has to say in defence of his native province, is, that in many other parts of Germany there are regions just as sandy, and yet that nobody thinks of turning that into a

* In its old age the Holy Roman Empire wrote a great deal, at Ratisbon, Wetzlar, and elsewhere. The Mark of Brandenburg has very effectually been found able to dry all those writings.

reproach against those regions. What he adds, viz., that the roads generally pass through the most barren districts, because the old Men of the Mark were so wise as to put them there in order to keep the better land for other purposes, and that thus strangers are misled into thinking things much worse than they really are, will alas! not bear looking into for a single minute.*

Outsiders, knowing the province to be flat, barren, and dreary, have generally, unless moved by some powerful reason to the contrary, left it and its inhabitants to themselves. In former ages the soil brought forth its fair share of forays and fights, as indeed could not well be otherwise, when, even if the land did not attract a foe, it was necessary to retaliate there for offences given elsewhere. The Knights of the Mark themselves, when making raids on one another, sometimes invited outsiders to help them.† Those ages having passed away and

* I find myself quoting Bekmann oftener than may seem warranted by the rank generally conceded to him amongst the descriptive writers on the Mark. But I cannot help owning to having felt a certain pleasure in the reading of his big book. The author of the *Historische Beschreibung der Chur und Mark Brandenburg*, was John Christopher Bekmann (it is also written Beckmann), a Professor of Theology in Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He died in 1717, and left his great work unpublished. For more than thirty years the manuscript lay, if I remember right, in the King's Library in Berlin, till at last a nephew of the author's, Bernard Louis Bekmann, got leave to edit it, with notes and additions of his own. The first volume appeared in 1751, and the second in 1753. The title-page of it, if closely printed, would *fill* one of these pages.

† About thirty or forty years

the later inroads of the Thirty Years' War and other wars having come and gone, there was no further reason for the visits of strangers. When in modern times mankind awoke to the attraction of fine scenery and began to make yearly excursions in order to enjoy it, people did not for that purpose turn to the Mark of Brandenburg, but even those who lived near to it and in it rather turned away from it. It was, and is, usual to speak of its natural features with a slight shrug and shudder. Only in our own day and within a few years, a very few persons have tried to bring in a fashion of praising and admiring it. They began by finding out that it was 'not so very bad after all,' that there were spots in it neither sandy nor flat, but woody and hilly and delightfully well watered. From this it was a short step to urging it on tourists, particularly on the inhabitants of Berlin, who 'fly to foreign lands in search of the Beautiful which they have at their own door.' Of this sect Fontane, in his three delightful volumes of 'Wanderings,' is certainly the head. But, like other leaders of parties, he does not go quite so far as some of his followers (teachers in grammar schools, who publish their Holiday Rambles); but it is believed that neither

ago, the lives and acts of the Knights of Brandenburg in the ages of fighting, became the themes of some novel writers, of whom Häring and Klöden may be named as the chief. These two are both said to excel in the historical romance. I have myself found their tales rather dull; Klöden's, indeed, shockingly so.

his words nor theirs have as yet gone deep into the minds of the hearers. The Mark is not, very likely never will be, in its length and breadth, a field for sightseers. As for its scenery, an oasis here and another there, where the ground rises, it may be, five hundred feet, as at Freyenwalde, and is crowned with splendid forests, or dies away in peaks, as at Buckow, and calls itself the Markish Switzerland, hardly meet the wants of an age which likes strong sensations and plenty of them. It is not everybody, it is hardly one person in a thousand or in ten thousand, who is fond of every and any aspect of nature, and can enjoy a plain pine forest as stiff as a hedgehog's back, if it is only big enough and quiet enough, or even once in a way a still plainer tract of hot sand on a July morning. The historical associations which, sometimes in great plenty, cling to many towns and ruins, are in the most instances of that dimmer sort of which the mass of mankind keeps no distinct impression. But in one or two cases the associations are very vivid and, borne on the rising tide of revival and restoration, are daily becoming more and more so.

As for Rheinsberg, sooner or later, when the tide shall have risen high enough, it is sure to be overflowed and overrun. On the mere score of natural beauty, it can hardly claim modern admiration. It is pleasant and quiet, and its abundant shade and wide expanses of water are very charming. The fond eyes of its proprietors, from Justus Bredow

down to Frederick the Great, seem to have found many beauties which may very likely always remain hidden from ordinary eyes. I would not willingly be thought to endorse every epithet of the Anonymous Writer's high-flown Latin (of which more by-and-by), or even of Frederick's French measures.*

Least of all has the Mark ever fallen into the hands or rather, to speak more correctly, been placed under the feet of the pedestrian tourist. Fontane himself, not a hard walker, I take it, rather dissuades people from trying to see it in that fashion. The levelness, the many monotonies, and the great distances betwixt habitable inns, raise a set of formidable obstacles, to overcome which pleasantly a man must love walking for itself only. He must not dislike turnpike roads, even when the turnpikes have been left out, and the roads, losing themselves in the neighbouring desert, become endless in width as well as length. He must not wish to climb hills or look at views. Above all he must not hanker after moraines, and crevasses, and peaks of snow. With a mind thus cleared of non-essentials, he may enjoy himself very well; though possibly he will not repeat the walk another year.

I have myself more than once made a day's

* For one thing his Royal Highness is always talking of the 'valleys' of Rheinsberg (*nos vallées*). His knowledge of the real nature of a valley had never, I suppose, been rectified by personal observation.

march in the Mark. I have also, when at Rheinsberg, and elsewhere, repeatedly gone to points that were reckoned three times over beyond the radius of pleasure, and even a good way outside the orbit of toil. The natives, like most inhabitants of level regions, have a short measure of walking distance. But, as yet, their ideas on the subject have so very seldom been upset by the pranks of strangers, that they have not even learned to wonder at a solitary exception.

This Native—what shall I call him ?—boor, clown, peasant, rustic swain, or hind, son of the soil, Man of the Mark, aboriginal of Brandenburg ;—or what shall I say about him ? After a limited intercourse, I have not been struck by qualities differing essentially from those of other rustics, or at least from those one might look for in the hard-working labourer in barren land anywhere. With which opinion of mine, were I to bring it forward, I believe I should stir up reproof in certain intelligent circles of Berlin. Which intelligent circles—known to me chiefly by their published utterances, and represented by *feuilletonistes* in the daily papers, writers of afterplays, and those who review these performances—have sometimes, it has struck me, been indifferent friends to their unintelligent brothers beyond the walls. That the writer should take hold of the rustic, usually a perfectly conventional rustic, and put him into tales and vaudevilles, is

most natural and proper. But when the critic, after hashing up the vaudeville and the rustic together, sits down to analyse the hash, the peasant always turns out to have been overdone; the pieces are not to be found, nor if they were found would they fit. So much is said about the peculiarities of the Brandenburg peasant—his peculiar stupidity, his peculiar slyness, above all his peculiar low humour, differing from the stupidity, slyness, and low humour to be found in clowns elsewhere—these peculiarities have been dwelt on at such endless length and with such endless iteration, that, as a natural consequence, the listener at last misses the peculiarity and carries off the general impression. He thinks the boor of Brandenburg a compound of stupidity, slyness, and low humour, and is, of course, a good deal mistaken.*

* In a recent work on agriculture, more particularly on the best methods of reclaiming and fertilizing sandy soil (*Studie über die landwirthschaftliche Benutzung des geringen Sandbodens.* Adolf Delius, 1872), I have lighted on a passage which goes so deep into the subject, taking in such a wide range of the anthropological and ethical aspects of sand, that I cannot find in my heart quite to withhold it. After noticing that fertile soil and the rich returns it yields, exercise a deal of influence on the *Gemüth*, by giving rise to self-consciousness and a sense of order and comfort, but at the same time to pride, greed, and ostentation, he goes on :—'In contrast herewith, the scanty returns of the sand-territories drive their owners to a frugal, nay, even an indigent style of living; and not only does the restriction of personal wants become the common practice, but there arises a habit of carefulness and saving in the employment of the implements of husbandry ;—a habit which may often react prejudicially upon the purpose of these, viz., the realization of returns. This moderation in

It is only fair to say that in my own intercourse with the country-folks I have never, when taking them singly (taking them in companies is a very different matter), had to complain of the wilful rudeness of which the inhabitants of their own metropolis always accuse them.

Whilst at Rheinsberg I did not wilfully miss opportunities of talking either with the peasants or

wants, constantly kept in play by the uniform scantiness of the receipts, and the discouragement proceeding from the failure of undertakings meant to further the general weal, give rise to certain peculiarities of disposition —a certain soberness of view, an immobility, a clinging to opinions once adopted, a distrust of change in the way of going to work, and an endeavour to secure the means of existence amidst the threatening vicissitudes of life, not by making trial of methods of industry which involve risk, but by holding fast by the good that is already got. . . Patient fatalistic endurance of the ills of life, degenerating into indifference to the pleasures which it affords, is to be observed as a trait of character, and explains why a sense of comfort and a feeling for beauty should be so little shown in house-furniture, or in clothes and utensils; it is to be traced also in the ugly shapes and insufficient feeding of the cattle.'

The reclaiming or fertilizing of the soil of Brandenburg has been, it might almost be said, for centuries the burning question of domestic political economy in those parts. Frederick the Great gave his whole mind to it, he listened to and was ready to try any feasible scheme proposed to him for improving the land, and as usual with him, he took note of the minutest details of those proposals. The process goes on to this day. A great deal has already been done; but, of course, much is still left to do. What is very odd is, that amongst the peasantry a conviction is to be met with, that the land, far from improving, is *deteriorating*. There can hardly, I should think, be any real foundation for such a notion, but it exists; whether widely spread or not, I cannot tell. They say, the ground is growing 'bitter' and more and more barren.

the townsfolks. Apart from what the landlord called 'the gentlemen of the *table d'hôte*,' who naturally formed a sort of upper house, a good many other guests frequented the *Rathskeller* at any or every hour of the day. These were the small merchants or shopkeepers and the tradesmen, mixed with one or two farmers and foresters and the due proportion of excisemen, schoolmasters, and miscellaneous persons. (The solitary policeman, who kept the whole town in peace, was constantly going out and in, but he drank his beer out of sight, I think in the kitchen.) When they came in twos or threes, or, better still, singly, I often, particularly at first, under the shade of the chesnut trees, held discourse with some of them. Any hopes I may thus have had of picking up information, or of being incidentally led into the track of it, were, I am sorry to say, not realized. I failed to light on the archæological or statistical sense of the municipality; and after a while it misgave me lest the sense itself might possibly be in abeyance for the time being.

Neither were the individuals as such what would be called 'interesting;' the originality and civic wit of the population did not happen just then to frequent the *Rathskeller*. There was only one figure which, though by no means strong enough alone to carry on its shoulders the weight of natural comedy, was, nevertheless, a marked figure with a style of its own and, in other surroundings, would

have filled a place very fairly. That was the tailor. He was a singularly irrepressible but not a wearisome tailor. Very much the least *soigné* in appearance of the whole party, he was the most impetuous talker of them all. Everything about him was black; the hair, the face, the remains of snuff, the big gap from which the shirt-front shrank, and the hands. The shirt alone might be said to be of a neutral colour. The coat was left at home. He always came in a great hurry, just to drink one glass of beer standing, and stayed for a hurried talk, gesticulating violently with a handful of threads and thrums which he had forgot to leave behind him, brandishing his beer glass, snuffing, and constantly hitching up his trousers, but in too great a hurry ever to hitch them more than half. He was not witty, but he was eager, rapid, black, and happy, and he had words at his command; his snuff and its consequences were much less at his command.

I took note of another man, who was a contrast to the tailor. He was one of the very biggest of the sons of Anak, a giant of great symmetry, broad in proportion to his height, and light-haired and ruddy. He seemed to be a farmer of the neighbourhood. Late in the evening he always mounted his horse, which it is no exaggeration to say was even bigger than himself, at the door of the *Rathskeller;* mounting with a good deal of swagger, whilst the landlord and the ostlers looked

on obsequiously, for the big man was a steady customer. Some idle townsfolks also looked on, and were scattered asunder at the start, for he always set off at full gallop, the sparks from the horse's hoofs going as high as the house-tops, and horse and rider in the dark little street looking like a runaway Elephant and Castle.

The two artists and a third one who lived at the other inn, were the scholars, I found, of a fourth and much more distinguished landscape painter from Berlin, who, with his wife and family, was spending a long holiday here. The professor was, perhaps, the youngest of the four. Some, at least, of the others had turned to art at a time of life when strength of will, fixity of purpose, and a settled character, must stand instead of any aptitude for rudimentary instruction. A phenomenon of our day, and, as I think, very especially in Germany, is the number of persons who, after having wooed but never won some other profession, turn from it in their advanced years to landscape-painting, and, as far as the realization of 'returns' goes, not unsuccessfully.

This party—I had nearly said this 'reading' party—spent all their time like myself in the open air, only stationary or at least sedentary. A few days after my arrival I found them encamped by the shores of the Boberow, with palettes, canvas, stools, and sunshades, all painting the rusty trunks which had taken my fancy so greatly. The professor sat in the

background, where he could command the trunks and the scholars all in one. There was a certain sameness in the four pictures, which the difference of distance was insufficient to do away with. In the vermilions, particularly, I thought the sameness was very striking. On the whole I, being no painter, liked the rust better in nature than in oil. The student whose parasol was pitched nearest to the models, had had a world of trouble with his foreshortening, but had achieved a success which, like so many of the hidden things in the works of modern colourists, was more gratifying perhaps to skilled artists than to an ignorant public. It appears that in landscape-painting a group of Scotch firs with rusty trunks and flat tops is apt, when improperly foreshortened, to look like a stack of brick chimneys in an iron-foundry, capped with a canopy of wind-bound smoke.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KOEPERNITZ.

Prince Henry's last Aide-de-camp—Princess Golden Hair—Prince Louis Ferdinand—A Duel by Moonlight—La Roche-Aymon at Eylau—And in the Chamber of Peers—The Marquise de la Roche-Aymon at Koepernitz — King Frederick William's Sausages—Early History of the *soufflet moral.*

July the 13*th.*—On the fifth day after my arrival I walked in the forenoon to Koepernitz, a country-house rather more than two English miles to the south of the town on the Berlin road. The walk along the hard causeway, thinly sprinkled on the surface with hot sand, was not interesting; the less so as I had been driven the very same way in the omnibus. After the first half mile it led into a forest, or, as it is called here, a 'heath' (Heide *); a heath without heather, of big firs well thinned and nearly ready for felling, each of the same size as the others, all rising from the ground without branch or brushwood or

* 'Heide für wald in den norddeutschen bezirken . . . ist gewöhnlich der mit nadelholz bestandene heideboden: heide heiszet eigentlich ein groszer wilder mit tangel oder schwarzem holze bewachsener wald . . . so heiszen in der Mark alle wälder heiden.' *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, von Jacob Grimm und Wilhelm Grimm, iv., 798.

undergrowth of any kind, and showing endless vistas of the same tall pines endlessly lessening and the same level carpet of brown fir-needles. At the other end of this heath, which, if I mistake not, belongs to the domain of Rheinsberg, the ground begins to sink and swell a little, and on the left hand, close to the roadside, but under the level of it and sloping downwards from it, stands the House of Koepernitz, without approach, or entrance, or lodge, or gateway, or any other device whatsoever for inviting or impeding the general access;—a long low dim quadrangle of mossy farm-steadings one storey high, unevenly placed on the uneven ground and unevenly planned and built, and bulging with the unevennesses of old age in its abundant gables and roofs.* The four sides of the quadrangle are detached from each other, and the corners are open. The dwelling-house forms the narrow side nearest Rheinsberg. It is, like all the rest, a long low building of a ground-floor and attics, with a door in the middle and four or five windows on either side of the door. In the roof are skylights and one perpendicular window. The whole is weather-beaten and dimmed with years, and tired and tottering, and very gray;—I believe the landscape

* Such mansions are more common than not on German estates. The inexperienced Englishman, whose head is running on an English country-house, is apt to be much taken by surprise at the first sight of such an one, particularly if he has been led before-hand to expect a 'Schloss.'

painters find 'tones' in it, in harmony with the dusty slumbrous background. As the ground slopes, the end of the building nearest the road is a good deal higher than the other end. Not far from the middle there is a sort of settlement or depression in the roof, as if the two halves of the house were parting asunder. It looks like a House that had once tried to crawl up the hill but had met with an accident, and ever since then, broken-backed and crushed with the weight of years, has been vainly trying to crawl down again.

Right over against it is an enormous barn.

I pushed my way into the cow-house and put some questions to two women whom I found there, but got suspicious looks and gruff words that were not answers. (Perhaps the tradition of an ill-meant visit paid by a foreigner in the same place a good many years before—a visit to be further spoken of by-and-by—had been handed down to the milk-maids and determined their behaviour.) I then left the cow-house and went on till I came to another open door, which seemed to give admission to the village school-house. There were children playing about, and I spoke to what might be the schoolmaster, but found him just as uncivil as the milkwomen. This was still, to all appearance, a part of the offices, which further on seemed to end in labourers' cottages. I saw two young girls who might be the daughters of the proprietor, with a lady who might be their governess, crossing the

farm-yard. In the doorway of the schoolmaster's house there was a remarkably pretty grown-up girl. Perhaps the man was not the schoolmaster after all. Outside were all the signs of active and thriving farming. I saw some fine carriage-horses leading in hay. I did not go deeper into the village. The only new building that I saw was the very stately distillery (*Branntweinbrennerei*), a huge and flaunting erection of red bricks with a high chimney, 'killing' outright everything near it. The manufacture of spirits being the mainstay of modern farming in the 'sand-territories,' no expense is spared in lodging it.

Behind or below the dwelling-house, I have been told that there are pretty grounds—a 'park,' of course—which, however, I made no attempt to see.

What else I have to tell about Koepernitz I take from Fontane (*Die Grafschaft Ruppin*, S. 248—258), condensing somewhat, and adding a few particulars from other sources.

In the last years of Prince Henry's life his aide-de-camp, confidant, and favourite was the Count Anthony Charles Stephen Paul de la Roche-Aymon, who as a tall good-looking youngster, twenty-two years old, made his first appearance at Rheinsberg in 1794. After a boyhood in the Guards he had left France at the age of seventeen, and gone to Naples in the train of Talleyrand the ambassador. He had then entered the Neapolitan service, but at the end of two years had left it again, and made his

way to Germany, it would seem in very straitened circumstances. Respecting the next two years of his life, the French accounts differ. One says he joined the army of the princes and made the campaign in Champagne; another that he went to Hamburgh and struggled to earn his bread by working for a bookseller. Be this as it may, he reappeared, as aforesaid, in 1794 at Rheinsberg, bringing with him a letter of introduction, not to Prince Henry himself, nor even to any of the distinguished French emigrants then staying there, but to the Demoiselle Aurore, a much-admired actress in the Prince's French theatre. The Count was quite six feet high, had broad shoulders, a deep chest, a strikingly dark complexion, and a profusion of jet black hair,—was, in fact, altogether as handsome and distinguished-looking a young fellow as could be seen; but his finances were in ruin, and so was his wardrobe. Mademoiselle Aurore, a French woman out and out, impulsive, good-natured, kind-hearted, a royalist to the backbone, and not indifferent to the sight of so fine a young dragoon in trouble, showed herself quite equal to the occasion, and took the very best measures that were possible under the circumstances. She furnished her visitor with a suit of new clothes at her own expense, and, as soon as he had got them on, presented him to the Prince, who, moved by her recommendation and pleased with the young man, took him into his service straightway. It was not long ere the newcomer was appointed

captain of the four-and-twenty hussars who formed the body-guard, and very soon afterwards he became the aide-de-camp. From that time till the Prince's death, from 1794 till 1802, he was his Royal Highness's trustiest servant and friend. The Prince, old and lonely, anxious to bestow affection and, if possible, to meet with a return for it, longed for some one to trust to and lean on, and it appears that this time he really found what he sought. La Roche-Aymon was cheerful, active, and loyal, and he had *esprit* as well as a great turn for military science, in which the Prince became his willing guide and at last, perhaps, his fellow-student. The aide-de-camp was not only faithful, but seems to have been really attached to the old man, who in the closing years of extreme weakness leaned on him more and more. He remained with him till the end, and was his stay in life's last hours.

Whilst attending the Prince to Berlin in winter —I do not know in which winter—the Count made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Caroline Amélie de Zeuner, a maid of honour to the Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia. The young lady was then, it is said, a beauty of the first order. Her hair was so long and abundant that when loose it fell to her knees and covered her 'like a golden mantle.' She was believed to be aware that it was worth looking at, for, even in her later life, visitors, more especially strangers, often 'surprised' her in the forenoon before she was dressed, *i.e.*, wrapped in some charm-

ing *négligé*, and with her hair not 'fastened up,' but flowing down. In those early years she had also a *teint* which dazzled like snow. The aide-de-camp, smitten at the sight of her rare beauty, made love to her forthwith and, being himself a youth of such rare parts, was graciously listened to. After a short and delightful courtship, the happy couple were married. And 'in the spring,' it is added, the Count brought his Countess to Rheinsberg.

The presence of so young and charming a person was a great addition to the society there, which by that time was beginning to be made up mostly of elderly persons;—many of them French refugees, naturally not in the best of spirits. The Countess was brilliant and lovely enough to make people happy merely by showing herself (besides which her skill in cookery is said to have been extraordinary). Ere long she became a sort of natural centre round which the rest of the constellation, from the Prince himself downwards, in great measure turned. In honour of her the amusements of the Court are said to have taken a more youthful cast than they had known for many years. She herself, having natural activity and energy and a good deal of experience of the world, was well able to take a graceful part in any amusement that was going on. It is told in rather high-flown words, that, like the fairy Princess Golden Hair, she shed light around her wherever she went, and threw a charm over every place that she honoured with her presence. It seems that the

reality of her beauty was not enough ; the chivalric sentiments of the community raised her to the rank of an ideal,—a representative of human perfection divinely fitted out to bless the court in the wilderness and be served and sworn by.

It could not be always thus. A cloud will gather in the sky whilst the sun is shining its very brightest, and all at once the flower-bed is in shadow. The finest steel will get a speck somehow, that hardly any rubbing will take out. In the present instance, the mischief came just from the quarter whence it might have been expected. The brilliant and brave Prince Louis Ferdinand, the idol of soldiers and ladies, and his uncle Henry's pet and heir, was very often a welcome guest at Rheinsberg. Being usually a good deal pressed by some gambling debt or other scrape, he would generally arrive in the afternoon and, having applied to his kind uncle for help, would be off again by day-break the next morning. In the summer of 1800 he came oftener than usual and, what was odd, seemed very little troubled with his debts. He began to lengthen out his visits, and took quite a pleasure in country life ; liked a saunter in the park, in society of course, and a quiet sail on the lake.

It appears that the whole party rowed out one day to the Isle of Remus, and landed to dine and spend the evening. It was a lovely afternoon in summer. The Countess sat next the young Prince. He had made a wreath of water-lilies for her, half

in fun, and she had it in her hair, and looked just like a Naiad. The breeze rustled through the long reeds in the shallow water between the island and the shore, and the afternoon wore on in songs and laughter. When the evening came, they all returned home; the Prince and the Countess in the same boat. There was a good deal of whispering and laughing. What was said is not known; but what happened next I must give in the words of Fontane.

'In front of the window of the countess's bedroom there is a piece of greensward, half of it in the shadow of a mighty plane tree, and other half open and lighted by the blaze of the full moon.' [This is in fact the strip of ground in front of the *Cavaliergebäude*.] 'Out of the shadow steps the Count, his hand on his sword; before him on the glittering greensward stands the Prince. Typical figures of north and south, they take each the measure of the other; both alike agile, both alike tall, but the one fair, the other dark and fiery-eyed. At the open window stands the Countess, her dishevelled hair glimmering in many hues, and the moonlight falling on her white arms which are stretched out wildly and imploringly. The swords go back into their sheaths. There is a separation till "To-morrow."'

The duel once interrupted was not fought out; Prince Henry found means to put a stop to it. Nothing more was said or done about what had taken place, but it was not so easy quite to forget it. The Countess was as beautiful as ever, and to all appearance she continued to be the same star to

which men turned their eyes; but appearance and reality were no longer one. The centre-point remained where it had been before, but the motions of the other orbs were less spontaneous,—more perfunctory and somewhat from the force of habit. 'Everything remained just as it had been, and yet it was different.'

Two years after this, Prince Henry died (August, 1802). In his Last Dispositions he directed that the sword that he had worn during the Seven Years' War, was to be placed in the hands of the Count de la Roche-Aymon, who was to carry it to the King immediately after the funeral, begging his Majesty to cause it to be preserved as a *souvenir* of the fidelity with which its wearer had served the State. In a separate paragraph there were these flattering words :—'I return herewith my heartfelt thanks to the Count de la Roche-Aymon for the tender attachment which he has shown to me during all the time in which I have been so fortunate as to have him near me.'*

In this same year, 1802, the Count and Countess de la Roche-Aymon became the owners of Koepernitz. The estate had belonged till then to the domain of Rheinsberg. It seems uncertain whether Prince Henry made a gift of it in his lifetime, or left it in his will, or allowed it to be sold to his aide-de-camp for money advanced beforehand for that

* Bouillé. *Vie, &c., du Prince Henri*, pp. 344, 346.

purpose. Be this as it may, the new proprietors do not seem to have so much as thought of taking possession of it. Immediately after the Prince's death they went to Berlin; he to get on in his military career, and both he and she to enjoy the life of the metropolis.

For this object, the ideas of the young couple in regard of outlay being what they were, the revenues of Koepernitz fell short of what was wanted, and for this as well as other reasons the Count was glad of an appointment in the Prussian army. In 1805 he was attached to a regiment of hussars with the rank of major; and as such he took part in the battle of Jena. In 1807 he was appointed to the command of the Black Hussars, and did command them at the battle of Eylau. Afterwards he rose to be a colonel, and then inspector of the light troops, and ere long he began to be looked on as an authority in questions of cavalry tactics. He fought on the Prussian side in the war of Liberation, and rose to be a Major-General.* On the fall of Napoleon he returned to France. Having fled during the Hundred Days, he had his estates restored to him after the second return of Louis XVIII., and was created a *marquis*

* A French notice of him, which I have seen, contradicts this, and says that, on a visit which he paid to his native country in 1811, Napoleon offered him a grade in the French army, that he refused the offer, but pledged himself never again to take foreign service, and after his return to Prussia kept his pledge.

and a peer of France. In 1823 he became a Lieutenant-General. He spent the rest of his life in the service of his country. He was always a student and a writer; his books on military science are well-known.

Fontane adds that in 1848, a few weeks or days before the Revolution of February, an old Rheinsberg acquaintance saw him rise in his place in the Chamber and heard him speak. The stranger had seen him last forty-two years before, at Prince Henry's funeral. A year after that, in 1849, the marquis died.

In 1815, when the Bourbons were fairly restored and things looked quiet, the Countess followed her husband to Paris, and there for the next ten years or more she led a very gay and pleasant life. She was well received at the Court of the Tuileries, and, though far past her prime—in 1815 she was forty-four,—her achievements in the matter of success, the admiration and homage exacted and paid, are said almost to have come up to those of the days of her youth. She liked Paris extremely and would most probably never have thought of leaving it, but, after all, she did at last begin to grow older, and with advancing years came—retribution. Her life had had its ups and downs, changes, and, in the years of the Prussian disasters, very real troubles and discomforts, but she had taken all that easy, and had always been able to look on the bright side of things. What happened next had no bright side at

all, as far as she could see. She had a high opinion of herself, and was fond of making her will felt and exercising authority, and thus she could least of all 'endure to share the rule in the house with a rival.' The tables were turned, though late; and for her there was nothing to do but go out of the way. She left Paris. The pretext was that the tenant had been neglecting the estate, and the Marquise went to Koepernitz.

There she lived for three and thirty years more. The change was indeed a great one, but she was not unhappy. In her domain she was able to exercise her authority unhindered. She was energetical, notable, and despotical, and the tenants and peasantry observed a marked difference after her return. They are said to talk about her by the hour (when they do talk) to the present day, and to abound in stories of her imperious ways. Her talents for governing were not indeed quite what she herself believed them to be; she sometimes hit on wrong measures, but even then she always insisted on their being carried out. She was *very* much set upon having her own way, and bore with no contradiction from inferiors. Along with this she had the weaknesses of old people who think too often of the triumphs of their youth, so that she could be handled with some ease by those who flattered her. Her love for society was as great as ever, and she was most hospitable. Nothing was more to her mind than seeing her low-roofed mansion filled

with visitors, whom she received with the stately cordiality of a *grande dame* of the old school.

The late King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., the cleverest, wittiest, and most delightful mortal that has sat on a throne in modern times, was very fond of *madame la marquise*, and never came to this part of the country without paying her a visit. She was, of course, very happy to see his Majesty, and welcomed him with the proper respect, but at the same time she looked on the visits as but her own due. She had much to tell him, and he had much to hear, about very old times. On one occasion it happened that, reviving the tradition of her cookery, she treated the King, at lunch I daresay, to a sausage of such rare excellence that he, having eaten of it and declared it to be the finest sausage in the known world, in the fulness of his heart begged her to send him some like it. Of course, the sausages were forwarded to Potsdam as promptly as possible. The following Christmas there came a present in return, a necklace of tiny sausages in gold, with skewers of pearl, and a royal letter bearing the motto, 'Wurst wider Wurst.' The next year at the proper season the Marquise despatched a fresh supply, and Christmas brought back the jewel, a bracelet to match the necklace. Thus it went on for several years. Earrings had been added, and last of all there had come a snuff-box, a single big, short, thick, 'stumpy' sausage stuffed with lumps of dried tongue (a kind common in

Germany, something like a bit of dwarf brawn); the morsels of tongue represented by large rubies of great value. This was the most costly of the gifts, and it was proportionally valued. But soon after the receipt of it the Marquise read in the newspapers that the butcher in ordinary at Potsdam, in return for a monster sausage which he had supplied for some festival in the palace, had received from his Majesty the King just such a gold snuff box, set with the like rubies, and actually accompanied by the same motto of 'Wurst wider Wurst.'* After which no more sausages were sent from Koepernitz.

Not many years before her death the Marquise was surprised one day by a visit from a French gentleman, who had come all the way from Paris expressly to pay that visit. He was the nephew of her deceased husband, and had inherited his uncle's estates in France. Not content with these, he had cast an eye on the German property, and had brought the matter before the French courts of law.

* 'Sausage against sausage.' Sometimes it is written 'Wurst *wieder* Wurst,' (sausage *again* sausage). It is hopeless to try to convey the force of either expression to the English ear.

The same *motif*, which the King with so much humour took for his Christmas gifts, has in our own day, but much less happily, I think, been turned to account on occasion of raising a national Monument to commemorate the French campaign and those who fell in it. All visitors to Berlin now are much struck with the colossal 'mailed pease-pudding' (*gepanzerte Erbswurst*), which has been set on its end in the Thiergarten, as an emblem of the triumphs of the Prussian arms. The sausage is dotted all over with guns, and a figure of Victory is stuck into the upper end of it.

After being thrown out in the first instance, his claim had been allowed by the supreme tribunal, 'he being,' says Fontane, 'a special favourite of the Emperor Napoleon III.' Some one whom he had thereupon sent to take possession of the estate in his behalf, having failed in that errand, he had at last made up his mind to go himself. Arriving at Rheinsberg, he hired a one-horse conveyance, drove out to Koepernitz, cast a glance round the estate, and then drew up at the front door and sent in his card bearing the name of 'Le Général de Goyon.' He was, of course, invited to walk in, and his aunt received him with the utmost kindness. As soon, however, as he mentioned his real errand, she laughed at him so heartily that he withdrew, not without embarrassment.* The Marquise was never again molested by her French relations.

The old lady kept up some of the fashions of a former time. For instance, she had about her such a quantity of tame animals—dogs and cats, hares and squirrels, parrots and other birds—that the visitor on being ushered into her drawing-room, was at a loss where to find a chair. But on the entrance of the mistress of the house, all disorder disappeared, 'and that which till then had seemed rather in the way, became a peculiar and characteristic ornament.'

* It was some years after this that General de Goyon became the founder of the famous *soufflet moral*.

In these surroundings the Marquise grew very old. Even her death, or the manner of it, was considered characteristic. Her favourite cat bit her in the lip one day, and 'of that, or at least soon after that,' she died on the 18th of May, 1859, in her eighty-ninth year.

Koepernitz went to a nephew of her own, and is still in the possession of the family.

In some of the rooms of the house (which I did not see), some interesting memorials are preserved. King Frederick William's jewelled sausages are there, and so are one or two *souvenirs* of an earlier time. There is an old walnut cabinet, in one of the drawers of which was deposited by Prince Henry himself the manuscript of his History of the Seven Years' War; the same manuscript which was burned by royal commission immediately after the Prince's death. There is also a fine portrait of Prince Louis Ferdinand, to whose memory, time having softened down any little harshnesses in the narrative of his regard for her, the Marquise was very faithful. In her lifetime there hung in her room a second portrait of him, which after her death went to one of his descendants.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ISLAND OF REMUS.

A vulgar Error refuted—Remus not slain on the walls of Rome—Founder of a City beyond the Elbe—His Tomb is discovered—The Pope sends two Monks to explore it—The Six Vultures—Pyl, Plarrius, and Schott—Frederick is Guardian of the Ashes of Remus—Prince Henry raises a Pagoda over them.

WE have already learned that Frederick, almost as soon as he was fairly settled in his new house, began to date his letters from '*Remusberg*,' and that he stuck to this way of spelling the name during all the rest of his life.* Many persons think, perhaps, that this was a mere freak or conceit of his and nothing more, something that, as the Germans say, he had 'sucked out of his fingers.' A conceit it was, to be sure, but one for which a pretty fair excuse could be offered. In Latin the name had been written by a Latin equivalent for

* Preuss says, and as we have not seen the originals, we must take his word for it, that the first time Frederick writes 'Remusberg,' is in a letter from Potsdam of the 13th of September, 1736. During the whole of that summer his spelling varied a good deal. He often wrote 'Reinsberg,' and sometimes 'Remsberg;'—this last as late as November, 1736. After which date I believe he never again varied, but stuck to his own spelling till the end of his life.

this version long before Frederick's time. And the pronunciation given in the vernacular by the peasantry, comes about as near to this as to any other of the written spellings. With or without the legendary motive in the background, it would have been out of anybody's way, in an age when even scholars were weak in their etymologies, to say much for or against either the one spelling or the other.

Voltaire having once let fall the word 'chimerical' with reference to the accounts of early Roman history, Frederick, greatly surprised—it seems he had held these as gospel, whilst scorning the modern impostures of the Christian annals—took him to task. 'Can we call the Roman history chimerical? A history vouched for by the testimony of so many writers, of so many venerable monuments, of such a multitude of coins, only a part of which would be necessary to establish the truths of religion?' 'Well, sir,' writes Voltaire back (*March*, 1737), 'what does your Royal Highness think about Romulus and Remus, the sons of Mars? The wolf? The man's head that built the Capitol? The gods of Lavinium who came back on foot from Alba? The vestal who dragged a ship by her girdle? The palladium? The bucklers that fell from Heaven? *Enfin*, about Mutius Scævola, Lucretius, the Horatii, Curtius?... All that must go to Odin's hall along with our *sainte ampoule*, the Virgin's *chemise*,' &c.

'Sir,' said Frederick in return (*April 7th*, 1737), 'as for the early period of Roman history, I feel myself bound to maintain its veracity, and that for a reason which will surprise you. To explain this, I am obliged to enter into details, which I will try to abridge as much as possible.

'Some years ago there was found in the Library of the Vatican a manuscript containing the history of Romulus and Remus related in a manner quite different from that known to us. This manuscript says that Remus escaped from his brother's pursuit and, to screen himself from his jealous fury, sought refuge in the northern provinces of Germany, somewhere near the banks of the Elbe; that he there built a town near a great lake and gave it his own name; and that, when he died, he was buried in an island which, rising from the bosom of the waters, forms a sort of mountain in the middle of the lake.

'Four years ago two monks, sent out by the Pope, came here in search of the place founded by Remus. They came to the conclusion that it must be Remusberg, or, as we might say, Mount Remus. Those worthy fathers caused excavations to be made in all parts of the island, in order to find the ashes of Remus. Whether it was that these had not been taken sufficient care of, or that time which destroys everything had confounded them with the earth, certain it is that they did not find anything.

'What is not any better verified is that about a hundred years ago, when the foundations of this Castle were being laid, two stones were found with the history of the flight of vultures sculptured upon them. Although the figures were much effaced, it was possible to recognize something. Our Gothic ancestors, unfortunately very ignorant and not very curious about antiquities, neglected to preserve these precious relics, and have thus left us in uncertainty about a fact of such importance.

'About three months ago, when the ground in the

garden was being turned up, an urn with Roman coins was found. They were so old that the stamp was almost quite effaced. I sent them to M. de la Croze. He thinks that they may be from seventeen to eighteen centuries old.

'I hope that you will be grateful to me for the anecdote I have given you, and that on its account you will excuse the interest that I take in everything that concerns the history of one of the founders of Rome, of whose ashes I believe myself to be the guardian. In general people do not accuse me of credulity. If I sin, it is not through superstition.' . . .

Voltaire's answer was :—

'C'est sans doute un héros, c'est un sage, un grand homme,
Qui fonda cet asile embelli par vos pas :
Mais cet honneur n'est dû qu' aux vrais héros de Rome,
Rémus ne le méritait pas.

Scipion l'Africain, bravant sa république,
En quittant un sénat trop ingrat envers lui,
Porta dans vos climats ce courage héroïque
Qui faisait trembler Rome et qui fut son appui.

Cicéron dans l'exil y porta l'éloquence,
Ce grand art des Romains, cette auguste science
D'embellir la raison, de forcer les esprits.
Ovide y fit briller un art d'un plus grand prix.

L'art d'aimer, de le dire, et surtout l'art de plaire.
Tous trois vous ont formé, leur esprit vous éclaire ;
Voilà les fondateurs de ces aimables lieux.
Vous suivez leur exemple, ils sont vos vrais aïeux.

La véritable Rome est cette heureuse enceinte
Où les plaisirs pour vous vont tous se signaler.
L' autre Rome est tombée, et n'est plus que la sainte,
Rémusberg est la seule où je voudrais aller.

'*Voilà, monseigneur,* what I think about Mount Remus. I was fated to have in all respects opinions different from those of the monks. Your two antiquaries in hoods, *soi-disant* missionaries of the Pope, sent to find out whether the brother of Romulus founded your palace, ought to make a saint of Remus, if they cannot make him the founder of Remusberg. But, apparently, Remus would have been as much surprised to see himself in Paradise as in Prussia.'*

I do not know anything more about the manuscript of the Vatican or the Pope's two monks. One cannot help wondering, if such a couple of archæologists, with such an employer, did really carry on researches in Brandenburg, why one never heard of them sooner? Though far from wishing to throw doubts on the Prince's assertion, I cannot but call to mind that stories of a pair of monks, who come and go for purposes of their own and are seen in the twilight by belated husbandmen,—walking swiftly, glancing about them stealthily, and seldom heard to speak,—have been common all over Lutheran Germany ever since the Reformation and, for aught I know, are told on winter nights still. These monks, in the people's mouth, are not at all *antiquaires à capuchon;* they come to look up their former haunts, old churches and ruined monasteries, but chiefly on account of hidden treasures—they know where the treasure is laid, and when satisfied that it is undisturbed they at once go

* *Œuvres, &c.*, xxi., p. 66.

away again. In the Mark itself the legend turns up more than once. For instance, in the church of Neustadt Eberswalde there is a treasure hidden close to the fresco of St. Christopher. Formerly, two monks from foreign parts came every year and looked at the picture, but for a long while they have not come any more.* In the vaults of the magnificent ruins of Chorin also there is a treasure, and in this instance 'two Jesuits' come from time to time, not merely to see that it is all safe, but to carry away a part of it.†

As the Prince gives no authority for the Pope's interest in Remus, and as he neither was nor ever became accurate as to the details of his narratives of what he had not himself borne a hand in, one does not feel oneself shut up to taking his account of these transactions quite literally. Indeed, one cannot

* Kuhn. *Märkische Sagen und Märchen*, p. 175.

† They go down into the vaults, stand in front of a wall of solid masonry, and speak certain words. The wall then parts asunder, disclosing a chamber which contains a huge chest. The Jesuits go into the chamber, and the wall instantly closes upon them; when they have taken what they came for, it yawns again and lets them out. Two countrymen once followed them and marked what they said. When the Jesuits were gone, one of the countrymen spoke the words, whereupon the wall was immediately rent asunder as before, and, as soon as the man had passed through the opening, it closed upon him. The other, who was outside, heard loud screams and a terrible noise. He then also spoke the magic words, and again the opening appeared. He did not go inside, but he saw the body of his companion hacked in pieces, and he fled. (Kuhn und Schwarz. *Norddeutsche Sagen, Märchen und Gebräuche*, p. 40.)

quite check a misgiving that his two monks may be something more than twin brothers to the other two. We shall not go far wrong in believing that the information he gives had come to him by word of mouth. The only documentary evidence known for what we may call the Legend of Remus, was not within his reach ; it was written in Latin.

I have looked for it and found it in a mean worm-eaten volume of the year 1717, one volume out of twelve of the *Miscellanea Lipsiensia*, a periodical of 'polyhistorical' times, written by the learned, for the learned, chiefly in the Latin of the learned. The whole book—having business but seldom in such neighbourhoods, one looks about one a little—may help us to some insight into what Mr. Carlyle means when he bids us 'take a moral' from 'peat.' * One has one's doubts as to whether there is anything at all in these twelve tomes that has not again gone *out* of the mind of man, anything that, as far as its own separate individual existence and still much more its bodily semblance, are concerned, has not been honestly and fairly forgotten. The mere traces of such investigations—Observations is the name they give themselves,—which generally aim wide of the mark and only now and then even try to hit a centre of interest, are speedily wiped out by new methods and better knowledge treading hard on their heels. The entire gain has been trodden

* Mr. Carlyle. *History of Frederick*, ii., 571.

under foot and hidden out of sight by the waste organic matter of the ages following, which, in its turn too, is trampled upon and covered up;—many strata of successive research compressed into a common rottenness, and only by indirect chemical methods any longer an agent in the advancement of learning. The very volumes themselves, sticky, spotted, and shamefully obscure, seem in a fair way to join their own *Observationes* in the peaty underworld. Turning them over, glancing at their headings, or even reading a page or two here and there, is like looking into diggings that the miners left a hundred and fifty years ago—all alive then with loud scrapings and punchings, silent enough now and empty for ever.

Christopher Pyl, M.A., the rector of the Grammar School at Anclam (in Pomerania), sends in a transcript of a very rare and curious Treatise by an older and unknown writer, a copy of which, seemingly the only copy known, has fallen, he does not say how, into his hands. The subject handled is so strange—neither the most erudite Plarrius nor his Excellency the Dominus Schott, Antiquary Royal, having ever so much as heard of the matter before—that, though he is himself far from being of one mind with the anonymous author, he thinks it right to republish the Treatise for the consideration of the learned world. The work itself (in his possession) consists of four sheets only in quarto and bears the Title :—

Sepulchrum Remi, fratris Romuli, in monte REMI, vulgo Remsberg, nuper detectum, erutis binis marmoribus, uno vetustissimo, altero recentiore. Quibus pervulgatus ille error de REMO, a fratre interfecto, confutatur. Addita loci Topographia & Chorographia in æs incisa, opera E. H. L. F.

The tract, as republished in the *Miscellanea*, fills twenty-two very closely-printed pages, and is remarkable chiefly, if remarkable at all, for the absence of arguments bearing on the matter in hand, and of facts on which to base the missing arguments. It would seem to have been written in the time of Justus Bredow, who sold Rheinsberg in 1618; he is repeatedly and approvingly addressed in it. The first paragraph, of three pages, is devoted to the praise of Time and Time's daughter Truth (veritatem temporis filiam), and has some fine remarks on what the ancients thought and said about χρόνος and ἀλήθεια. The second paragraph begins by urging Justus Bredow, on the ground of the revelations about to be made, to build an altar at Rheinsberg (in memorabili tuo Monte Remi) to both Father and Daughter, who, it turns out, have always specially favoured him. They have now revealed to the world and posterity the real place of burial of Remus, who by a shameful error (pudendo errore) had been held to have been slain by his brother. Next comes an enumeration of popular historical errors, which fills nine pages. After which some authorities are cited (Dionysius Halicarnassus, &c.)

for the difference of opinion amongst learned men touching the mode in which Remus met his death. From this the transition is easy to other authorities, who maintain that Remus yielded up the share in the government of his own accord and went off to foreign lands. That the walls of Rome cannot have been bedewed with his blood, will be evident to those who know that Rome at that time had no walls. More violent is the next step to the statement, 'There can, therefore, be no doubt that Remus fled.' But, to fill up the chasm in the argument, some instances are brought in of potentates laying down authority and going into solitude. And then, either by logic or a *salto mortale*, we come to the conclusion, the demonstration which it was reserved for 'the Age of Justus Bredow' to give to the world 'by the discovery of the tombstone of Remus at Remusberg.'

'The city of Mount Remus,' it is said, 'is situated in the midst of forests, pastures, mountains (!), valleys (! !), lakes, in a region so delightful that it is no wonder that Remus, after so many wanderings, should have chosen this spot before all others, to fix his abode and mitigate his exile.' And, after a further geographical description, there come more particulars, some of which are not quite exact, and others, to me at least, new. We are told that the Bredows bought Rheinsberg from the Counts of Ruppin, to whom it had belonged, and that the town was formerly three times its present size. But

what follows is more extraordinary. The inhabitants 'are fierce, violent, and indomitable, breathing the primitive liberty of the Romans and Remans (Romanorum et Remorum).' The city itself is in many respects the rival of Rome, for it has six *Consules*, which the writer thinks is more than any other city can boast of. The women of the place, after the manner of the ancient Germans, arm the men for battle, 'and if in any case they find their men unequal to that business, *they themselves, girt like soldiers, take their place.** It is known that they, not long ago, in the Elector's own palace, by their loud importunity obtained an audience which had been refused to them,' &c.

After the women comes the island. In this island, about ten years before, when the ground was being turned up, there were found 'bodies and the bones of bodies of a great and unusual size.' Two stones were also found. The smaller one was quadrangular and about nine inches thick. The larger one, of great antiquity and much defaced, was about three-quarters of a Brandenburg ell in length and half an ell in breadth. On one side of it were six birds in relief, 'without doubt the six vultures which appeared to Remus,' proving that 'of his own accord he had left Rome to his brother and, followed by a great multitude of shepherds, had penetrated into these regions, where, in this

* The italics are in the original.

delightful spot, he had settled down, and spent the rest of his life, and died.' On the other side was an inscription, many of the letters of which were effaced and illegible.

The Anonymous Writer was said, but without any ground except the initials, to have been Eilhardus Lubinus.* Pyl, who seems to have acted in good faith, was never, so far as I know, accused of having fabricated the Dissertation himself. Indeed, he gave it only for what it was worth. Even at the time it did not fall with conviction on people's minds. Doubting remarks were to be read in the very next volume of the *Miscellanea*. There was no getting over the stumbling-block of the fragments of inscription—broken and nonsensical words of would-be archaic Latin. Some have thought that the whole thing may have been got up as a compliment to Justus Bredow. The stones have never been seen by anybody again. But they are delineated, vultures, broken sentences and all, both in the *Miscellanea* and in Bekmann. It does not seem worth while to reproduce them anew.†

* Who was a Professor, first of poetry, then of theology, in Rostock from 1595 till 1621. He was the author of a great number of books, the best known of which was one on the origin and nature of evil (*Phosphorus, de prima causa et natura mali, tractatus hypermetaphysicus, &c., &c.*), which however landed him in no end of disputes and controversy. He maintained the NON-ENS to be the author of evil (GOD being the Source of good), and sin to be neither more nor less than a Tendency towards NOTHING. In which view he did not differ much from some divines of the present day.

† A dull person in our own

Bekmann called the matter to life again for a moment by the reprint of the treatise in his Description of the Mark of Brandenburg. By that time Rheinsberg had become a famous place. And indeed it is *not* Rheinsberg, it is REMUSBERG, it is the eyrie of the young eagle—the breathing-place of the princely Idealist whom the realities were awaiting close ahead—the old border-keep with its bad Latin shoved up into the border-land of reality and fancy—which is, as Voltaire says, 'la seule où je voudrais aller.'

At what time the island, which is now universally known as the Isle of Remus, began to be so called in speech and writing, I cannot tell. The Anonymous Writer, indeed, says that the people in his time (the early part of the seventeenth century) called it 'REMI BORCHWALL;' * but one cannot quite trust the Anonymous Writer.

At a very early time the island was fortified, but in which century, or by whom, I know not. There does not seem to be any doubt that it was connected with the mainland by a bridge, the remains of which are still to be traced, I believe, in the bed of the

century, the Pastor Heinzelmann, who left a great deal of worthless antiquarianism behind him, 'deciphered' the inscriptions and wrote a Treatise to demonstrate over again that Rheinsberg was one of the most ancient cities in Germany. His demonstrations are in the style of the researches of our own Highland scholars who derive 'the Gaelic from the Hebrew.'

* 'Burgwall' in the modern spelling, meaning 'Citadel.'

lake. This bridge had disappeared before the time of the Anonymous Writer.

About 1635 or 1636 the inhabitants of Rheinsberg fled to the 'citadel of the Isle of Remus' from the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, but were pursued and put to death. And in 1675, when the town was plundered by the Swedes under Wrangel and eventually burned to the ground, 'the majority of the inhabitants' again took refuge in the *Burg-wall.**

After that, for about a century, nothing that I know of ever happened to trouble the calm of its oblivion. Sooner or later the fortifications fell to pieces, and the island itself was forgotten. Trees and shrubs had taken possession of it and had waxed strong and big, till they formed a thorny and almost impassable wilderness up to the very top. Hardly anybody, I suppose, ever thought of making good a landing on it, except perhaps from time to time the man who rented it, who may have had some boatfuls of hay in summer to bring away from the low ground on the near side. I do not imagine that the mention of it in the pages of the *Miscellanea Lipsiensia* brought many tourists or archæologists to look for monuments of ancient Rome or bones of giants. Only the Pope, as we know, sent his two *antiquaires à capuchon.* Prince Frederick himself may possibly have rowed out to

* Hoppe. *Chronik, &c.*, pp. 67, 72.

pay his vows at the shrine of Remus, and, finding it rough and uninviting, have rowed home again and contented himself thenceforth with gazing at the ARX of his domains from the adjacent continent. He and his court did nothing, I believe, to trouble its savage freedom. When in the course of the Seven Years' War the foe again invaded the Mark, and the Swedes again held Rheinsberg, the Swedish General was content with a levy of a few thousand dollars; and we do not hear of the inhabitants being driven to the *Burgwall* for shelter.

Till 1771 the island was let alone. When we wonder why Prince Henry did not think sooner of drawing it into the charming circle of his grounds and trimming it to his own shape, we learn that there were difficulties of a practical sort in the way. It was in the hands of a tenant who does not seem to have wished to give it up, his family having been in possession for I know not how many generations. But in the above year, Major von Kaphengst, the Prince's aide-de-camp, it is said by subrenting it from the lessee, did at last put the difficulties to flight, and the *Arx Remi* was crowned forthwith with gimcracks to the very summit,—made to look like a cube of questionable taste scooped out of the 'improvements' on the mainland by some unhandy fairy and dropped into the lake. For all the alterations which took place, for all the decorations which were carried out, we have the Herr Major to thank,

says Hennert:* (In that case it was the most harmless action of a worthless life.) What Hennert modestly does not say in the text, but does say in a note, is that he himself did all the drawings for the decorations. There was a Chinese House at the highest point, 'a house of two floors, the upper floor surrounded with a covered gallery of Chinese trellis-work, and consisting of several rooms and a large saloon.' Somewhere else there was a Chinese temple. There were landing-places on the north and east sides, protected by Chinese trellises and by stupendous beacons or light-houses 'adorned with Chinese figures.' For several years very great pains were taken with the laying out of the island. The wilderness was turned into plantations in the English style, and walks were laid out, 'that on the south side ending at a pagoda in the Grand Alley.'

Thus made accessible and fantastic, the island became a favourite resort of Prince Henry's. It was just the sort of thing that had been wanted to give the Lake the true zest. Thenceforward it was very pleasant to take a sail on a summer evening, a large and courtly party in gondolas, the Prince in his own splendid gondola (the Queen of Sweden's gift) with the most distinguished of his guests, and the orchestra perhaps at a little distance in another; —to sail to the sound of music in the glittering sunset, and land for a stroll and perhaps a play, or

* Hennert. *Beschreibung, &c.*, pp. 81 & 85.

a game of some sort and a good supper—during which the interior of the Chinese house would be found very comfortable—and then home again by moonlight. All this was done often when the days were hot and fine, during a long succession of years; till old age and failing strength made it too great an exertion, and it had to be given up.

Having gone to Koepernitz, as I explained, in the forenoon, and come home as usual to our early dinner, in the afternoon I crossed the Market Place to the north and then turned to the left down the first street leading to the Lake till I reached the last house in it on the right, which was, as I had been told, the Fisherman's house. In front of it, in a cheerful sunny porch, sat the Fisherman's Wife spinning strong yarn. She was a very comely woman in her best years, stout and sprightly, with an abundant kerchief and cap of the snowiest muslin. On my inquiring about a boat, she invited me to sit down on the opposite bench, whilst she sent some one in search of hands. She was very bland in conversation, and the sunny porch with the lake sparkling a few yards off was very nice indeed. She told me that she was not a native of Rheinsberg, neither was her husband; they had rented the fishings and come to live there within a year or two. I got from her a good deal of information about the fishings, which, however, I forbear repeating. Though evidently one who did not let discomforts prey upon

her, she complained grievously of the poachers. They did a great deal of harm, and it was nearly impossible to catch them.*

There was a difficulty in getting the hands, but I started at last with an old man who rowed with a single oar, and the fisherman's young son who paddled in the stern with another. The oars were short and broad, but we sped well on the glassy lake, and reached the island in about half an hour. I got ashore on the east side, at what seemed to be the only landing-place left, and wandered about till the afternoon began to pass into evening. There was nothing at all to be seen. The territory of ten or twelve acres was partly wooded, partly grassy. Climbing to the top, which might be about sixty feet above the the surface of the water, I had a fine

* Another day I had a talk with the ex-Fisherman, who two years before had given up or lost his lease, having been unable to pay his rent, I rather think. Naturally he took an even less sanguine view of these questions than the wife of the actual Fisherman did. But there can be no doubt that the value of fishings all over the country has not kept pace with the increased demand; on the contrary the decrease in the quantity of fresh-water-fish is startling. (There is a paper—a posthumous one—of Klöden's in the *Bär* of January 1878, comparing the extraordinary abundance of fish some centuries ago with the present scarcity.) The manner of fishing in Germany has hitherto been suicidal. Whether the new Society for the protection of lakes and rivers will succeed in restoring the former plenty, is what we shall have to wait a long time to see.

I do not know where the Prophecy of Luther's (quoted by Bekmann) is to be found, that the Mark will one day want Wood and Fish. I cannot help hoping it was meant conditionally—as a commination rather than a prediction.

view of the country round,—forest almost everywhere engirding the lake, only broken in a few places by open meadows and one or two white buildings in the extreme distance; the whole sunny and bright, but astonishingly silent, and sunk in the repose of centuries. The Lake was calm as a mirror. It was long since its surface had been shattered by the oars of Prince Henry's gondolas sweeping round the foreland, or had reflected the soft eyes and smiles and silken hoods of a bevy of winsome dames. The Chinese house, where an elegant supper had been so often looked forward to and found, was gone with every other sign of good cheer;—swept away, and the memorials thereof utterly perished. There was not a living creature in the place. Only some scraps of newspaper, in which sandwiches of pork sausage had been wrapped, and a few eggshells in a hollow sheltered place fenced round by bushes, showed that some townsfolks had been keeping Sunday there not long before.

My two mariners had fallen asleep in the boat, but I awoke them, and made them row me to the nearest point of land, distant only a few stones' throw. I dismissed them there, and went home on foot through Boberow forest and the grounds and gardens.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TOWN.

Results of frequent Fires—Mode of Rebuilding—The fashionable Quarter and its Fate—Frau Lemm's Tenants—Her Repairs—The *Cavalierhaus* and its Occupants.

As I said already, nearly the whole town of Rheinsberg, as we see it, dates from after the fire of 1740. Hence not only the regularity of the streets, but the monotony of their architecture.

Nothing could well be less memorable than a little market town of two floors, run up out of hand about the middle of the last century. Taking it all in all, the work was not badly done. The town gained immensely by being spread over a much larger surface of ground, and by the great additional width of its streets. The mere workmanship of the stone and lime was effected with at least no falling off in solidity. We are to remember that the whole place had been burnt down again and again in former centuries, and built up in a make-shift fashion by the impoverished townsfolks, without any help from the impoverished lords of the manor. We are, therefore, not to imagine to ourselves

mediæval walls fifteen feet thick, but rather thin partitions of rubble, roofed with thatch.

The only parts spared by the fire of 1740 were the *Schlossgasse*, the street which runs down from the triangle opposite the *Rathskeller* behind the stables to the Ruppin Gate, and the town church, with a few houses near it.

One of the houses in the *Schlossgasse* is undergoing thorough repairs at this very moment. The ground floor is being rebuilt. The first time I went along that street, the day after my arrival, I noticed that the lower half of the walls of that house had been pulled down, and piled up in a heap outside. Where the rooms had been, there was a great open space, through which I looked right into the yard at the back. The floor above, and I daresay the persons who rented it, hovered in the air, by the help of a few temporary rafters. The masons were busy with the foundations. The proprietress, a pale determined woman in a black dress, stood in the middle of what had been her parlour, knitting rapidly and now and then glancing or nodding peremptorily at the workmen. It is usual here for people to be their own builders and head masons, and the custom seems to answer quite well. When I again passed down the street, three days later, the foundations were covered with a foot of masonry. The proprietress still stood in the same place, knitting as fast as ever, but the walls had risen above her ankles. Some days more, and the brick-

work was up to her waist. The stocking having grown downwards during the same time, the leg of it had gone out of sight.

Frau Lemm's house, like all the rest in the row on this side of the Market-Place, consists of two floors without attics. It contains, I suppose, fourteen or fifteen rooms, (including two kitchens). These houses, built about the middle of the last century, and so conveniently near to the palace, were very likely occupied in Prince Henry's time by persons more or less connected with the court. Their situation was, and is, technically the best in the town, but, crushed and blinded as they are now by the overshadowing limes, they have come to wear a look of seclusion and unapproachable privacy, as if tenanted each by a single bedridden descendant of a patrician family, with one soft-footed attendant. They are mostly silent and dusty as well as sombre. And yet they are none the less in the fair way of being overtaken by the fate of other fashionable localities. As I said already, the house at the end of the row, facing not only the Market-Place but the adjoining cross-street, has fallen into the hands of a Jewish grocer, who has turned his best room into a corner shop and enlarged his windows, and flaunts crystallized sugar two ways at once. Frau Lemm herself, without giving any token on the outside of a commercial turning-point in her life, has filled her big room with millinery and cotton goods, and works hard from morning

till night, twisting bonnet-wire, and clipping muslin, and measuring out ells of calico. Without these sources of revenue, she tells me she could not exist, her rents alone being insufficient for her wants.

Behind the house is a long courtyard, which reaches to the back of another two-storeyed house, the front of which looks into the next street. In that street, and almost directly behind us, is the town church. The house I am speaking of is one of those saved from the fire, and can claim attention for an earlier style of architecture. It also belongs to Frau Lemm, and the greater part of it is tenanted, as I understand, by a shoemaker and his large family. The courtyard is narrowed in the middle by outbuildings and the pump. The end of it nearest to our own dwelling-house is narrowed by two three-cornered enclosures, which Frau Lemm has paled off from the rest of the yard as flower-gardens. Each side of each enclosure is about six yards long. The one behind Frau Lemm's kitchen window is overshadowed by a splendid pear-tree, and in its grassy interior it bears, besides a few crawling rose and currant bushes, some campanulas and the straggling remains of some half-choked spring flowers, all much trodden down and bruised.

In the opposite triangle the *Herr Gerichtsrath* keeps his hens. He is a fancier of fine poultry, and rears a number of rare fowls in sundry cages and behind certain networks of wire. The whole enclosure is covered over with a netting, so that,

when that is not out of order, the different families can be allowed to walk up and down in turn without risk of their escaping. Their owner, when he is at home, can then lean out at a back window and observe their innocent habits whilst he smokes a cigar. In his absence the care of them falls on the servant, who lets them out and feeds them, and shuts them up again, all at certain hours, very gravely indeed. He has not much responsibility, for his master, though in Switzerland, thinks of the hens and corresponds with him about them, receiving notices of their welfare and sending directions to change their nourishment, and even to part with those that grow too big for private training. As I was standing looking at them, but, I believe, thinking about something else, Wilhelm, who had also been looking on for a good while in deep silence, pointed rather abruptly to a young light gray cock, and told me with his usual gravity that he had had a letter that morning from the *Herr Gerichtsrath*, who was on the Rigi, ordering him to give that young cock away. (I did not ask whether there was anything else in the letter.) The network and the palings have got out of repair, and, as there is nobody at hand to mend them, the older hens take advantage of the opportunity to walk abroad. They spend the whole day in the yard and in Frau Lemm's triangle, leaping over her paling as if it were nothing at all, trampling on her campanulas, scratching up her thin grass, and digging great

holes under her rose-bushes. When I said it was a pity, she turned away her head and, with a slight sigh, said it could not be helped. Then she added, quite cheerfully, that the *Herr Gerichtsrath* himself would be sorry if he saw it, but that, as the wire could not be mended till he came home, there was no good in fretting about it.

Frau Lemm—very unwisely, as it seems to me—is anxious to sell her house, or rather her two houses. I have said all I can think of on the other side of the question, but, as I see very plainly, without producing any impression. She thinks house-property a bad thing for a lone woman. The shoemaker in the back premises does not pay his rent regularly, and, with such a large family as he has, how can she force him? Some other tenant, who has a room or two in the same premises, she muttered something about, which I believe meant that that individual pays nothing, has nothing, and, of course, cannot be turned adrift with nothing. Then the repairs—repairs are constantly being wanted in such a house as hers, and they do not suit her at all. It is not for an elderly woman like her to be looking after masons all the day long. How can she mind her shop or her business when she is standing on the top of the house or out in the yard? And if she does not look after them, they take twice as much time to the job, and charge her double. There is a wall in the outhouse wanting repair, and she is putting off getting it done, in

hopes that it may be taken off her hands. And then, over and above shoemaker and masons, there is an ugly rumour or suspicion of dry-rot.

She asks £900 (six thousand dollars) for the whole property. She has been treating with a stranger, some one from Berlin, who has thoughts of settling here, and she was in hopes that the bargain was going to be settled; but the purchaser first tried to beat down her price and then, partly in consequence of the reports which reached him about the dry-rot, drew back. Frau Lemm is surprised and sorry that any of her neighbours should have spoken about the dry-rot—'Surely it cannot be right to speak evil of your neighbour's house.' I told her she ought to be glad, and keep her house. Houses might rise in value, particularly if there was going to be a railway and a railway-station. I then asked why she has her masons by the day, like charwomen? Would it not be better to make a contract with them, and pay them by the job? She said that was not usual in Rheinsberg; still, perhaps it might answer very well, and she had a good mind to try some such plan the next time. But she hoped the wall in the yard would stand for the present.

The block of buildings on the opposite side of the Market-Place was formerly the *Domestikenhaus*, and is now turned into public offices. Outwardly it corresponds with our own row of houses, but is, I think, in even deeper shadow; from my first-floor

window, though it is straight opposite, I, of course, see nothing of it. I think the prison, with its one inmate, is somewhere in a back room on the ground floor. At the end nearest the *Schloss*, the *Domestikenhaus* joins the *Cavalierhaus*, which is built at right angles with it; the two lines of building forming two sides of a square, as looked at from without. The gable end of the *Cavalierhaus* thus, in a manner, forms the last house in the row and looks into the Market-Place, just opposite to the corresponding gable of the *Rathskeller*. With its other extremity, which contains Prince Henry's theatre, it almost touches the lake. Its front faces the right wing of the *Schloss*; a flower garden, a moat, and sundry broad walks of grass and gravel, lying between.

In the *Cavalierhaus* in Prince Henry's time the gentlemen of the court had their quarters, and there, too, guests not of princely rank generally were lodged. It was then, beyond question, the gayest and most stirring place in palace or town. Now it looks quiet and dull enough; the long white façade, with its monotonous rows of windows, only that the blinds and shutters of these are not all closed, as dull as that of the *Schloss vis-à-vis*. It is not quite uninhabited. An official of some sort lives, if I mistake not, in a part of it. And a few rooms, both there and also, I believe, in the Stables (the *Marstall*, a much less pretentious building, which faces the *front* of the *Schloss*), are occupied by

ladies of narrow means, to whom the use of them has been granted by royal kindness. Sometimes, when passing along the walks, I have seen a lonely face in muslin frills looking wearily, though not incuriously, down at me through a window. I do not know whether those whose lives wear to an end in this tranquil asylum are the relatives of any particular class of officials, or whether the choice of them is made in mere charity.

It seems that they do not all belong to the same social grade. I was told that an old wooden staircase, which leads from some part of the buildings direct to the gardens, being ruinous, and, in its best estate, of little value, was lately condemned to be pulled down, when a lady, whose rooms are hard by the top of it, offered to 'buy' it (I suppose rather to pay for repairing it), on the condition of its being given up to her for her own sole use. The lady, my informant said, was 'noble, and very noble,' and, though she was as poor as a rat, it was a grief of mind to her to climb the same stairs with her lowly-born companions to the end of her days, and perhaps run the risk of being confounded with them. Her request having been agreed to, she now has a staircase to herself, with a door at the top of it, which she locks and keeps the key of. It crossed my mind that, if the stair was so very near her apartment, comfort and convenience, as well as pride, might have had something to do with her desire of rescuing it; but I did not say so, for it

would have taken the point from the story told to me by a *bourgeois* at the expense of the *noblesse.*

Our long yard, and the passage through the back building, shorten the road very much to church and that end of the town, though somehow hardly any one in the house ever seems to think of going out or coming in that way. The person who oftenest makes use of the back entrance is Frau Lemm's sister, when she arrives in the forenoon. I do not know anything about Frau Lemm's sister's history. I have never heard a name given to her, and I suppose she seldom now makes use of one. I believe she is also a widow, living sparingly somewhere near, and, till lately, on her own footing, as much so as any elderly, dejected person, generally does live. She is not like her sister. It is difficult to think that she can ever have been in the least like her, or had one atom of Frau Lemm's energy and elasticity, or of a certain buoyant blue-eyed humour in meeting troubles, and recounting them (at some length), which distinguishes her. Within the last few months the out-door sister has fallen into a state of nervous sickness or suffering, which incommodes and distresses her greatly, and deprives her of her 'powers'—I do not know which powers. She therefore totters very unsteadily to her sister's house every morning, to be taken care of throughout the day. 'She says it is her head,' Frau Lemm tells me. Her whole appearance, her very gait and gestures, betoken anxiety, irresolution, and timidity,

as if life had become one great misgiving. She sits a good deal in the bonnet-shop, looking round startled when anybody comes in. In the evening Frau Lemm sits with her on the bench in front of the house, and, when it is growing dark, she takes her under her arm and leads her home again. I do not think that she is very fond of this way of doing good, or able to make out why a person who has a head should complain of it, rather than turn it to some useful purpose. She is not impatient with the invalid, but she cheers her up rather roughly, and gives her vain counsels against murmuring. In secret she frets a little at the additional work, and has told me so in deep confidence. 'You see I have to cook for my sister as well as myself, and to boil tea for her.' 'You ought not to *boil* the tea,'—I was beginning, but she took no notice of the interruption. 'She says it is her head. She cannot work, she says. Whenever she stoops, she feels something in her head, she says. And then she is always complaining of something in her chest too—for which I boil tea, you know.'

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHURCH.

Sunrise in the Desert—An unforeseen Attack—Foresters and Forests—The Sexton's Daughter—The Altar—Tombs and Tablets—The Knight and the Fiddler—The Bells—The Tailor.

July the 16*th.*—I went out soon after sunrise for an early ramble. The big high-roofed granaries outside the gates were throwing their long, pointed, pyramidal shadows far across the desert. The sandy waves were still cool. The scattered spikes of grass and the young fir-trees were wet with dew. Not intending to go very far, I had plodded through the wilderness, careless about direction, but in what I believed to be a track, for somewhat less than an hour, and was thinking about going back, when I heard some one hallooing and shouting. I then looked to my left, and saw what I could make out to be a forester or gamekeeper standing at the edge of the forest not very far from half a mile off, throwing his arms about him violently, pointing with his stick, and otherwise gesticulating. When I stood still, he went on shouting and pointing for a little longer, and then stopped short. I tried to answer him, though sure that no word of mine could reach him, but I found that it was not an answer that he

wanted. For a moment I thought of trying to go to him, on the chance that he might meet me half-way, but there lay between us an uneven tract of mere loose sand, knee-deep and made still more impassable by the quantities of young Scotch firs that were sprinkled about in it, their elastic under-branches half hidden by the sand, but woven together for a trap and tripping to all wayfarers. Besides, at the first sign I made of a movement in that direction, he began to shout and make gestures again, brandishing his stick and seeming to motion me back. I then faced about to go home, as I had been on the point of doing before I saw or heard him, but at that he got into such a frenzy, redoubling his shouts and flinging his arms up and around, that I stood still in spite of myself. Afterwards I tried some gestures in my turn; I flourished my hands above my head as I had seen him do, and waved my white parasol, but these movements not coming from the heart were unreal, and I felt that they made no impression. He went on shouting what I knew to be short sentences, of which, however, I could not distinguish a word, and whenever I tried to step out, he shouted faster than before. I did not really think that he was cautioning me against a wild bull, but I began to sympathize with those travellers who relate that they have suddenly found themselves exposed to the caprices of some savage animal, which growled at them for disturbing him and showed his teeth if they attempted to get away. But, as I could not

be bellowed at all day on an open heath, I did at last strike out resolutely in a new direction, the one just opposite to the figure of the enemy, who sent a volley of words after me, the tone of which, I thought, began to sound reassuring. I got into real difficulties, for the loose sand and the young firs were very troublesome; but all at once, ere many minutes had gone, I found a track which, in about fifteen minutes more, led me into a most charming forest, a mixed one of firs and beeches with plenty of undergrowth and a grassy and flowery and uneven ground. It was, as I found out afterwards, but a better corner of the great pine forest which crosses the Berlin road. The track that I was on seemed to lead through this angle towards the open country again. Not tempted by that, I sat and read awhile under the beeches and then hied me home not without anxiety at the dangerous places lest there might still be some one standing afar off to halloo at me.

We dined out of doors as usual under the horse-chesnuts, and dined quickly. The men of painting and jurisprudence, having planned a long drive for the afternoon, went off early and left me alone. I sat still for a while. I was quite undisturbed, though I sat in the triangle at the junction of three streets and just opposite to the door of the *Raths-keller*. At that earliest hour of the afternoon, when the midday dinner had been fairly eaten and dishes and fragments provisionally put away, every-

body, not in the *Rathskeller* only, but in every house in the town, took a sleep, except perhaps our own hard-worked and unmethodical dirty servant girl. I believe that even she, if she saw ground for hoping that her name would not be called out for the next two minutes, overcome by desperate weariness, dropped a duster on the corner of the nearest table and, dashing her head on it, snatched some sudden winks.

Thus I sat very quiet, looking at the tables and the benches set in order for guests, and letting my thoughts go where they liked. By-and-by an old man came up the street, walking slowly but firmly and, one might say, jauntily by the help of his stick, which he rang on the stones when he set it down. He was slightly bent and had a gray beard. He was dressed as a forester, and his clothes, though holiday ones, were pretty well worn. In spite of age there was a springiness in his figure. He came straight to my table, saluted me, sat down without further ceremony, and knocked loudly for beer. 'You had lost your way this morning,' he then said, knocking again louder than before. 'What did you say?' I replied. 'You had lost your way when you were going to ——' (I forget the name of the village he meant), 'and I put you on the road.' 'Was it you?' said I. 'Yes, to be sure,' said he. 'I saw you had gone wrong. People often do on that part of the heath. You found your way all right after that? You had never been at

—— before?' 'I was not going to ——. I was taking a walk.' 'Our roads are very bad,' he went on without minding me, 'and very perplexing to strangers. You had business at ——, I suppose.' 'I did not go to ——,' I said again. 'I went as far as the forest and then turned.' 'You did not go to ——. You were not going to ——. But then where *were* you going?' 'I was walking.' At that he drew in, did not speak for a minute or two, but gave a pull at his mug and mused, and then turned to me with a remarkable change of expression—an expression in which I thought pleasure predominated. I had risen before him in a new and unaccustomed, but far from disagreeable, light. He then put a good many questions to me, touching my native land, my habits and history, my wanderings, and my opinion of the beer; partly, no doubt, to make quite sure that I really was a *bonâ fide* tourist, with the aims of one, and partly to gain time for familiarizing himself with the bearings of such a phenomenon. He gulped the news down greedily, and gasped for breath afterwards. It appeared to me that he had literally never seen or heard of any one on the same errand in these parts. In his young years, at some great hunt in another part of Brandenburg, he had had an opportunity of speaking to gentlemen who had gone upon their travels and seen foreign lands. But it had certainly never struck him that anybody would be likely to take the Mark for a foreign

land. And yet there was so much in it that was beautiful and worth seeing; it had often struck him. (It was evidently striking him at that moment with all the force of novelty.) By little and little he began to talk about the forests, and the manner of life led in them, and the game and the hunting. He never once said he was sorry for having bellowed at me so wildly all the morning. But he told me that, if I would go another day somewhat in that same direction, but more to the left, and strike into the wood near to where I had seen him standing, I should find a road that would lead me past his house, and that, if he was at home, he would be glad to show me the way further on, to one of the very finest forests in all this part of the country, the Forest of Menz, and the Great Lake Stechlin, the biggest lake in these parts, completely surrounded by forests on every side. It was the most splendid excursion I could make, and I should thank him for it afterwards. He told me that his house and another stood by themselves, quite deep in the wood, miles from the rest of mankind. He liked the situation very well, but it was sometimes inconvenient in winter—they were often snowed in, and then it was difficult to carry everything they wanted all the way from the town. The deer and the boars were bad neighbours, particularly the boars—there was no keeping the potatoes from them. He had made *such* fences round his potato-field, but they would pull down any fence

and destroy what they could not eat. He had not always lived in this part of the country. He had formerly held a similar situation further to the east, near Joachimsthal. That was near the Emperor's hunting-box, the Hubertusstock, in the Schorfheide. *That* was a forest! And *there* there was game! He had seen as many as eight hundred head of deer together in the Schorfheide. In answer to a question he said further that I could walk in mere forest, allowing for unavoidable breaks, for forty German miles, beginning at some point which he named to the east of Wittstock, in Priegnitz, crossing the whole of the Mark of Brandenburg, and coming out at Torgau, in Saxony.

He talked of his forests with affection and enthusiasm, and talked well. The talk was all the better for being unstudied and quite fresh; he had certainly never in his life reckoned on finding any one to listen to it.

Long before he had done, the town had begun to wake up, and beer-drinkers had set themselves down at the tables near us, some of them listening in wonder, and all of them filling the air with the fumes of cheap tobacco. So I said good-bye to the old man, and promised to pay him a visit at his own house.

Being desirous of gaining admittance to the town church, I went in search of the daughter of the late sexton, whose mother, the sexton's widow, still had

the keys in her keeping, to get her to open the door for me.

The church is not very remarkable, but it is in very good repair. The oldest part of it was built I do not know when. In 1568 it was enlarged to three times its former size by Achim von Bredow, the then lord of the manor. In 1635, when almost the whole town was burnt to the ground, the tower of the church, which was of wood, and which served as belfry, was burnt too, but the church itself was spared not only then but also in 1675, when the town, all but seven houses, was again laid in ashes, and for the third time in the fire of 1740.*

I did not find so many monuments in the church as I had been led to expect. There is a huge one, quite twenty feet high, to the memory of Achim von Bredow. The design of it, in the style of the end of the sixteenth century, is, of course, in great part allegorical. The knight and his lady are brought in beneath two bas-reliefs, both of which are emblematical of the resurrection of the just,—Jonah vomited by the whale, and Christ leaving the sepulchre. At the top are the arms of the Bredows, and at the bottom are some doggerel lines, to be put in the knight's mouth. In our own day the whole monument is thought very fine by those who love fourth-rate art of the Renaissance and Rococo periods, or at least are good-natured enough

* Hennert, pp. 39, 44. The fires of 1635 and 1740 seem both to have taken place on the 14th of April.

in such matters to take the will for the deed. All the tombstones that I looked at bore the name of Bredow, except a big one of the last century, with some sentimental French verses upon it in memory of one of Prince Henry's musicians, a fiddler of the name of Pitschner. Nothing could be in better contrast than the humble hopes of those rough-hewn Brandenburg squires and their stout dames, after a lifetime of swashbuckling and sausage-eating and Lutheran piety, laid on their tomb-lids in the stiff repose of sandstone ruffs and jerkins, and the meanderings of a French muse praising a modern Amphion and deploring the extinction of the torch of his 'beaux jours.'

It is worth while copying Achim von Bredow's epitaph and Pitschner's side by side, both in the original :—

THE KNIGHT.

O frommer Christ, urtheile mild
Der Du anschauest dieses Bild.
Fragst Du, wer ich sey im Grab?
Gewesen bin ich und Itzt ab ;
Verfolgung, Sorge, Kreuz ohn' Zahl
Die mir begegnet überall
Ich ritterlich obwunden hab'
Und ruhe nun in meinem Grab.
Auch mit Geduld der Welt Bosheit
Hab' ich ertragen allezeit
Nach Gottes Willen, welcher ist
Der allerbest zu jeder Frist—
Gelobt seyst Du, Herr Jesus Christ.

THE FIDDLER.

Un prince, Ami des Arts, secondant non Génie—
Déjà l' École d'Italie
À l'Allemagne mon Berceau
Promet un Amphion nouveau :
Mais comme j'avançois dans ma carrière illustre
J'ai vu de mes beaux jours s'éteindre le flambeau
Sans passer le milieu de mon cinquième Lustre ;
Muses! pleurez sur mon Tombeau.

The altar-piece is fine, and so are the pulpit and the font and a chandelier. The chandelier is from the eighteenth century,* but the font, the gift of a family of the name of Sparr, is from the sixteenth, and so is the pulpit, which was presented by Achim von Bredow's widow, Anna von Hahn. It is decorated with her own and her husband's arms.

The church was thoroughly repaired about thirty years ago. Till then the vault, in which many bodies of the Bredows, Sparrs, and others, are laid, was open, and could be seen into, I believe, through a grating. When the restorations were completed in 1844, it was walled up. Before this was done, all the coffins, in order, no doubt, that the vault might be better overhauled, were carried up-stairs and placed in rows in the nave of the church, and there they were left for four weeks. Some of them, for aught I know all of them, were opened, and the mummies exposed to the public gaze. Fontane adds that, when they were going to be reburied, a slip of paper in a bottle was put into the coffin of Achim von Bredow, mentioning who the occupant was, and explaining that, after slumbering for three hundred years in the vault, in the society of the von Sparrs, von Eichstädts, &c., he had just spent a month in the church whilst his own quarters were being aired, and was now going to take possession of them again. The certificate was

* Fontane says it was a thank-offering from the girls of the place for the conclusion of peace in 1763.

signed by the mayor and the town-councillors. After which the coffins were all closed up and carried downstairs, Achim, as the principal person, foremost. And then the vault was walled up.

I did not make any attempt to see the church bells. There are two, both, I believe, bearing the date 1780. Of the larger one, mention has been made already; it was doubtless a gift of Prince Henry's, and it bears his name and those of the members of his household. It has also two mottoes, first a German distich, of shockingly bad Alexandrines,—

Des Feuers starke Wuth riss mich in Stücken nieder,
Mit Gott durch Meyer's Hand ruf ich doch Menschen wieder.*

and the Latin words, *Soli Deo Gloria.* The lesser bell is inscribed with the names of some of the townsfolks.†

* To which the corresponding English doggerel may be:

The fire's great fury pulled me
down in pieces from the
steeple,
With God by Meyer's hand again
do I call people.

† Ledebur (in an article on the bells of the *Mittelmark*—*Beitrag zur Glockenkunde u. s. w.*—in the sixth volume of the *Märkische Forschungen*) says that both bells were made by Meyer. But elsewhere he says that a founder of the name of Mebert made one of the Rheinsberg bells, and he gives the inscription on it,—*Mebert goss mich. Fusa Rhinsbergae die* 12 *Maii.* 1741. He gives a list of the commoner mottoes in the Mark of Brandenburg. The above 'Soli Deo Gloria' is, it appears, the commonest of all. Such well-known ones as 'consolo vivos fleo mortuos,' and 'convoco vivos ad templum mortuos ad sepulcrum,' are also frequent. (The motto of Schiller's *Lied von der Glocke,* 'Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango,' is found, I believe, more often in South Germany and Switzerland.)

After leaving the church I had a short walk by the Lake, and then turned back to the *Rathskeller*, where I had ordered a pike for my supper. It being a fine evening there were a great many guests, but they were luckily all out of doors. Finding the rooms quite empty, I took possession of the biggest one and devoured my pike in solitude. I was sitting afterwards alone in a window, when the tailor came in. He was in great force, and at once proceeded to harangue me with animation and a good deal of action, standing in front of me and snuffing with both hands, whilst I gradually pushed my chair back into the extremest corner of the window, till at last it struck against the wall. From what he said, I was surprised to find that my long walks, especially my staying out the whole day and spending hours nobody knew where, had given rise to strange surmises. Travelling, he said, was a delightful thing; he quite agreed with me in that. Other people did not understand it. He had a brother, a gamekeeper at Wittstock, and, whenever he could, he went to see him and stayed for two or three days at a time. When he went from home, he was 'quite the tourist. Do just as you do. Cannot do that hereabouts where I am known,' he said, winking and lowering his voice. 'But when I am from home I also go out in the morning and do not come back till late. I tell them never to wait dinner for me.' Then stooping and almost whispering, he said, 'I go into

the villages, h'm!' with another tremendous wink, and looking round at the landlady who just then happened to come in. 'Do you, indeed?' I said, and again I pushed my chair back, so that the hind legs leaned against the wall, and I was near being tilted out. I was jammed in between the window and a big commode or *secrétaire*, in the upper half of which the landlord kept his accounts. The tailor barred the passage in front, stooping over me and gesticulating as he stooped, and still holding the open snuff-box in one hand and a pinch of snuff between the finger and thumb of the other. With his very violent action and the many traces of snuff that abounded on his person—I had occasion to notice already that he was very much *décolleté*—he was not the sort of preacher whom I should have chosen to sit under in that window. 'Yes!' he replied, swinging the snuff-box at last almost in my face, 'I am quite the tourist then; just like yourself.' And with that he rapped me smartly on the knee. Whereupon I got up and, pushing past him, wished him good-night and made my way out.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FOREST OF MENZ.

Midday in the Great Desert—Haymaking in the Mark—The Forests—Their Solitude—Their Casualties—Woodmen and Wood-stealers—Smugglers—Poachers—Gamekeepers—Revenge, Murder, and Sudden Death—Charcoal-piles and Tar-kilns—Lake Stechlin—Globsow.

Thursday the 18*th.*—It was a very hot morning, everybody saying it was going to be far too hot a day for walking—it did turn out to be the hottest day of the whole summer—when I sallied forth to follow the old gamekeeper's directions and go to the Green Glass-Hut at Globsow, a small village from eight to ten miles off, in the Forest of Menz. As I said before, the sand to the east of Rheinsberg is particularly pure and deep, and it forms a billowy waste of about two miles in breadth, dividing the town from the forest. One could not see finer sand anywhere. Whole tracts of it are pierced and woven together, as I had already found, by the young fir-trees. Elsewhere, at least to any eye but that of a native, it seems quite unmixed with foreign substances. But as it is loose and readily thrown into drifts by storms, walking in it is beyond description toilsome. Roads are known to lead across

these levels, and they are marked by signposts, but, so far as I know, not even a native eye sees a track; though of course, as in the case of fording an estuary in our own Highlands, a person familiar with the ground will get through in shallower sinkings and safer than a stranger. Where the forest begins, the road is again plain; its course thus being not unlike the passage, acknowledged by geographers though unconvincing to the uninstructed (who look for form and substance as well as identity), of a river through a lake.

Having the forest ahead of me to guide me, I neither sought nor found the way, but plunged right through the waves of the wilderness. These at once closed round my goings and would have held me back. The heat was very grand. The sun merrily blazed his best. The ground glared and glowed in answer. And the air between them, drunk and choked with fire, came reeling round the first comer with its burning breath and clung to him. I, not 'minding' the heat a bit, weltered on. One could have wished for no better Great Desert. Keeping my eyes nearly shut, I had no difficulty in taking the *Heide* for a mirage. Now and then, down in some hollow where I lost sight of the horizon, and in staggering up the next crest of sand sank to the knees, I had a fine sense of being actually broiled, but very likely swallowed alive none the less. All at once behind a ridge I found myself in the presence of a Native six feet four

inches high, with a little boy and three cows and a cart of hay. It turned out that I was in his hayfield without knowing it, where he was at that very instant gathering together the last handful. I apologized for trespassing, whilst he muttered something like an apology for there being no better place for me to trespass on. He was not a native, after all; he 'came from the other side of Berlin,' but he had found his way to Rheinsberg and settled in it immediately after serving his time as a soldier. He did not pretend to praise the land hereabouts or his own patch of it. On the contrary, he made the same complaint which I had heard before, viz., that at the time of the 'separation' * the corporation had committed the blunder of dividing the worst half of the territory belonging to the town in single allotments amongst the individual householders, and of keeping the best half to be cultivated by the municipality as a body; whereas, had the reverse been done, the individual proprietors would have been better off, and the corporation would have been better able, with the larger means at its disposal, to do something towards reclaiming the waste land in a lump, than men of small means could be singly on small patches of it. As it was, he said, it was hardly possible for him or anybody else to

* The Separation—the parcelling out amongst the householders of the land belonging to the municipalities—was, not so many years ago, the question of paramount interest, 'the only thing talked of,' in the provincial towns.

make anything of the land; things remained just as they were. When he had done talking, he looked round about him with what might be called, perhaps, the minimum of pride in land-owning. Looking about me in my turn curiously, I saw everywhere short brown stumps of grass in the sand; and it turned out that from each one of these a stalk of hay had just been cut. The husbandman then said, it was a hot day for walking. To be sure he minded the heat himself no more than I, but he had a cow that did; the middle one. She could not stand heat at all. He was very sorry for her, but he could do nothing to relieve her; she must help the others to bring in the harvest. He had thought and thought whether there was any way of doing without her, but there was no way. The cow had lain down flat on the hot sand between her companions, looking sick and faint—her head straight out, her eyes shut, her breathing low—like a dying cow. The gad-flies were settling all over her without her seeming to mind them. But he said it was nothing but the heat. She was a fine cow and a good cow, but as soon as the hot weather came she turned like that; her eye grew dim and she looked tired and troubled. The two others, one standing up on each side of her, were brisk enough, fighting the gad-flies with every inch of leg and tail. Their master then enlarged fully on gad-flies, feeling sure that the kind he had been used to on 'on the other side of

Berlin' in his early years was not the same as the sort in the Ruppin country; till I had to say I was sorry to keep him so long from his work, and to break off abruptly.*

* Another day, not very near Rheinsberg, rather nearer one of the other towns, down in a hollow pretty well sheltered by the woods, I came to a shallow sheet of water with marshy edges. Some of the townsfolks had taken advantage of the damp soil to lay out gardens, which were fenced round and divided from each other by palings. At the gate of one of them there was an old man with a wheelbarrow. He had been digging potatoes and gathering a few cabbage-leaves for his cow, and was about to wheel home what I could not help thinking a very heavy weight for him. As he locked his gate, I talked to him about his garden, but at first he did not seem caring to reply. At last he did say that the garden yielded hardly anything, and was falling off year by year. The ground was so 'bitter' that nothing would grow in it, and it was getting worse and worse. When he was a young man they always had plenty. But now, though he was so old, he had to work all day long, and they might work as they liked, but, when the ground was so bitter, nobody could be expected to live on it. (His reasoning was not quite conclusive, but it was easy to understand it; and one felt once more the great sorrow of meeting old age and hopeless toil and failure face to face, without knowing one valid word of consolation.) As he bent himself to lay hold of the handles of his wheelbarrow, I pointed out to him that the sack was torn, and that the potatoes were falling on the ground. He set down the wheelbarrow, but as he stooped to pick up the potatoes, the feeble little old man, I am grieved to say, *swore* at them, and said they were good for nothing now-a-days; if there was the smallest tear or scratch anywhere, that nobody would have noticed when he was a young man, they were always sure to be running out,—the ground was so bitter. He replaced the potatoes and, drawing the ragged edges of the sacking together almost kindly, remarked that only a few years back not a potato got through *that* hole. The hole seemed to have been a good while in the family. I daresay it was an heirloom, and I fear it was nearly all of the inheritance that was left.

In time I did reach the other side of the desert, and was not sorry to get into the pine forest, which was shady, though hot and breathless. About a mile further on I found the dwelling of my friend the gamekeeper, one of two houses embedded deep in wood, but with a fine lake in their rear. I fetched the gamekeeper out of an inner room, where he was so kind as to leave his accounts and his spectacles and his pipe, whilst he came to the door to show me my way. Though so proud of his forest, he had not the knack of giving directions which could be borne in mind. They were so entangled with the rights and lefts that were to be shunned, of each of which he indicated the *raison d'être*, that, after listening to them three times rapidly and pressingly uttered, I turned in some disappointment to be shown the potato-field, the remarkable thing about which was the fence. It was not really a fence, it was a fortification, consisting of a moat, a rampart, and palisadoes. Behind these the potatoes, in spite of wild boars, looked, I thought, not amiss.

As I said already, this gray-haired man was, comparatively speaking, a stranger in these parts, having been removed to this neighbourhood not very many years before. As I understood afterwards, this removal had been connected with, or rather had been occasioned by, one of those unhappy casualties which from time to time come, as if on purpose, to throw a gloom and a slur on the sports-

man's calling, and to tinge the merry greenwoods themselves with the shadow of death. By I know not what ill chance, he had killed a poacher. When a forester meets with a 'misfortune' of this sort, it is, I believe, usual, for many good reasons, to transfer him to some other, generally to some distant, part of the country.

For about a mile further there was no mistaking the road, but after that the choice was manifold and hard. The forest changed rather suddenly from a stiff assemblage of black pines set side by side on a flat carpet of fir-needles, into a magnificent crowd of boughs of all shapes and foliage of many greens, glistening and variegated and interlaced and elbowing and crushing for lack of room, with splendid undergrowths clinging to the big trunks, and all this on ground that had suddenly begun to sink and swell and bring forth grass and flowers. It was, if not the grandest, at least the pleasantest and loveliest and, what was more, to all appearance the least cared-for forest that I had seen in these parts. There was so truly no end to its loveliness and greenness in the light and heat of July. I went on and on, hoping that I might be in the right direction, but guided only by the sun. I did not meet one human being or see a living thing, save at times the sudden flash of some winged creature in the branches overhead. Roads there were in great plenty, or rather tracks and paths, bewildering and tempting when, as in the present instance, all of

them but one only were put there to be avoided. I passed one lake, at the further end of which there was a glimpse of country, opening I know not whither. Here and there were grim tarns, which might be deep, but were choked with weeds and dead leaves; and once I crossed a big brown burn by a picturesque bridge. I take for granted that this was the so-called 'Little Rhin,' a tributary which, having taken its rise in the Great Stechlin and passed through several other lakes, flows through this forest and the open country beyond it, till it falls into the Rhin at Zechow, a little way below Rheinsberg. Its 'flowing,' for that matter, would be called its weak point by most persons, at least where I met with it; but there is a strange and shocking force in the very sloth of a stream of this sort in a dense forest, and in the oblivion that it courts,—hiding low betwixt its crumbling and half-overgrown banks,—lurking, as it were, and waiting rather than moving,—dark, stealthy, noiseless, mean, and evil-minded.

This was the great Forest of Menz, called so after a village on its outskirts. It is, I believe, the biggest forest in Ruppin, and covers twenty-four thousand *morgen* of ground. It fills the extreme north-eastern angle of the county, and marches with Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Lying quite out of the way in one of the most deserted regions in the Mark, not near to any great road, any town, any gentleman's seat, or other place of importance, and

having hardly any human habitations within its own bounds, no place could be lonelier than it, or less frequented. Being so difficult of approach, it is seldom seen by anybody from the world outside, and thus, even as other bodies, which are always looked at from afar only and never nigh at hand, become fabulous and mysterious, it too has come to be thought neither very safe nor very *canny*. A mist of rumour, and even of legend, has gathered over it, for which, however, a good deal of solid foundation is not wanting in its history past and present. From its great size and geographical position, the Forest of Menz was always a favourite haunt of smugglers in the times when the separate States of Germany had separate custom-regulations; for the same reasons it is to this day the refuge of poachers, thieves, vagabonds, and evil-doers. Though the presence of such rogues adds nothing to the advantages of any neighbourhood, still I do not suppose that ordinary wayfarers run, or ever did run, any great risk from them in these parts. It was, and perhaps still is, rather the feud between them and the servants of the law which has thrown up a legendary haze of adventure and manslaughter and hairbreadth escapes, many of the tales of violence and bloodshed being true enough. As the forest does not break off at the frontiers, but is continued into Mecklenburg I know not how far, and as the boundary is marked but by a ditch, the convenience for smuggling and poaching could hardly

be greater. In the numberless thickets and sedgy hollows, there are hiding-places in plenty. Even without much direct violence, illegal life under such conditions in so wild a place will often claim its victims. Such weather as that of my glorious July day does not last all the year round. Under so fair a heaven it is not easy to fancy what a winter-storm is like, when the mist and darkness, the rain and snow and rising waters, the blast and the crashing boughs, have it all their own way, raving, blinding, and confounding. Those times are often chosen for unlawful undertakings, even for such poor practices as wood-stealing, because then it is thought there is less chance of interference; but there is danger in playing with the tempest on so awful a stage. The police choose the same days, knowing that they are not expected; and so between the hurricane and the short light, unseen ditches and conflicting intentions about mine and thine, some one is felled or drowned or perhaps shot, or gets off with a bullet in his leg and a track of blood, and a sudden swim through a friendly estuary (where it is not everybody's affair to follow him), and something to talk about afterwards.*

* At Joachimsthal I was told a story of a poacher who, hotly pursued by a gamekeeper on a winter afternoon and fired at, jumped into the Werbellin—a lake many miles long but disproportionately narrow — and swam across! By the time the keeper had gone round by the head of the lake, the poacher had got his clothes all dried and was sitting in them over a glass of beer and, I think, a game of cards with some of his friends. Of

Any forest of so great a size will always have a list of fatal accidents of a special character. Were such a list of casualties to be kept for a hundred years, it would by the end of that time seem a long one. Those whose business takes them there, often lose their lives or are maimed when at their work. A woodman meets his death in the way of his duty sooner than a ploughman. He hits himself with his axe, or the tree that he is felling falls on him. Some huge bough that has long been rotten suddenly comes down and kills either him or a chance wayfarer. The sheets of water of all sizes, the deep half-hidden tarns 'stretching out,' as Fontane well says, 'their feelers for human sacrifices in a fantastical polypus fashion' in the thickest places of the wood, all claim their victims in foggy days or stormy nights.

Over and above mishaps to harmless and industrious persons, of course disasters of a more complicated and much more anecdotical sort occur now and then. The ordinary evil passions of anger, hatred, and revenge, add their little offering to the sum total of violent deeds. They are easily, and

course all present swore that he had been there since I know not what hour in the forenoon, and the keeper was glad to drink a glass of beer himself before he walked home again;—whether the poacher and he went home together, for the sake of company, is what I did not hear.

At Joachimsthal they all told me that they all poached; they said *everybody* poached. It is a very quiet town with enormous forests and royal preserves on three sides of it. In all the quieter corners of the Mark, I suppose things are done much in the same way.

sometimes safely, indulged in, screened by young plantations and acres of high rushes.

Thus, in his last edition (1875), Fontane, describing a drive through the Forest of Menz, and speaking of the deeds that are done in it, says,—

'We have just passed a spot that has its story, and one of very recent date. Here, where the young beech plantation crosses the ditch, just on the left he lay, close to the white beech; there they found him, the head undermost, one of his feet entangled in the briars. Beside him his gun. He was only nineteen. The green cuff of his right sleeve was red; he had evidently pressed his hand to his breast. Whose bullet had hit him? For a time they were in the track of the mystery, or at least they thought so. In the heart or lungs of the dead man they had found the covering of the ball, and on it were distinctly marked and plainly to be seen eight black lines, proving that the shot had been fired with a rifle of eight drills. There were not many such rifles on the borders of the Forest of Menz. This one and the other one were pointed at. But in that very way the matter was noised abroad, and when search was made in the suspicious quarters, all the rifles with eight drills had vanished. There was a great funeral,—as great as the sympathy, but the dead man took the secret "who did it" into his grave with him.'

After all this, some may think that there is something like 'insecurity' about this forest. In reality there is nothing of the kind. People's lives, of course, are just as safe in every corner of the Mark of Brandenburg as they are in any other civilized country.

The life in a great forest or in a country of forests—the life itself, quite apart from its shadow—has much about it that is strange and unfamiliar to persons from without. The ordinary industry of a rural district is wanting. There is no agriculture. Man does not dig or plough or reap. Trees do not need daily tending, and the number of those who look after them is therefore comparatively small. Shooting is always going on, and so from time to time, in the thriftless, mischievous German fashion, is fishing. Where, as in this case, there are glass-works, these give rise to an industry of their own and employ a number of people. There is little change. As things were a hundred years ago, so they are now.

According to their situation (though now-a-days, with the change in the means of conveyance, this is losing its importance), forests either are, or are not, of enormous value. As regards the value of the Forest of Menz, I will again take the liberty of quoting Fontane—this time at some length. He tells us,—

'About the middle of the last century, or a little earlier or later, the question was put, "What is to be done with this forest?" The pines rose tall and straight, but the return that the splendid stock yielded was so small that it hardly covered the cost of looking after it. Deer and wild boars in plenty, but for many miles round not a house and not a kitchen that they could be of use to. Again it was asked, "What is to be done with this forest?" Charcoal-piles and tar-kilns were set up, one

almost every mile, but they did little good; charcoal and tar had no value. The next and a more telling expedient seemed to be the erection of glass-works, the materials being all ready to hand. The fir-trees yielded the fuel, the other trees the potash, and the quartz sand was the ground on which the whole forest reposed. Well then! glass-works. Several were erected, at Dagow one, at Globsow one, at Stechlin one; a fiery reflection by night, and a pillar of cloud by day, rested over the forest; but even the glass-huts effected nothing. The forest hardly paid its expenses.

'Then from Berlin the question was put, "How long would the Forest of Menz stand being employed as fuel for the stoves and kitchen-ranges of Berlin?" The head-forester grandly replied, "The Forest of Menz will stand anything." That was a proud saying, but too proud to be compatible with fact, as the result soon showed. The inspector was taken at his word, and lo! ere thirty years had passed, the whole Forest of Menz had gone up through the Berlin chimneys. What tar-kilns and glass-huts would never have been able to do to all eternity, the consuming power of one great town had done in less than an age. Help had been found, the forest *had* paid; but the help had been like a storm, which in setting the ship afloat wrecks it. Again had an expedient to be sought for, but this time in the contrary direction.' *

Since then, *i.e.*, since the latter part of the last century, the forest has been allowed to grow again, and thus the younger part of it (some parts certainly never passed through the chimneys of Berlin) is about a hundred years old.

* *Die Grafschaft Ruppin.* Dritte Auflage. S. 278.

I had gone, as it turned out, quite right. I think I must have trod in the very steps which the kind old gamekeeper, struggling to make his advice plain, had chosen for me from the outset. Not quite two hours after leaving his house, I saw a broad opening ahead. Soon after I came out upon a patch of very young trees, and in a few minutes more I saw the Great Stechlin, a wide and lonely sea of glass with shores of endless forest. Nothing could have been lonelier, no stillness could have been more extreme. The Great Stechlin is much the largest lake in these parts, and also the most regular in shape. Roughly speaking, and reckoning a fit allowance of headlands and bays, it may be called round. It is on all sides wholly embedded in the pine forests, and, so far as I know, the only human habitations that are within sight of its waters anywhere are some broken-down fishing huts in an angle of a bay. At certain seasons a few fishing boats may go out to ply their craft, but all the rest of the year, and of all years, its surface never feels an oar or sees a sail. There is no *life* on its shores, none; least of all any sign of man, whether for pleasure or for action. Almost everywhere the fir-trees come quite down to the edge of the water. On the distant opposite shore of the inlet where I stood (but a corner of the vast lake), these trees, being only half-grown and still unthinned, were so dense and of so deep a green that, standing between me and the sun as they did, they

were not unlike a heavy black curtain drawn close round the rim of a mirror. Of course the Lake was perfectly calm and bright, lying still under the blazing sky; there was nowhere a ripple on it, or a shadow, or the reflection of a cloud. There was not any motion of any kind anywhere, or any sound whatever. There was a dazzling glory, but the silence was unbroken. It was very lovely but very grave;—an austere gravity, having in it nothing of mere transient sadness and knowing nothing of change. Everywhere were the same dark embosoming woods, the same deep vault of heaven, and the same sweet sunshine, which alone seemed free, it at least, to go and shine where it listed. It was the loveliness of one who had never smiled or known what joy was; one who, from the beginning and for ever by some inexorable fate cut off from all earthly fellowship, unknown, unadmired, unbeloved, in seclusion and self-renunciation, with nothing to look back upon and nothing to look forward to, gazing steadily at the weary vault,

> 'Without a hope on earth to find
> A mirror in an answering mind,'

exposed undefended yet unmarred to the storms of countless winters, was alone with her immortal beauty and wholly careless of human sympathy.

The Great Stechlin is said to be rich in legend, partly supernatural legend. The writers on the

subject all say so, and in mentioning the Lake couple with its name the most promising epithets (*sagenreich, sagenumwoben*, &c.). After which I have been a little disappointed at finding that they all give only one sample of these legends, and all the same one. It is this:—

When a storm rages violently and the Stechlin is greatly agitated, a Red Cock sometimes rises out of the depths of the lake and flies screaming about on the tops of the billows, which then dash to a tremendous height. It is added that the fishermen fear this Red Cock very much indeed, and generally make for the shore when they think there is a threatening of him, for in extreme cases he seizes the boat with his claws, crowing loudly all the while and beating the water with his wings, till the whole forest re-echoes, and the waves rise mountain high, and the planks are pulled asunder, and the fishermen go to the bottom.

Fontane enlarges somewhat on the caprices of the Stechlin, as reported by the fishermen. In one place they take a fine haul, but only a few yards further on they dare not so much as cast the net; if they do, the lake frowns, the sky darkens, the wind rises, and, if they do not make haste and be off, they are in for a tempest with the Red Cock as its climax. Some of these 'caprices' it would be but fair to lay at the door of the fish; they may be matched by the habits of shoals in many other waters. And of the legends which may be con-

sidered peculiar to the Stechlin, many are common, I doubt not, to the lakes of the Mark generally.

The commonest tradition of all—one told, I believe, in connection with every lake of any size—is that of a sunken city. It reappears with slight variations, but with all the main features quite alike, from the one end of the Mark to the other, and in Mecklenburg and Pomerania. In a few instances it is only a sunken village. After a long drought it is always to be expected that some one under special circumstances will see the point of the church spire far down in the water, and hear the ringing of the bells and even the singing of the congregation. Such lakes, after storms, are always throwing up coins and bits of pottery, and other vestiges of an extinct civilization. Sometimes, but not always, we learn why and how the city was engulfed; now it was a judgment, then it was by witchcraft. As in the case of the Werbellin, afore-mentioned.

The lord of that city was a wizard, and dwelt in a castle surrounded with water, to which no one had access. An old woman, who once desired to enter, he turned back with contumely, whereupon she, being a bigger witch than he was a wizard, vowed his destruction. But there was one just man in the city, a stranger, and him she warned to depart. The stranger fled accordingly, taking his servant with him but forgetting his baggage, which he subsequently sent his servant to fetch. The

man went, but came again saying that the City had disappeared and there was a great Lake where it had stood. The water in the moat had risen and submerged it.*

Elsewhere it was a well dug by a wizard, which, the townspeople against their pledge neglecting to close it and cover it up overnight, overflowed and drowned them all.

During the earthquake of Lisbon, the Stechlin is said to have been stirred to its depths.

After leaving the Lake I went on for about three quarters of an hour more, and had no difficulty in finding Globsow, a quiet settlement of two or three hundred inhabitants in a clearing. When I arrived, all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were literally squatting on their doorsteps or on the ground in front of their houses, it being about two o'clock in the afternoon, and dozing slightly and scowling at the intruder. The street thus looked very populous. I passed down between the two rows of villagers, and on my right I soon saw the inn, with its back turned to the street and its gable facing what evidently was the Glass-hut. The Inn, alas! was a hovel, but outside the door I found a comfortable bench under a sort of canopy made of withered fir-branches. I got bread and

* The Werbellin is one of those lakes which claim an annual offering; some one is drowned in it every year (to make up for the just man whom it missed, very likely).

some good cheese. I found it impossible to drink the beer, but with the help of milk and spirits and clear spring water, I enjoyed my lunch famously after a march of four hours. The landlady was civil, and so was her very pretty daughter. The Glass-work had put out its fires for the day, which accounted for the leisurely postures of the population. It manufactures, I believe, chiefly retorts and alembics.

I sat to rest and talk for one hour, and then went back the way I had come. The people, who were beginning to wake up from their siesta, seemed sorry to let me go without stoning me, but whilst their minds were still undecided, I walked through the midst of them and got away.

I tarried a good while again by the lonely Stechlin, and before looking my last at it I tried to get into it. The beach was very flat, but I took for granted that by wading I should find deep water. I did wade a long way, I am afraid to say how far, and then a good bit further. The sandy bottom was splendidly smooth and firm, and the water was as clear as glass and delightfully warm and soft. So I went on and on, looking back from time to time. After stepping out thus, I do not know how long, I got at last into a depth of about fourteen inches. Looking ahead I still saw the same white sandy bottom stretching out indefinitely, with the same thin, shining, sparkling sheet of crystal drawn over it. Looking back again I was a little startled

at seeing how far away the shore was. I began to agree to the opinion that the Stechlin is a very odd lake and a difficult one to deal with. The walk, though limited in speed, had been very pleasant, but after all it was not what I had come there for, and as there was so little prospect of finding a natural turning-point, I saw that it would be necessary 'to draw the line somewhere' for myself. So, having lain down for a few minutes, I faced about and made for the land again. On my way thither I overtook a solitary cray-fish out for a stroll, and surprised him greatly by tickling him. On shore, of course, I found 'things' just as I had left them. By the time I had got them all put in their proper places, the sun was beginning to get low. I then started for Rheinsberg in good earnest, and had about three hours of a stiffish march before I reached it, meeting not one human being the whole way. Frau Lemm had, at my request, set in order a most high and inviting and comfortable tea.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE *HEIDE.*

The White Glass-Hut—More solitude—Silence and darkness—A Clearing—An eligible Investment—A Giant and his Hospitalities.

Next to the shady paths through the palace grounds, leading by the shores of the lake to the forest beyond, the pleasantest walk, I think, is on the other, by which I mean the nearer side of the Lake. The views there are wider than elsewhere. The road crosses the high ground, and the traveller looks out over expanses of land and water, all ending in a limited and dark horizon of forest. The chief drawback is the extreme barrenness. Whole tracts seem to the stranger mere desert, which yet turn out to be under 'cultivation,' and from which crops, thin ones, of I know not what kind, are extracted by the keen-eyed proprietors.

Starting for the third or fourth time in this direction, I had the ill-luck to be caught in a thundershower and wetted through before I had gone a mile. But I went on. About three miles from Rheinsberg on this side is the so-called White Glass-hut, by far the best known of the glass

manufactories in the neighbourhood. It was there that, in the time of Crown Prince Frederick, the wine-glasses were produced of which we hear so often. He was always flattered when his friends gave orders for sets, and now and then he made presents of a few dozen. The glasses were elegantly cut and gilded.

The manufactory lies prettily at the north-east corner of the lake. It and the buildings near it, one of which I believe is the house of a retired officer, nestle snugly together in several clumps of fine old trees, and look like what they really are, a clean, old-fashioned, comfortable Settlement—by the associations of such things in Germany, tinged, when taken from a distance, with a shade of Moravianism.

I did not make a halt at the Hut. Having seen the Bohemian and Bavarian glass-works, and knowing by experience how very often the would-be visitor comes on the day when the furnace has been blown out, and has to go away again, I have become incurious about glass-blowing. And, what was more, the sun having begun to shine again in great power and being about to dry me, I was loth to hinder him.

I had not formed what could be called the plan of a walk. I only wanted to gain the forest and, diving into it till I had had enough of it, to find a road to the right, leading to some point where fresh bearings could be taken, or even a native

accidentally fallen in with and spoken to, and so by other roads, all leading to the right, to get home again.

Beyond the Hut there was not a road, but a rough wheel-track between high banks. I had not gone far in it when I was surprised at seeing the *carrousel* and its belongings in a hay-field on my left. The poles were driven into the earth, the ropes were drawn tight, the wooden chairs and steeds were all in their proper places, but quite empty, and the owner stood in the doorway, looking calm and cheerful. It was a merry-go-round in deep retirement, gone into country quarters, seemingly, for fresh air and quiet. On its disappearance from Rheinsberg two days before, after a last night of hideous din, one had fancied, I suppose, that it had moved on to the next market town. But, indeed, I am not sure that I had fancied anything, or thought about it further. I was the less prepared to see it so soon again in a hay-field, settled there apparently for a stay of some length. I talked to the man, and he told me that there was going to be a great *Vogelschiessen* at the Glass-hut on the following Sunday, which would draw a crowd of people from Rheinsberg and the villages, and on that occasion he hoped to do some business; after which, on Tuesday at the latest, he intended to remove again, the Settlement, by itself, being worth very little. He had done very well in Rheinsberg, having pocketed one hundred and twenty dollars

(£18) in his eleven nights, and was altogether much pleased with his stay there.

Leaving the *carrousel*, I got into rough ground, but in the course of time the forest ahead did grow nearer and bigger and darker. At last I reached it. It was a *Heide* of the most ordinary kind, stiff and straight; but, as the trees were very tall and big, and the sky had overcast again, I had not gone deep into it before I plunged into a gloom like that of twilight. The wind had risen, and there was a great shaking in the topmost boughs. Having gone a mile or two towards the interior, and finding then a road crossing the one I was on, I struck to the right. Nothing could have been more sombre. The *Heide* seemed quite endless. The direct light did not come in from any quarter. The road I was on and the one I had left evidently both led nowhither, but were the working tracks of woodmen and gamekeepers. It was hopeless to think of meeting anybody. It was as dark as after sundown in the outer world, and there was a prodigious stir in the uppermost branches, as if the storm would burst. Holding on for a while, I again took a path to the left, and got still deeper into the *Heide* and further from home. Then anon the ground changed and became very uneven, and at last I found a charming lake, perhaps half a mile long, beginning in the densest forest, but with a clearing at its further end, which might possibly mark the neighbourhood of some human

dwelling. For, letting my eye run along the shore, I descried some cattle, part of them in the water steeping their ankles, and the rest on the bank in the brushwood, but all perfectly motionless. I tarried near the lake a little while, and even tried a lonely plunge in it. The storm which had threatened did not come; on the contrary, the sky cleared once more, and the rest of the day was fine. I roamed thus for several hours, till at last I reached a cross-road, so much wider than any of the other roads (I believed afterwards it was the aforementioned highway to Mirow), that, turning to the right again, I set my face homewards. In half an hour the old trees gave place to young ones, and ere long I was toiling on the bleak wilds again—ups and downs of sandy hills, mixed with a number of so-called fields—and by-and-by I came to a big modern farmhouse of solid graystone, and still bigger outhouses, just as solid and gray, all in a style of architecture that put one in mind of coast-guards and lighthouses, where every feature is subordinated to the faculty of withstanding the tempest. The road leading between dwelling-house and offices, I had an opportunity of finding out from a farm-servant how the place was called. In answer to a further question, the man said it had been sold within the last few days, and the former proprietor was on the point of going away. I could not but hope that the one who was to succeed him had a turn for blasts and lighthouses. The place, I

believe, is almost unique, even in those parts. The house is miles from any other house. It stands low rather than high, in an open spot, in what may be called a clearing. About a mile off, on three sides, is a black horizon of forest. On the only side on which a view of open country might be had, the ground rises, checking curiosity in that direction. Yet, though thus enclosed, it was easy to see that the bare patch was a trysting-place for all the winds. It bore all the marks of having been always blown upon. Save down in a hollow behind the house, where a series of three or four shivering shallow lakes took their beginning, and a few scraggy shrubs were huddling round them for shelter, there was not a scrap of vegetation besides the crops. There were no leaves or litter lying about. The sand-hills were blown lean, and kept from flying away only by the long roots of the spiky grass. (I had already been told that such a place was for sale, and I been urged to buy it, and settle on it. Such an opportunity, I was assured, could hardly ever occur again.)

Finding that Rheinsberg was only six miles off, and that the road led straight thither, I turned to the left once more, and gained again the semicircling woods, where I walked for a couple of hours longer. This part of the *Heide* was less sombre, indeed it was gay. The sky was to be seen overhead, and the sun sent down rays between the tree-tops. There were long strips of grassy turf by

the wayside, sprinkled with wild-flowers and blossoming shrubs, and bordered with grand old rows of oaks and beeches. Before long I came to an opening on the left, which led to a fine lake, quite embedded in a wall of the most glorious beeches. I had not seen any such beautiful trees in all the country round about. They were magnificently high, and, owing to their very majesty, they had the heavy droop of 'weeping' trees. The long creaking elastic boughs, fringed with glossy foliage, swung to and fro and then flung themselves headlong downwards like a living curtain, heap on heap, fold on fold, hanging on hanging, green and glittering and quivering, the undermost branches leaping on the water and sweeping it superbly, like a queen's train. The lake itself took a bend, and the further end of it I could not see. I never heard its name. In a country where the traveller sees twenty new lakes in one day, he soon drops the ceremony of introduction to each. I afterwards described this one and its beeches to the landscape painters. Very likely they did not lay much stress on non-professional admiration of natural beauty, but they said they were sorry that the place was six miles off.

Having got back to the main track, I saw something that was much rarer than a lake—I met a sort of open carriage, of a description that it might not be quite easy to classify, and much the worse for wear. In it were seated an old couple, very

surely a squire of the neighbourhood and his wife, both of them well stricken in years, plain, homely people, careless about dress or equipage or appearance of any kind, but unmistakably gently born and well bred. They were driven by a steady coachman, somewhat younger than themselves, and drawn by two good horses. How they had got there, or where they could be going to, I could not give up trying to guess. They too, seeing such a nondescript in that forest for the first time in the course of their long lives, were just as much puzzled. And so, with a quick, furtive, and rather hard stare on either side, we passed on our ways.

Bearing off to the right again by a footpath, I found my way to the outskirts of the *Heide*, and, on reaching the open country, had a good deal of trouble with two sedgy, disheartening sheets of water, which forced me to go a long way about. After getting into very deep ground, I was lucky enough to get out again, upon which I climbed the opposite hill without further hindrance. There seemed to be a good-sized house at the top of it. Just before I reached the house, a big man in a white jacket, on a big horse, rode down upon me. Being on higher ground than myself, and having the setting sun behind them, both the horse and his rider looked truly colossal. I recognised the stalwart man with the swagger whom I had seen at the *Rathskeller*, and whose departure for home late in the evening, when the huge brute (of course I

mean the horse) went dashing at full gallop down the street, though possibly meant to strike the stranger, I had *not* admired. He hailed me, and said he was glad to see me. Then getting off his horse and leading it, he asked me to look at the plantations. His father had planted every tree and made the place what it was. He had done nothing to it himself except keep things from going wrong. He took pleasure in it because his father had done it, and because it showed what people could do if they tried. We walked through the enclosure and came out on the highway in front of the house. He then asked me to go in and see the house. I refused, on the plea of its being late; but a servant-girl making her appearance to hold the horse, he became pressing, and I gave way. I was shown into a neat parlour and asked to take something. I refused, but the offer was repeated—a glass of wine or milk, or whatever I liked. At last I accepted milk. Whilst it was being brought, I was taken into the state-room, on the other side of the passage, and shown the family photographs. We then went back into the parlour and had the milk, after which he led the way to the family sitting-room at the back of the house, and introduced me to his wife, and showed me the baby. He next led me through the rest of the house. He informed me he would like to sell it, and live in Rheinsberg, only his wife would not hear of such a thing. If he could get —— (naming a sum) for it, he would

sell it to-morrow. He would rather live in Rheinsberg than be always going there—he went there far too often. On our reaching the parlour again, I perceived a bottle of claret and wine-glasses on the table. He immediately poured out two glasses of claret, whilst I took my hat and stick and wished him good-by. But he held a glass of wine right in front of me. Nobody ever left him without taking 'something.' He liked to be hospitable. It was the German fashion, and especially his fashion. He liked everybody to go away happy and pleased. Even the *Handwerksburschen* (the wandering journeymen) he always sent away pleased. Of course he did not mean any comparison; that was only an illustration. But I must drink one glass at least, he would insist on that; then I might go if I liked. Some reluctance to drink first milk and then claret, fasting, after a long day's march, was excusable, but I made the best of it, sat down for one minute, drank the claret, and rose to go. Then he said that, if I would only wait, he would have some bread and butter and rack brought in. However, I thanked him, and did go. He followed me to the door, and said I must at least promise to come back another day to lunch, and taste the rack. I said vaguely that he was extremely kind, and held out my hand. He shook it warmly, and assured me again that he always liked to be kind to everybody who came to his house. As he had just told me, even the *Handwerksburschen*—of course he did

not mean any comparison—always went away with happy faces. And when I had gone ten steps from the door, he called after me so loud that I stood still and faced about. It was to remind me to be sure to come back some day soon to lunch.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ZECHLIN.

The Zechlin Mail—A Dutch Landscape—The source of the Rhin—The Mecklenburg Marches—A Cistercian Monastery—The last Bishop of Havelberg—The Electoral Princes—An Inventory of the Sixteenth Century.

July the 22nd.—Having decided on an excursion to the neighbouring province of Priegnitz, I took a place in what I believe is the only public conveyance now known in Rheinsberg (the omnibus to Herzberg being a private enterprise), the Zechlin mail (very limited). The mail is a narrow covered car of great age, and the public is limited to three persons, the majority of whom sit in the interior, and the remainder clings to the half of a narrow and uneasy plank beside the driver. I made sure of the box-seat, and clutched it fast, and at half-past ten in the forenoon we jolted down the *Schloss-gasse*, towards the Ruppin Gate. The pale woman in black had laid aside her knitting and begun to put her own hand to the building. She was hard at work mixing mortar in front of the house as we drove by, far too busy to turn her head to look at us. The wall of her parlour had risen to within a foot of the ceiling. Having passed the gate, we

turned sharp round to the right, skirting the Palace Gardens in their whole length, and then crossing the grounds; the road leading through the Park.* The road itself is, as I have already described it, of fine deep sand. It had been wetted with heavy rain and was like pulp. We jogged along in it not unpleasantly, but very slowly, and with a burdening sense of difficulty. The horses held their heads very low, the wheels made no noise, joltings did not fail to be felt, but the shocks were dull and blunt—at which, sitting on a sharp plank, one could not but be glad. The coachman had driven that same way daily for eighteen years, and to Lindow and back for I know not how many years before. Both he and his horses went to their work with a composure which showed familiarity with it and also confidence in their own method of doing it. I fancied that our whole turn-out would have gone well into what is called a Dutch landscape—a picture of Low Country with a Noddy on a distant road, making, of course, not real motion, but an ideal jog-trot, and neither real nor imaginary noise.

The day was fine, cool after rain, and bright, and the long drive through Boberow and other woods and the patches of open country between them, was

* I suppose this road is the one meant in the Lives of Prince Henry, when stress is laid on his Highness's generosity in allowing the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages to make a thoroughfare of his grounds in going to the town. It was an act of self-denying kindness on his part, and a great boon to the people.

delightful. This lasted for about an hour and a half, during which time we met only two persons. We then left the woods altogether, and crossed the Rhin, here known by another name before it has entered the Rheinsberg—a modest stream, of about half its size when it leaves the Grinerick, dropping down from the higher lands of the Priegnitz. Then we toiled up-hill towards those uplands—a wavy level, about a hundred and fifty feet above the neighbouring country—and drove for about three quarters of an hour longer between corn-fields, and then passed the two villages of Kagar and Zechlin,* till at last we came in sight of the little market town of Zechlin, with its two lakes and its ruins all nestling amongst some splendid old trees, in a low hollow on our right. We soon reached it, and I was set down in the middle of the street.

It was a little after mid-day. I at once walked straight on through the quietest and most irregular of little towns, down into the lowest hollow of the heart of it, and up the steep street facing me, in which fronts and gables and dead walls and apple-trees made plenty of room for each other, till I came out on the opposite side of the round basin which holds it all. On a point from which one could look back over the sloping lines of houses was

* A village of the same name as the town and about a mile distant from it. The town is, of course, the seat of law and government for the surrounding district. But in things ecclesiastical it is subordinate to the village.

the usual stone, placed now in or by every village in Germany, to the memory of fellow-citizens who left their lives on some French battle-field, and whose dust rests—God knoweth where. Their names were freshly cut, and some evergreens were planted round the monument. The situation, so cheerful and commanding, could not have been better chosen for the commemorating of deaths in which there was more triumph than bitterness. The townsfolk, walking out on holidays, can pause there at the top of the hill to take breath and think of old companions who used to keep holiday along with them. Of course, as years wear on, even these regrets will lose their sharpness, and at last, a new generation having risen up, will be effaced from the minds of men. By that time the names will very likely not be legible. The stone will then have grown mossy, and the trees will have run up into a tall straight wind-beaten clump,—not a monument any longer, but a quaint old decaying memorial of a Victory described in books of history, which does not awake keen feelings of any kind.

Beyond this the land was high and breezy, and the road led into a really splendid beech forest, which seemed to stretch, as I suppose in reality it does, right into Mecklenburg. I took a woodman's track, and plunged as deep into it as I could. It was as lovely as a fine beech forest always is on a sunny day in July, bright and green, the air tremulous with heat, the light pure and placid, the

foliage having taken the glare out of it. But the pleasure was a short-lived one, for I had not time to go as far as I would, least of all to push my way across the boundary to the nearest town in the Grand Duchy. After roaming for about an hour I turned and, coming back to the town, looked at the site of the old Castle, and saw a fragment of ruin that might have belonged to it. I did not go into the enclosure where the modern House stands by the shore of a lake, surrounded with plenty of fine old trees. It is now the residence of the *Amtmann*, and holds, I suppose, the offices of the Department. I saw one or two carriages and, in front of the house, some figures of persons who might be guests, come for an early dinner, and, not forgetful how very rare a thing a tourist must be in such a place, I shrunk back. Nothing could be sunnier or more sheltered, or, indeed, as it now looks, more slumbrous on a hot day than the hollow near the two lakes where the monks built their house—in which I hope the modern *Amtmann* has not too much hard work to do. I could not help hoping at the same time that the damps are not troublesome in winter.*

* The trees around the *Amthaus* were perhaps, with the exception of the beeches described in the last chapter, the best trees I saw anywhere in all that part of the Mark. Having had occasion to speak of forests so very often, I may have led the reader into a misconception regarding them. Fine trees, in the English sense of the word, are a very rare article indeed in Germany. At Rheinsberg the best trees are in the market-

It is in this so-called House Lake that the Rhin takes its rise. It then flows through the other

place, but, after all, they are only a hundred years old; the grounds, which are little older, have, from this point of view, been sadly neglected. Forests cannot produce many fine single trees, even if they are allowed to stand long enough; which, for economical reasons, is seldom the case. In private grounds we should expect to meet with fine trees very much oftener than we do; I have often wondered whether it is only the climate that is at fault. On the other hand, nowhere can the respect and veneration for a king of the forest be more heartfelt than in Germany. It is one of the sights to which a stranger's attention is always directed, and the sentiment is by no means confined to one class of the community. If there is a Great Oak anywhere within reach of a provincial town, everybody makes a point of paying it a visit once a year at least—generally about Whitsuntide.

I remember hearing once that an old oak that had stood, no one knew how many generations, near a house,—if it was not in the Mark, it was in Pomerania, which is exactly the same thing—was blown down at last, to the great sorrow of the proprietor and his wife. The accident being beyond repair, the venerable couple made up their minds that, as the oak was a family heirloom, the best thing they could do now was to be buried in it. A great part of the wood was still in admirable condition. Accordingly two coffins were made of it, remarkably fine ones, very large and solid and highly polished, and, not being immediately wanted, were placed in the great attic or loft, that served as general lumber-room and storeroom. After a while the lady of the house, thinking the two boxes uncommonly strong and dry, began to keep some of her stores in them, especially her baking-fruits,—the dried apples, dried plums, &c., which play such a part in the winter cookery of Germany. But years went on, and at last the Squire died, and his coffin had to be restored to its original destination. It was emptied out, and the *Junker's* remains were laid to their rest in it, and then, as is usual for sanatory reasons, left standing in the attic till the funeral. A few days after the funeral, when the excitement was over, and the friends had all gone away, and the widow had begun to settle down to a calm sense of her bereavement, a very odd and bad smell was remarked, which grew worse, and was soon traced

bigger so-called Lake Zechlin, and further on through three more, before it reaches the point where we crossed it on leaving the forest. It then passes through Lake Rheinsberg and Lake Grinerick, and, on emerging from the latter under the garden bridge of the *Schloss*, it takes the name it thenceforward bears throughout its further wanderings, till it falls into the Havel.*

Zechlin was founded in the thirteenth century by the Cistercian monks of Doberan, in Mecklenburg. A Wendish prince—it is to be borne in mind that the country hereabouts was Wendish at that time—had made a gift to that cloister of fifty hides of land (A.D. 1237), and the agricultural fathers did not lose any time in laying out a farm in what is believed to have been then a perfectly uninhabited wilderness or forest. The name of the new settlement was in those days written *Szichalyn.* By the middle of the century a monastery had been built; the estate belonging to it was immensely added to; and, ere long, so many settlers had gathered round the Abbey, that the place grew into a town, or something very like one (*ein städtischer Flecken*). About fifty years afterwards the monks sold it to Prince Henry of Mecklenburg Stargard,

to the top of the house. It turned out, of course, that a mistake had been made. The foolish people, in their hurry, had laid hands on the wrong box, and buried the baking-fruits, and left the Squire in the store-room.

* Borgstede. *Topographische Beschreibung der Mark Brandenburg*, i. 166.

who enlarged the monastery and made a strong castle of it, but in his turn also sold the whole place (about 1329) to the Bishop of Havelberg. The chief residence of the Bishops of Havelberg was at Wittstock, still a flourishing town of seven thousand inhabitants in the north-west corner of the Priegnitz, and Zechlin was within convenient reach for comfortable summer quarters. After the Reformation the last bishop was left in undisturbed possession of the estate during his lifetime. On his death, in 1548, Zechlin became the favourite and, indeed, almost uninterruptedly till the Thirty Years' War, the only country residence of the Electoral Princes or Heirs-Apparent of the Electors.

The first of them who lived there was John George, with his pious consort Sabina, who was so fond of Zechlin that she often kept court at it even as Electress. But it was under John George's grandson, John Sigismund—the same who afterwards, as Elector, introduced Calvinism into the House of Hohenzollern—that Zechlin saw its best days. As Heir-Apparent, John Sigismund was fond of splendour, and his court was famous for its hospitality and gaiety. The Castle was usually full of guests to the brim; and on great occasions, when foreign princes came with their retinues, numbers of the attendants had to be quartered upon the burghers, till the town too overflowed. The magnificence of the hospitalities seems to have culmi-

nated in August 1607, at the baptism of the third son, on which occasion the festivities were continued during many days with a splendour certainly never again seen in the same place.*

* The child died in little more than six months, and was buried at Wittstock. His epitaph—the epitaph on an infant—I cannot help quoting as a curiosity :—

In hac Tumba reconditus, mortuorum resurrectioni & aeternae beatitudini reservatur *Johannes Fridericus Infans ex Illustriss. Marchionum Brandenburgensium Prosapia*, Patre quidem Johanne Sigismundo Matre vero Anna Pruten. oriundus. Editus in hanc lucem An. reparatae salutis, 1607. die Augusti XVII. hora pomeridiana X. Lotus per baptismum sanguine Christi. Mortuus divina sic disponente voluntate die Martii primo, circiter horam vespertinam VIII. anni 1608. Non tamen amissus, sed praemissus, ardentissimum sui desiderium parentibus moestis relinquens anima vero ejus coelicas inter sanct. Vir. gaudiis & bonis fruitur, nullo unquam aevo perituris, indissolubilem simul illam cum corpore conjunctionem exspectans. Vixit Mens. VII. diem unam horas VIII.

A little Princess, born a year before her brother, died at the same age as he, and was also buried at Wittstock. Her epitaph —Catharro suffocativo correpta placide in Christo exspiravit Zechlini, &c.—is as short as the other is long.

A hundred and fifty years afterwards, in 1753, the vault in which the children were buried fell in and disclosed two leaden coffins, inside of which were two wooden ones much decayed, but no bones or other recognizable human remains. There was mould, however, and in the mould were found a number of gold ornaments, of which there is a list in Bekmann, with the size and weight of each :—a gold chain, a gold bracelet set with rubies, an enamelled Lion set with diamonds, a number of loose pearls, &c., &c. The magistrates sent notice of the occurrence to Berlin, whereupon, by the King's commands, the jewellery was also sent thither and sold, and the money that it fetched sent back to Wittstock for the use of the church. Bekmann does not say how it came to pass that the magistrates permitted themselves to take so great a liberty as to open the leaden coffins.

An inventory from the time of John Sigismund (printed by Riedel) is curious, as showing the simplicity with which the Castle was furnished—a simplicity, to our modern minds, in singular contrast with the princely style of housekeeping. In the first room of his Highness's suite of apartments there are two tables and two joint-stools. The second contains precisely the same articles, with the addition of thirty pairs of antlers. In the bedroom is a bed with its canopy; further, one table and one joint-stool. After that comes the dispensary, which 'is not yet fitted up.' Then the bath-room, in which there are seats with backs, and a small-sized bed or couch with a canopy. The furnishings of the Princess's rooms are almost quite similar. In one of them a green chest of drawers is mentioned, no doubt meant to serve as wardrobe. Seats or benches with backs (*Lehnbänke*) are again found only in the bath-room.

The number of rooms in the Castle seems to have been very great. There were two ball-rooms and two dining-rooms.

The inventory of the chapel is as rich as that of the Castle itself is meagre. The treasures of Romish times were as yet untouched, and we hear of nothing but loads of gold and silver plate, crucifixes, pictures, and blazing mass-books. At the Reformation the chapel had become a chapel of ease to the church of the village of Zechlin, about an English mile distant. The clergyman of that

village came down and officiated on certain occasions, and rejoiced in the title of Court Chaplain. For his ministrations at court he received annually two *Wispel* (forty-eight bushels) of rye, two fat swine, and a suit of clothes. The treasures of the chapel disappeared, I suppose, during the Thirty Years' War.

The last of the Hohenzollerns who lived here was a certain Margrave Sigismund, one of John George's twenty-two children, and a grand-uncle of George William's. Not being an Heir-Apparent, like his predecessors, he only had the use of the Castle with the shootings, fishings, &c., but without the revenues of the *Amt.* He died in 1640; but long before that, I should think, the perils of the Thirty Years' War must have driven him away.

The Castle was so strong that, early in the Thirty Years' War, a hundred and fifty troopers were kept at bay on one occasion by a few servants who had been left behind. In spite of repeated efforts, the soldiers could not take it. Soon afterwards, however, and before the end of the War, if we are to believe Bekmann, it was, apparently accidentally, burned to the ground.* The present *Amthaus* was raised on its ruins.

* 'Das Schloss ist in dem grossen Teutschen Kriege gänzlich eingeäschert worden,' are Bekmann's words (ii. 303). Riedel, on the other hand, (*Codex, &c.*, ii. 349), says that the Castle existed 'almost unaltered in appearance' till well on in the eighteenth century. He cites an official report of the

In the summer of 1817, King Frederick William III. and his eldest daughter, Princess Charlotte, afterwards Empress of Russia, made a stay of some weeks at Zechlin, and lived in the *Amthaus*. One day they drove to Rheinsberg, where, I believe, nobody was living at the time.

After my walk of three hours, I went into the inn, as far as I could see the only inn in the whole place. The outside of it was promising, but the travellers' room very much less so; indeed, I stood aghast at the dirt of it. On such occasions the tourist's heart sinks a little, even on the finest days and in the course of the most delightful excursions. There were the usual wooden benches and tables and, alas! the usual wooden floor; the benches greasy, the tables wet with slops of beer and dry with the stains ofwhat had once been slops, and the floor foul and grimy with many accumulated strata of matter misplaced. An inner room leading to the kitchen, was even less inviting. There was a very stout elderly lame landlady, and a pretty daughter, and a son—who turned out to be the landlord. Being about three in the afternoon, it was very long past the usual dinner hour, and

year 1721, describing it as very ruinous. Then he adds that 'a fire anticipated its fall.' Most likely the fire took place at the time Bekmann alleges (writing early in the eighteenth century he could hardly be mistaken), but it may not have done so much harm as he supposed. (The notice of the fire, &c., is from the *elder* Bekmann, the epitaphs and the finding of the children's coffins from the younger.)

the guests were all gone, except one functionary from the *Amt* in a nice new uniform. The landlady brought me sweet soup with prunes in it, and afterwards some boiled beef, which turned out to be very good, and a dish of mashed potatoes mixed with cabbage. I had not sat long, when there came in another traveller, I am sorry to say not a very clean one. He seated himself near me, and blessed my dinner. He was then served himself, just as I had been. He was a Mecklenburg-Strelitz man, and had a gig at the door. The guest in uniform rising and going out, the newcomer talked of the custom-house and smuggling. Till the union of North Germany, in such a district as this on the frontiers of two countries, it was but natural that smuggling should have thriven almost better than any other calling whatsoever; those who followed it had thriven by it, and so had the agents of the Government who laboured to put it down.* At which remark the landlady, with the look and voice of one to whom morality had come even without her seeking it, said it had always been difficult to smuggle. The Mecklenburgers had asked such high prices that it had hardly been worth while, and with the custom-offices in a manner next door, and the people belonging to it

* The two Grand Duchies of Mecklenburg (Schwerin and Strelitz) never having become members of the *Zollverein*, customs were exacted on passing from Prussia to Mecklenburg, and *vice versâ*, till 1867.

coming about her house all day long, it had been quite out of the question for *her*. Now it was all over, anyhow. The Strelitzer said he had cheated the cleverest custom-house officers. He had travelled a great deal in his time, and had carried cloth and other goods, brandy, &c., and had never been found out. Where he had hid them, that was his secret, which he would not tell to anybody. But he did not like travelling, and was glad to live at home now in his own house. He thought a man was best off in his own house, amongst his own belongings. At least, that was his opinion, and he thought every man was free to have his own opinions, but of course he might be wrong in thinking so. He thought, of course, that any man who conducted himself decently would meet with civility anywhere; at least, that was his opinion, but he might be wrong. As he was in such a fine train, I did not interrupt him by hinting that those who travel with contraband goods about them will naturally feel themselves more at their ease, and less unlike members of decent society, in their own homes without the goods. He said the Mecklenburgers were not a bit more stupid than other people, though the Prussians did talk about 'die dummen Mecklenbürger.' He had gone through a great deal himself in his lifetime, and was glad to be quiet. He had been a soldier in his youth, and was now in business. I put some questions about his soldiering. He said they had had only a batta-

lion at that time in Strelitz; now, since the union, they had a whole regiment. Yes, they used to drill a great deal. The Grand Duke used to come and look at them, and call them his 'children.' I inquired whether the discipline had not been rather severe. Ah! he cried, jumping up, that was before his time; he must be off—had stayed too long! So he paid his reckoning hastily, and went.

I did not tarry long myself, having to regain the county of Ruppin, and my home in it, that night. Going back by the same road by which we had come, I performed the journey in about four hours.

CHAPTER XXV.

VENUSTUM OS.

The Owl's Warning– A Symposium—Burial-place of the Prince of Prussia—The Greenhouses—Old Urns and young Loves—*Abgetragen.*

The 23rd.—As she was putting the finishing touch to the breakfast-table, Frau Lemm said that I must not be alarmed if I heard the bell toll. It would probably toll at nine o'clock, three times at short intervals. A *Frau Oberförsterin* (head-gáme-keeperess) had died during the night. She lived in the *Marstall* in summer, along with her sister, who was also a widow. In winter they lived at her sister's lodgings, above the confectioner's.

I inquired whether the bell always tolled when there was a death in the town? She said, oh, no! not for everybody! certainly not. But the *Oberförsterin!* Of course, that was different. And sometimes it was not desired. It was very singular, an owl in a tree had sung quite late last night. Her sister and she, when they were sitting in front of the house, had heard it, and remarked upon it, without being aware that anybody was so ill.

It appears that there are owls in the church-tower.

Two minutes after, when Frau Lemm came upstairs again with a spoon for the jam, she looked quite cheerful, and said there would be no tolling. The *Frau Oberförsterin* was not dead after all, only very ill. It was really strange what lies people told.

I did not say anything about the owl.

Hankering after a day's excursion, I went round about eleven o'clock to the *Rathskeller*, to strengthen myself with a *Butterbrodt* instead of dinner. Just as I reached the door of the chief 'coffee-room,' so thundering a peal of laughter came from within, that involuntarily I paused for one moment with my hand on the latch. Picking up courage, however, and pushing open the door, I found inside a merry party of the ordinary *habitués*, eight or ten citizens with the big landlord, all seated round a table, and each with a quart bottle of Bordeaux before him, nearly empty. A few more such bottles, quite empty, were pushed to one side. I was greeted with a prodigious noise. I sat down some way off at another table; and whilst waiting for lunch, I had my health drunk I know not how many times.

I did not find out whether there was any special reason for these marks of rejoicing. Having been told, almost appealingly, how narrow are the circumstances and how frugal the habits of the popu-

lation, I was unaffectedly surprised at the sight of those empty bottles at that early hour. But, as it fortunately happened, the symposium had already nearly reached its end, and ere many minutes had passed, I was left to eat my *déjeuner dînatoire* alone. What it was owing to I cannot tell, but after a while my intention of a long walk died away, and my plans for the day underwent a change. I spent a long afternoon in the grounds.

I seldom pass a whole day without going into the grounds, if only as far as the plot of grass in front of the House, to stand at the base of an Element and look at the Lake for a few minutes. Much oftener I stroll in the deserted glades and avenues of the park, or follow the windings of the Lake by a charming path which skirts its edge; till at last I have grown very familiar with gardens, park, and forest. The ins and outs and ups and downs are so many, the extent is so considerable, there is so much real beauty, that it is with great pleasure one has come at last to feel oneself like an old friend of the empty demesne, where one is always sure of disturbing nobody and trespassing on nothing.

On the left of the great broad walk I described, as leading from the Rhin bridge to a broad flight of steps, and further to the gateway crowned with children, lies what is now the most desolate and least frequented region in all the gardens. Trees

and shrubs have grown so high and dense as to make it dark and chilly even at midday. Prince Henry's tomb is in one of the thickets. In Prince Henry's lifetime this, being so near the House, was one of the gayest and most ornamental quarters in the place. In one corner of it, I believe, was the famous aviary of gilt wire, full of birds of brilliant plumage. On another side remains to this day, in surprisingly good preservation, the Green Theatre, the scenes of which, of high hedges still carefully clipped, but very thin now, grow on a grassy 'stage,' which is raised a few feet above the greensward 'pit.' *

As this part of the gardens lies aside, and leads nowhere, and is so deserted, I sometimes make a *détour* that way when coming home late, either before or after sunset, when the night wind is rising, to find out whether the perpetual twilight and the gloomy walks and the high evergreens rustling and shivering round the black pyramid that holds the Prince's remains, are haunted or not.

Not very far from here, but to the right of the broad walk, is a group of two simple monuments, which in their way are far more pathetic, and testify to a much bigger tribute of affection and sorrow, than all the other erections at Rheinsberg put together. They are Prince Henry's first monument to the memory of his brother William (the Obelisk being the second), and we are to suppose that they mark

* Natural Theatres of this sort were not uncommon.

the Prince of Prussia's grave. They stand a few paces from each other, under a clump of trees, and are both in fine white marble. The one consists of an urn on a pedestal, with the inscription :—

Hic cineres marmor exhibet.

Underneath which are further the words :—

August. Gullielm. Princeps Prussiae Natus
Erat IX Die Mens. Aug. Ann. 1722.
Obiit Die XII. Mens. Jun. Anno 1758.

The other, facing it, is a somewhat higher pedestal, or rather a Hermes, ending in a handsome bust of the Prince of Prussia, and bearing the loving words :—

Hic Venustum Os
Viri veritatis virtutis patriae amantissimi.

The bust has been injured—had very likely fallen to the ground—but it is one of the few things in the place which have been repaired.

The Prince of Prussia was not buried here. His body was taken to Berlin (from Oranienburg, where he died), and laid in the royal vault under the *Dom*, on the 11th of July, 1758.* Only the heart is said to have been brought to Rheinsberg and placed in this urn. But even this is by no means certain ; there is, I believe, no evidence of any kind to prove it. The only authority is, I suppose,

* Preuss. *Friedrich der Grosse*, ii., 60.

Ballhorn,* who merely asserts the fact, without offering proof. From the analogy of Prince Henry's other inscriptions, the words 'Hic cineres,' &c., do not necessarily mean that any remains are actually to be found here.

This spot is now a perfectly open thoroughfare, that is to say, it is a broad irregular walk under the shade of some very wide-spreading trees. The two pillars stand on opposite sides of the walk, but both *on* the walk. There is no trace of any former enclosure. One cannot tell how it may have been in Prince Henry's time, when, however, the grounds were, after all, his own most private premises, to which all and sundry had no admission. Perhaps the very absence of an enclosure, and the greater ease of access, rather mark the daily affection with which he tended these memorials. But as things are now in the deserted demesne, this corner strikes one as painfully uncared for. Considering who it is that the stones are meant to commemorate, and what it is that is supposed to be (perhaps actually *is*) preserved in one of them, the neglect to which they are left is surprising. It is not the only instance of something very like forgetfulness or indifference on the part of posterity towards a common ancestor. Every prince of the House of Hohenzollern now living is the

* In his History of Oranienburg, Ballhorn is otherwise a good authority. Fontane discusses the question at some length, but without settling it.

direct descendant of August William, Prince of Prussia, who had the misfortune to die under the (of course temporary) displeasure of the Great King. After all, the neglect may perhaps be more apparent than real, and may possibly be grounded more or less in a not unnatural shrinking from attempting what might be taken for a 'rehabilitation.'

A little way beyond this, and lying well to one side, are the houses of the gardener and undergardeners—a row of cottages now partly deserted. Near them are still some large conservatories, of which one at least is in tolerable preservation. A good deal of the glass of it is gone; and in the place of its tropical vegetation, which is all gone, are the *débris* of temples and pleasure-houses, piled up to the very ceiling—marble *débris* in great part, thought too good to mend the roads, and therefore, when the ruins were pulled down (*abgetragen*), carried hither year after year, now for many years in succession. I was told that some of the pieces had lain here since the time of Prince Ferdinand (1802—1813), who had pulled down a temple and put the remains of it in the greenhouse. There are many large columns lying horizontally, and, of course, many fragments of columns and capitals, and even ruder blocks, that give no account of themselves. Interspersed with these are sculptured remains, all of which are a good deal broken. A number of chubby godlets, thrown on their backs in terrible

confusion, but looking childishly pleased none the less, have not one nose amongst their whole party; the helpless, complacent, imbecile smile of immortal babyhood seeming stupidly out of place in their position. There are some copies of antique urns more or less smashed, with solemn bas-reliefs of sacrifice; mutilated altars and effaced lamps, and a few emaciated priestesses in the lowest relief. The dust of many years has gathered thick upon them all. It does not seem likely that the collection will ever be turned to any sort of use. It puts one in mind of the cracked saucers and mouthless teapots heaped on the pantry shelf; which the house-agent's people throw on the dust-heap, even before the new tenant takes possession.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ZERNIKOW.

'Nothing to be seen' at Zernikow—Fredersdorff—His marriage—His Widow—Her second Husband—Her Children—Pitt Arnim—The Family Vault.

THE days of my third week were running near to an end, when I set forth one morning on my last big walk, and went to Zernikow. Everybody, the parish clergyman included, had advised me as strongly as possible not to go. It was, they said, three hours' stiff walking on one of the hardest and dullest roads in the whole countryside, a road without one bit of *Heide*, or any other attraction—not to be thought of but with a shudder in the present heat; and nothing to be seen when I got there. Zernikow was 'nothing at all.' If I *would* go, which was absurd, I must take a carriage and drive.

I did not follow the advice. I suppose there is no safer or more unexceptionable rule than never to pay attention to the dissuasions, or negative advice, of people concerning the sights of the place in which they live. (Advice of a positive kind, *i.e.*, the being told to look at something which else you never would have known the existence of, is, of

course, worth a great deal). I dare not say, however, that I have myself ever suffered from neglecting this rule; but then that is because, to the best of my recollection, I never did neglect it. Certainly I did not do so on the present occasion. This time the people were right, but I did not therefore regret having gone by the rule; the single exception, of course, only confirming it.

The people were right. The road was as flat and hot and dull, as sand and sun and endless half-tilled fields, without hedgerows or any other relief to monotony, could make it. But, as usual, in spite of many twistings and sundry failings of the track, I found my way without difficulty. As usual, also, there was nobody to put questions to; for the few toilworn peasants whom I saw were never within hail. I overtook only one man, and he, by his own confession, was a beggar. By his not asking anything of me, by his eagerness to keep alongside of me (till I showed myself altogether the better walker), and by my trudging about on such a road in the middle of the day, I rather think he took me for a *confrère*. The road did lead through one village, where I found a much better inn to rest at than I had any right to look for.

At Zernikow there was, as I had been told, 'nothing to be seen.' There was only an old forsaken country-house in a state of shocking neglect, and a not very striking church. There were also

the remains of what had been very fine grounds; and grateful to the aching eye were some avenues of old trees, even yet capable of being turned to good account, should any owner again be found with the will and means to live there—and let live.

The house, in the style of a little French château of the last century, looked a good deal more than a hundred years old. The walls, I doubt not, were in perfectly good repair; but neither the windows nor the roof courted inspection. The front door was wide open, and the handsome entrance-hall, which still had some fine pieces of old-fashioned furniture in it, seemed to be the ordinary abode of the family of the man who was left in charge, and was in perfect disorder. The yellow silk coverings of some old *fauteuils* were defaced and torn to shreds; a fine old cheffonier with gilt carvings stood cheek by jowl with a modern three-legged wooden stool and a modern four-legged wooden table; and these and the floor were all littered with the children's shoes, their rude playthings, the rubbish they had dragged indoors, their mother's household instruments, and the leavings of dinner. Just opposite to the front of the house, and only a few yards from it, was a huge dark building, and a little way to the left was just such another, the one the abode of the manager, and the other of the tenant; they and the usual farmsteadings crowding upon the dwelling-house and overshadowing it, keeping out the

light of day and the fresh air, but sending in the exhalations of the farm-yard.

A good woman went with me and unlocked the door of the church. It was a very plain country church, with nothing at all remarkable about it, unless one should think four large oil paintings hanging in front of the organ gallery remarkable, the portraits of two ladies and two gentlemen, a good deal dressed in the fashion of the eighteenth century—not saints surely, but patrons more likely, —two most plain, worthy, and worldly couples, differing in no respect from other ordinary mortals, but hung there evidently to affect in some way the minds of the worshipping villagers,—to lead them, not heavenwards certainly, but so far upwards, I suppose, as may have been thought at the time a safe and prudent distance for them to go.

Near to the church was a massive burial vault, with heavy gates, which had not been opened, one would have said, within the memory of man.

Zernikow is interesting as a memorial of the attachment of Frederick the Great to his servant Fredersdorff. The attachment itself is an instance of what is so often found in the lives of great men, *i.e.*, a capacity on their part for taking a liking to some one immensely far beneath and quite unlike themselves, some plain, commonplace, perhaps vulgar and untaught mortal, in whom the world at large is puzzled to find any qualities

whatever which can draw or keep the regard of a superior man.

Fredersdorff was never either liked or admired by the people of his time. He was thought selfish and greedy, as well as coarse. He was very strict, even severe, with those who were put under him; and they, it is said, feared him more than they respected him. Yet, at bottom, he seems to have been really good-natured. And in a situation of great trust he was always faithful in much and in little. Such a character is surely a very *natural* one, and good rather than bad. A foundation of integrity and good-will, with a superstructure of rough severity. The selfishness and the greed, elements in all ordinary characters, controlled or modified by no cultivation.

Fredersdorff was the son of the official fifer or fiddler (*Stadtpfeifer*) of the little town of Garz, in Pomerania, where he was born in 1708. His father did his best to train him for his own profession, but the youngster, for what reason is not known, became a soldier in the regiment of Count Schwerin, which had its quarters in Frankfort-on-the-Oder. There, tiring of drill and yearning after his pipes again, he succeeded in getting leave of absence, in order temporarily to bind himself to the *Stadtpfeifer* of Frankfort, hoping against hope that some lucky chance might set him free from soldiering and let him go back to his pipes for good. Whilst he was in this divided state, it so happened that Frederick,

the Crown Prince, stopped for a night at Frankfort. The students of the university, anxious to give his Royal Highness a serenade, and ransacking the town for the 'first talents,' engaged the soldier-apprentice to play the German flute. When the serenade was performed, the Prince's ear was struck with the flute. Having inquired who was the player, his Royal Highness the next morning sent for him; and, being much pleased with the man himself, he afterwards requested Count Schwerin to grant the fusilier his dismissal.* This being acceded to, Fredersdorff became one of the Prince's 'lackeys for musical entertainment.' From lackey he soon rose to be Frederick's first valet. And, soon after the accession, he was nominated his Majesty's Privy Purse-bearer (*Geheimer Kämmerer*).

At the same time, or even sooner, in June 1740, the King made him a present of the estate of Zernikow.† It was a royal gift, and one very much to the taste of the receiver, who was fond of both riches and consideration. But the fifer's apprentice made a very good landlord. Being of an active

* Manger. *Baugeschichte von Potsdam*, iii., 647.

† The estate of Zernikow, having passed out of the hands of its original owners, I do not know when, and come into the possession of the Bévilles, was bought by the king along with Rheinsberg in 1737. The family of that name survived for fifty years longer. The last representative, Major Kaspar Frederick George von Zernikow, died in 1784. (Von Ledebur. *Erloschene Geschlechter*, u. s. w. in the second volume of the *Märkische Forschungen*.) But Ledebur is surely wrong in saying that the family was till the last in possession of its estates.

disposition himself, he had a turn for setting other men to work. His peasants had a good time of it under him, and the land was improved. Owing to his duties he was not able to live on his estate, or even to see it very often, but in his absence he did everything he could think of for its benefit. He encouraged weaving, set up a tile-work, laid out mulberry plantations (which were then the rage), and built a brewery. In 1746 he built the house.

The brewery turning out very successfully, he built more breweries, some of them in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and sold the produce to the public of the metropolis. These breweries remained in full activity long after their founder was dead. Till the end of the eighteenth century, if not longer, 'Fredersdorffer' was a well-known and favourite beer.*

In 1750 Fredersdorff married the daughter and sole heiress of a Potsdam banker, Mademoiselle Caroline Marie Elizabeth Daum. The story told is, that he had several times asked the King's permission to engage in matrimony, but that his Majesty, as usual with him on such occasions, had made difficulties. Whereupon Fredersdorff turned very ill and kept his bed. The King sending every day to inquire for him, at the end of a week or two the

* In Rheinsberg too, as late as fifty years ago according to Hoppe, who speaks of it with appreciation, Fredersdorff's Beer was brewed and much liked.

messenger found the sick man speechless, and a clergyman—I believe it was the Dean of Potsdam—standing by the bedside. This reverend gentleman, addressing the hussar, told him that he had just been listening to the *Kämmerer's* dying confession, and that he felt bound to say he was sure it would be a great relief to the dying man's mind, and soothe his last moments, if he could even yet be united in wedlock to Mademoiselle Daum. The message having been carried to the King, his Majesty said that, if the invalid was 'converted' and had the Dean beside him, he might be married too, if he liked. So the wedding took place, and the bridegroom got well.

Be this as it may, after the marriage, and by the help of the wife's money, no less than three additional estates were bought, all adjoining Zernikow. The property thus became a pretty considerable one. From that time forward, too, the married couple tried to spend as much of the summer as possible at their place. They are said, the great difference in age notwithstanding, to have lived very happily. They never had any children.

Fredersdorff had two passions, or at least *penchants*—alchemy and quackery. He wasted a good deal of his money on the first, and he seems to have wasted what must originally have been a robust constitution on the second. With both he tried the King's patience sorely. After a while the gold-making was dropped, I believe, but it was not

possible, even for the King, to restrain him from indulging in medicine and 'thirty doctors at once.' In vain his Majesty expostulated, and bade him 'stick to Cothenius,' and used the strongest expressions in speaking of the quacks.* Fredersdorff's health was ruined, and he died at the age of fifty, in 1758. When the news of his death was brought to Frederick, who was in Dresden at the time, those about his Majesty were surprised at seeing tears in his eyes.

At Fredersdorff's death all the estates, including Zernikow, went to the widow, who, after the lapse of two years, gave her hand in second nuptials to a certain Councillor von Labes. By this marriage there were two children, a son and a daughter. Herr and Frau von Labes spent a great deal of their time on their estate, and there the second husband died in 1776. After which, Frau von Labes, for the second time a widow, gave all her energies to her property and her dependants. She was a notable and worthy woman, who looked well after her servants and tenants, and abounded in charities.

In 1777 she built the burial-vault, which is still

* Some of the Letters are very funny, but they are almost touchingly sincere, and, concerning questions of health and sickness, there is a great deal of good sense in them. The Correspondence with Fredersdorff was first published by Burchardt in 1834. With some prudent omissions it was reprinted by Preuss in the twenty-seventh volume of the *Œuvres*.

inscribed with the name of her first husband and her own name above the door, and caused the bodies of her two husbands to be removed thither.*

In that same year, 1777, her daughter was married to the Baron Joachim Erdmann von Arnim. But in less than four years, early in 1781, this young lady died, after giving birth to her second boy. She was not twenty years old. Her remains were brought from Berlin and placed beside those of her father and step-father.†

In 1786, soon after the death of Frederick the Great, Frau von Labes and her son were raised to the rank of Baroness and Baron by Frederick William II.‡ The son, marrying a daughter of the well-known Prussian statesman, Count Schlitz *genannt* Goerz, was afterwards allowed to take the title of a Count of Schlitz, from an estate belonging to that family in Mecklenburg.

In 1810 the Baroness von Labes died, stricken in years, and was laid in the vault beside her husbands and her daughter. In 1831 her son, Count Schlitz, died, but not at Zernikow. He had made his wife's place his home. His only daughter died childless in 1855, and was also buried at Schlitz. Zernikow then reverted to her cousin, the eldest son of the daughter of Frau von Labes.

* Fontane. *Die Grafschaft Ruppin*, pp. 261, 262.

† The portraits in the church are those of Frau von Labes, her two husbands, and her daughter.

‡ Von Zedlitz - Neukirch. *Neues Preussisches Adels-Lexicon.* iii., 194.

This Herr von Arnim was, in his time, a well-known personage in Berlin. From some real or fancied likeness to our statesman, and possibly, also, from some incident now forgotten, he always went by the name of 'Pitt Arnim.' Early in life he spent some years in England as *Attaché* to the Prussian embassy, and avowed ever after a strong liking for England and the English. He had literary and musical tastes and talents. He translated some of Byron's poems, and wrote pieces of his own for the stage. His Travels, written late in life, are very lively and amusing reading. At the court of Berlin he filled, I believe, the post of 'Oberst Schenck.'

He died in 1861, eighty years after his mother, and left directions that his remains were to be laid beside hers at Zernikow—away from the rest of his family, with whom he does not seem to have lived on the best of terms. So the doors of the vault were thrown open once more, for the first time since 1810, and a place was got ready for Pitt Arnim. His coffin, of course by his orders, bore the Duke of Buckingham's epitaph,—

> Dubius non impius * vixi,
> Incertus morior, non perturbatus ;
> Humanum est nescire et errare.
> Ens entium miserere mei.

Pitt Arnim having died childless, his nephews

* The original epitaph in Westminster Abbey has *improbus*.

and nieces, the sons and daughters of his younger and more celebrated brother, and equally celebrated sister-in-law, Achim and Bettina (Joachim and Elizabeth) von Arnim, inherited Zernikow. But none of them have lived there.

Fontane, who has been in the vault, describes the coffins. That of Frau von Labes is, as it ought to be, the most magnificent. In it, and also in that of her daughter, there is, in accordance with what was then a common practice, a pane of glass, showing the face of the deceased person. On the coffin of Frau von Arnim are still some wreaths and verses, the latter in the handwriting of the bereaved mother. On Fredersdorff's coffin is the pouch he carried as a private soldier in Schwerin's regiment.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

Fishing in forbidden Waters—The Graveyard—The Living and the Dead—The Womau and the Watering-pot—Blainville's grave—Last Evening by the Lake—Departure.

My last day at Rheinsberg was a Sunday. I went in the forenoon into the grounds and gardens, and the Boberow. It was a cooler morning than any we had had, and the sky was overcast. I roved and tarried several hours in the shady solitudes, which, owing either to the weather or my sense of leave-taking, were looking gloomier than they had been wont to do. I sat down several times by the margin of the Lake, and felt rather sorry to leave it.

At one of these points I had the misfortune to disturb a poacher, who in his boat, a short way from the shore, was fishing in forbidden waters. He had not counted on the chance of being seen by any one in those secluded reaches of the forest, and on the side of the Lake he was pretty well screened by the reeds. I have no idea what he was fishing for. He turned fidgety at my coming and shifted his post a little, gliding deeper into the reeds, though certainly not out of sight—just enough to show

that he was not a barefaced *Fischdieb*, or moved, it may be, by a kindly wish of making it less easy for an unwilling witness to swear to him.

The fisherman's wife, in her sunny porch, had complained to me of the losses her husband had to bear at the hands of poachers.

In the afternoon I went to look at the graveyard. It lies beyond the walls, outside of the Berlin Gate. It is a large piece of ground, indifferently enclosed, which, though it has served its present purpose for more than a hundred years, does not yet show any sign of overcrowding. And although placed, like modern cemeteries, at a safe distance from human life, there is no modern trimness about it; the untended bushes and unpruned evergreens, and, in parts, the long grass, give it the air of an old-fashioned churchyard.

Having more than once already tried the gate in passing, and always found it locked, I was going to 'take' the low wall, when the loud screaming of a very tall old woman on the gravel walk within, who brandished a big key above her head, turned my thoughts back to the gate, which, as it happened, was unlocked this time. But the lock was stiff with rust, and, whilst I struggled with it, the old woman came rapidly down the walk, still shaking her key, and crying, 'No admittance,' with some other loud words of menace or censure which I did not quite make out. As soon, however, as I

had turned the handle and made good my entrance, she calmed down, at once accepting the *fait accompli*, and seemed disposed to pass from threats to mirth and laughter. It was not so long, she told me, since she had done just the same thing to some one else, a stranger, all dressed in black, who was trying to jump over the wall, when she 'went at' him. But he had come over, all the same; and they had told her afterwards that he was the very highest top—here she pointed upwards with her key—of the government. Ha, ha! *

It turned out that the old woman had formerly held an official appointment as guardianess, or person in charge (*Hüterin*), of the cemetery, but that, on account of her advanced years, she had some time ago been placed *en retraite*. She still, however, in dry weather, watered a few graves. Some of her friends, wishing very likely to break for her the return to private life, intrusted that duty to the ex-*hüterin* rather than the sexton. I observed that she made proof of the common difficulty of bearing even a well-earned retirement with the dignity of perfect acquiescence. Her jealousy of the sexton, her successor, was venting itself in anger at being kept waiting. She pointed out the pump to me, and her pail and watering-pot standing beside it. She could not begin her work till he came and unlocked the pump. He knew the

* Possibly the President of the province. In Germany the administration is popularly called the 'government.'

hour very well; but the young people now-a-days were good for nothing—there was not one of them you could trust. It had been different in her time. She was eighty-seven. It was dreadful what they heard of the wickedness of the world. I remarked, I feared it had always been very wicked—a great deal of it. No, she said, very positively and solemnly and lifting her key, certainly not!—not like now. Their clergyman had told them that some person had written a book, in which it was all put down.—'Oh, these youngsters, (*die Jungens*)! To keep people waiting!'—clenching her fist, and shaking it at her watering-pot.

Her transitions were sudden, and she was so very voluble, and so indistinct, owing to the loss of all her teeth, that it was a little difficult to follow her; the more so on account of a habit she had of mixing High German with her Low in the same discourse. It was not, as might have been expected, that she laboured to express herself in High, and took refuge in Low, as the more familiar tongue, when she was at a loss. Quite the contrary; her ordinary speech was *Plattdeutsch*, but, when she was going to say anything on which she laid stress—when she rose with her subject—she had recourse to the foreign and less familiar idiom, as the more dignified and more proper for elevated discourse. Her arguments, which were involved and demanded a strained attention, were worked out in the rapidest *Platt*, but her perorations were in *Hochdeutsch*. The

clenchings of her fist, and the muttered maledictions on *die Jungens*, were quite interjectional; but they disjointed the narrative and startled the hearer.

It was but little she could do now, and but little she could earn. She watered the clergyman's wife (*selige Predigerin*) and child;—'there!' pointing to two graves. 'Was it an infant?' I asked, remarking that the graves were the same size. 'No, no! He was a big fellow—as tall as his mother,' stretching her long arms asunder as far as they would go, in illustration. Then there was the child of the former *Kreisrichter* P——. 'It is a number of years now since they left this. He got a better situation at ——, and that's a long way from here. They were sorry to go, for they had bought the house, and —— was their brother-in-law, and she liked the place; but he said he could not stay here all his life. Well! I water the child (*Ick begete dat Kind*). I always get my dollar every year quite regularly. Then there is Baker W——'s wife and the three children. I'm sure to keep *them*.' 'I hope you will.' 'Yes, yes. The baker won't take his wife from me. *Ach die Jungens!* They're good for nothing, nothing at all.'

She hinted that much of the employment which, it might reasonably have been expected, would come her way, was diverted by intrigue or prejudice. Some of her 'customers,' the relatives of persons deceased, had been unfaithful to her. Of

course a good many persons watered their own departed friends; and the sexton got all the newly-buried ones.

In answer to an indirect inquiry, she admitted that she was very poor. She then counted up her income, which, as far as I could make it out (for her explanations about some items were very confusing), was indeed, inclusive of the dollars from the churchyard, a very narrow one. She lived, I think she said, with her daughter. Money went a very little way, bread being so dear now. But that was not the worst. They could get on if that were all. 'But,'—and looking grave, and lowering her voice, and bending slightly towards me, Eve's aged daughter, suiting her action to her word, actually gave a little pull with both hands at the ends of the thin handkerchief that was folded across her shoulders, and in an undertone repeated,—'That's not the worst. *One must wear something.* (*Man möt wat antrecken.*')

The sexton came at last, bringing the key of the pump with him and his own watering-pot. He turned out to be a 'youngster,' who had lately had to deal with some of the odds and ends of sixty He also had his troubles. He had thought it was going to rain, and in that hope had deferred the evil hour for putting off his Sunday clothes. Now the rain had blown over, and they were all belated. Some private persons followed him with their family watering-pots, and in a few minutes the whole

party were absorbed in their work; the sexton, of course, doing as much as all the rest put together.

I walked to and fro in the cemetery, but did not see much that was striking. The names on the gravestones were generally the same as those above the shop-windows in the town. A few older stones, of larger size, were nearly all quite overgrown, and the inscriptions were either invisible or illegible. Against the low wall on the west side, and overtopping it, I found the tombstone of Prince Henry's favourite actor, Blainville. The stone was crumbling away, but I was able to make out the inscription:

Ci gît Blainville enfermé dans la bière,
Après avoir fait rire et pleurer bien des gens.
Plaute, Térence et leur ami Molière,
  Auroient applaudi ses talens.
Il étoit tout: Burrhus, Zopire, Arsène.
Il quitta par Joad et la vie et la scène,
  Ce rôle seul l'eût immortalisé.
Paraissant embellir l'ouvrage de Racine,
Son âme s'envola vers la source divine,
  Où cet auteur l'avoit puisé.
MDCCLXXXI.

After sunset I hastened once more to the *Schloss,* and stood on the steps that lead down from the Colonnade to the terrace. The calm Lake in the golden light was very beautiful. The Obelisk on the further side, thrown on a background of forest trees, looked cold and solemn. In the foreground the Elements and their Apollo seemed more subdued

than usual. I crossed the Rhin bridge, and ran for a hurried glance at the familiar neighbourhood of the broad walk. It was already in the deepest shadow. The Sphinxes on the stone steps were nearly lost in obscurity. The narrower side-walks with their high hedges were darker still. 'Venustum Os' on its tall white pedestal, facing the white urn and its ashes, looked quite ghostly and lonely under the dense trees; shut out from the world, and even from the golden twilight—in darkness, as he died. I could just catch a shimmer of the Lake between the branches.

I turned, and went to Prince Henry's tomb. It and its evergreens were one mass of blackness; there was nothing that the eye could distinguish.

'L'éloge ou le blâme ne touchent pas celui
Qui repose dans l'éternité.'

When I got back to the steps there was hardly any reflection left on the Lake; the last light of sunset had almost quite faded away, and the night was coming.

I could not but remember that it was just seventy years, almost to a day, since Prince Henry himself had looked his last at it.

The next morning I was up betimes, and at half-past eight o'clock I said good-by to Frau Lemm.

I had engaged a vehicle—a stout old open chaise—to drive me to New Ruppin. It carried me thither in about three hours, by the worst road I had seen in all that part of the country—the famous road along which Prince Frederick so often spurred his horse, and which in after years he refused to spend money in mending. The *Kriegs-Kammer* having on one occasion sent in a bill for nearly thirty pounds for repairing the road, the King returned the indignant answer,—

'The repairs were not wanted. I know the road; and the Board must think Me a great Ass, to try to get Me by the nose with such nonsensical stuff.'

APPENDIX.

APPPENDIX.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY.

After leaving Berlin in 1757, the Landgravine of Darmstadt remained on terms of very intimate correspondence with different members of the Prussian Royal Family,—with the King, with Prince Henry, with Princess Amelia, and most of all with Princess Henry, who, as a Princess of Hesse (Cassel), belonged to the same House as the Landgrave and Landgravine and, when they were in Berlin, was always called by them 'Our Princess.' It says a great deal for the Landgravine's good sense and prudence and tact and amiability, that she was so well able to hold these different threads of close friendship in her hand, without ever entangling them. Her correspondents (the King, of course, excepted), being by no means always at one amongst themselves, did not fail to pour into her listening ear frequent criticisms on each other.* But, having a real regard for them all and a sincere admiration of their great qualities and good qualities, whilst at the same time her eyes were very wide open indeed to their very grave faults and failings, she resolutely withheld her hand from meddling,

* Their 'quarrelsomeness' has been often insisted on. I do not suppose it went very deep. It was due in great part, no doubt, to the unfortunate failure of all domestic relations in the Head of the family, and to what was practically his distance from the scene;—the absence, consequently, of the natural uniting influence sought in a Family Head, and of an active good example.

and so making matters worse and marring her own enjoyment. She cherished, it would seem, greedily the remembrance of many pleasant days she had spent with them, and many kindnesses she had received from them all.

In 1769, the Landgravine's daughter, Frederika, having been selected as the bride of the Prince of Prussia, in place of the wife whom he had been forced to put away, the Landgravine's correspondents in the Royal Family all sent her a great many counsels on the occasion, directing her how to advise her daughter in her new position. Prince Henry (apparently unaware that she was corresponding with any one but himself) wrote her a very long letter, containing sketches of each of his relations, and pointing out which of them the Princess ought to be intimate with and which she ought to be distant to.

After dwelling on the character of the bridegroom, he says :—

'As for the rest of the family, I must do the first female* the justice of saying that with her many defects and the frequent unpleasantnesses in society that she causes, she is, nevertheless, the one of them all who thinks the most justly and acts the most nobly. I owe her this testimony above all with respect to the last affair, in which her behaviour merited the highest praise. She has a lady about her whom your Highness knows.† She cannot serve as a model of grace and good manners, but she is useful for good advice, and perhaps the only one to whom your *protégée* might have recourse on all trying occasions. As for a certain Abbess,‡ the seclusion

* The Queen.

† The Princess Dowager of Prussia, sister to the Queen and future mother-in-law to the young bride.

‡ Princess Amelia, Abbess of Quedlinburg.

in which she lives, joined to the bodily infirmities with which she is afflicted, has a great effect on her mind. Her heart is good, but her temper is not equal; her opinions are seldom fixed. Whatever might seem likely to annoy her is sedulously withheld from her, although she has retained a very great amount of curiosity. I will answer for the heart and disposition of a certain Knight.* The ladies of his house are most agreeable at all pleasure-parties; I should not consider them very suitable for confidential relations; a tone of politeness and gaiety is the only one proper to be observed towards them. It is with regret and against my will that I touch on what concerns myself, and that I am obliged to speak to you of what is as unpleasant to me as it is distressing to you; for I am not ignorant of the affectionate sentiments which you have always entertained for the Princess. But for the circumstances which now force me to inform you, I should have preserved eternal silence on this subject. I must tell you then, that for the last three years I have entirely broken off all relations with her. My intention is to inform you of the facts, not to accuse her or justify myself, but there is no person whom I mistrust so much as her. Anything that might injure me, anything that could wrong me,—I may reckon on her never neglecting an occasion of rendering me services of this sort. It follows that her intimate friends cannot be mine, and that any very marked confidence in her shown by your *protégée*, would make me very cautious in respect of the services which I might render her. I implore you, madam, in the event of my having the happiness of seeing you here, to act as you have always done, to suspend your judgment betwixt us two; but should one party speak too strongly against another, then, but not sooner, to inform yourself thoroughly. I propose to

* Prince Ferdinand; Grand Master of the Knights of Malta.

keep silence. I do not wish to trouble the pleasant days which I hope to pass in your society, and it would be troubling them to talk to you of the most calamitous affair I ever had in my life.'*

At the same time Princess Henry wrote:—

'My charming, my adorable Princess, in four weeks from this time I shall embrace you. The hope of this is causing me to experience the first emotions of real, true joy—an emotion my soul has not known for three years. Perhaps you will find an opportunity of making the time I may yet have to live more tolerable, by bestowing marks of attention on me in presence of certain persons; when they see that you are still my friend, that will surely make them reflect. Dear Princess, I am sure that my situation touches you. I am exposed to rude trials; I bear them better than I should have thought. My last letter will have informed you of a great part of them.'

That last letter and all the rest are lost. It is a question whether the Landgravine was likely quite to meet Princess Henry's wishes. She was too wise a woman of the world to make matters worse by overacted displays of affection in presence of 'certain persons.' Her daughter was less wise. As Princess of Prussia she signalled out some of her new relations and put slights on others; and the reports of these things, that found their way to Darmstadt, alarmed her mother excessively. The Landgravine's anxiety ran over in every letter. These extracts are from the months of January and February, 1772:—

* It is particularly unfortunate that this letter of Prince Henry's is misdated in the Landgravine's Correspondence, edited by Dr. Walther. It belongs, of course, to the year 1769.

'. . . . You have had a very lively scene with Prince Henry; and yet I did not conceal from you the obligations you were under towards him. I wrote to you on the subject. I conjured you to show your attachment to him on all occasions, and not to make too great a display of affection for the Princess in his presence. The Prince is a most superior man, but he does not forgive those who fail in their duty towards him. Was it for his niece, a person of twenty years of age, to lecture him on his sentiments for the Princess? You know how much I love her, and I am on a much more familiar footing with the Prince, after twenty years and more of acquaintance, than you are; but I should never think of speaking to him on such subjects. . . . .

'. . . . Prince Henry is too much a man of the world to break with you publicly, my dear child; but his great eyes in looking at you, your exclusion from the operetta, all that tells you that you can no longer reckon on his counsels or on special marks of attention from him. Perhaps his sincere friendship for me, of which he has given me a thousand proofs, may prevent him, whilst I am spared, from letting you feel to the full extent his slight regard for you. I tell you, and I repeat to you, he is a great Prince, but he does not forgive. . . . .

'. . . . I am persuaded that a great many people will have thought your scene charming and a proof of the excellence of your heart. The Prince has few friends, and people will have been delighted to see you play the part of the cat that picked the chesnuts out of the fire. . . . . I love the Princess tenderly, I repeat it to you; but you have sacrificed yourself for her and lowered yourself in the Prince's estimation, without ameliorating her lot—I fear rather the contrary. . . . .

'. . . . Your affair with Prince Henry did not arise

from any wrong feeling on your part, but it was so terribly imprudent and might have led to consequences which could have cost you tears of blood,—but I will hope that he has forgiven you in good earnest.'

'. . . . Is there not some cooling down on the part of Princess Amélie towards you? Acknowledge it, my dear child. I do not ask the reason; it is your great intimacy with Princess Henry. In the name of God, do not offend Princess Amélie. Remember, it is she whom you are to consult; such were the King's orders. God preserve me from forbidding you to love Princess Henry. I love her tenderly; but learn to live on the same good footing with each and all.'

It *was* dangerous to offend Princess Amelia. The lovely, clever, sprightly girl, had become a suffering, hideous, and malicious woman, old long before her time. From the disappointment and terrible disaster of her youth, she had taken refuge (it is understood) in destroying her beauty, and in making herself feared and hated. Her intimate relations to her brother, the King—who had had no choice but to shatter, as he had done, her early dream—were, as we gather, nothing but a mask to cover her lifelong abhorrence of him.

It is certain that at the bottom of her heart there were the remains of a noble nature, which, however, she did not choose that the world should see. In one of her letters to the Landgravine she thanks her mournfully for her interest in an *être infortuné*. At the same time, as the Landgravine well knew, she was not a person to be trifled with.

At the period alluded to, the spring of 1769, when the marriage was in progress, Princess Amelia seized the occasion to send the Landgravine a shower of letters, containing a sharply-drawn *caractéristique* of every one whom the young Princess was likely to meet. Her

picture of the King is as 'strong' as anything can be.* The sketches begin and end with assurances that it is not for her own pleasure she publishes such 'atrocities.' . . . 'I suffer from revealing such things to you. . . . Allow me to draw breath, dear madam. . . . I have no other interest in unveiling all these frightful mysteries than that of preventing the unhappiness of a person who is dear to you. . . . It is impos-

* I refrain from rendering her railings against Frederick. When we hear such from the lips of his own family, and remember how, in his old age, Berlin, getting tired of him and longing for change, fastened on his failings as if these were Himself, and began to think that what he had done in early life might perhaps not be so very wonderful after all—that it would certainly all have come about somehow sooner or later of its own accord, as it were, or at least that it was so self-evidently the right thing to have done for the well-being and comfort of posterity, that it was unreasonable to expect people to wonder at it for ever—we are reminded forcibly of the Berlin of the present day in its treatment of another big man, and we turn again to brace and tranquillize ourselves, as so many have so often turned (seldom in vain), to Goethe. After his flying trip to Berlin and Potsdam in 1778, he wrote to Merck:—'We were there but a few days, and I just peeped like a child into a drawer of curiosities . . . A thousand lights broke in upon me. And I have got very near now to old Fritz. I have seen his goings on, his gold, silver, marble, monkeys, parrots, ragged curtains, and have heard the great man's own beggarly curs yelping at him.' What he further says on the same theme, is in a letter to Fritz von Stein. (It is as clear and fresh and untranslatable as a strong young torrent, dashing the stones and the Philistines down a precipice, and wetting us all to the skin.) 'So viel kann ich sagen, je grösser die Welt wird, desto garstiger die Farce; und ich schwöre, keine Zote und Eselei der Hanswurstiaden ist so ekelhaft, als das Wesen der Grossen, Mittlern und Kleinen durcheinander. Ich habe die Götter gebeten, dass sie mir meinen Muth und Geradheit erhalten wollen bis ans Ende, und lieber mögen das Ende vorrücken, als mich den letzten Theil des Weges lausig hinkriechen lassen.'

sible for me to feel pleasure in proclaiming the villanies of my near relatives. . . . I feel, madam, that I am losing your good opinion by speaking so naturally. . . . You will think that I have grown very malicious, seeing that I say no good of anybody; but, to speak the truth, commencing with myself, the whole *boutique* is good for nothing.'

I quote one of her letters, as it contains some names that are known to us :—

'(31*st May*, 1769.) I have still something on my mind, my dear Landgravine, which, for the repose of my conscience, I must communicate to you. We have some women here who are called the beauties of the court, and are singled out on all occasions. Such are Mesdames de Grappendorf and de Münchow, two sisters, very pretty to look at, with little or no mind, but ready for anybody who has a full purse, and Madame Alvensleben (formerly little Miss Keyserlingk), an *archicatin*. This one does not shine by her looks, but, to make up for that, she has intelligence enough for any four; as malicious as a little demon, very entertaining, with all the address needful to ingratiate herself, quite capable of turning herself to account in any way she has a mind to, and able to accommodate herself to circumstances, if she thinks it worth her while. These three harmonize admirably; but there is another trio much more enterprising. The *soi-disante* prude, Countess Dönhof, the gentle Madame Marshall (lady-in-waiting to Princess Henry), and the *furibonde* Caroline de Wreich, three sisters of similar composition who, between ourselves, are not worth the *quatre fers d'un chien*. Beneath a most seductive outside, they conceal the blackest of souls; as false as it is possible to be, always at work in setting people by the ears, and, nevertheless, gentle and compassionate, uni-

versally hated in the town and at the court, everybody fears them, nobody likes them. Caroline, whose features put you in mind of Policinello more than anything else, is the watch-dog that they let loose to say coarse things and make rude speeches and deliver impertinent home-thrusts at whoever does not choose to rank himself under their banner or belong to their clique. These three monsters, or infernal goddesses, whichever you may please to call them, have nestled themselves so snugly in the house of my brother Henry, that they make the rain and sunshine in it; add a few coxcombs, persons destitute of principles and morals, and the party will be complete. This is the infamous society, madam, into which the Princess will be invited, and attempts made to draw her. When these parties take place, *Monsieur* has a feast, and the lady of the mansion has not enough to eat. Alone, at the other end of the house, *croquant le marmot* with Mesdames de Bredow and de Blumenthal, they bewail to each other their unhappy fate.* . . . It is not for my own amusement, my dear Landgravine, that I am telling you all these stories; I find no pleasure in doing so, but I think it absolutely necessary for the well-being of the Princess.'

* Prince Henry lived in one wing of his palace in Berlin, and Princess Henry in the other. I do not quite understand in what sense Princess Amelia uses the expression 'croquant le marmot' in this connection. The three sisters Wreich were the sisters of the two brothers afore-mentioned. I believe there is some truth in the Princess's description of Caroline. She was deformed as well as ugly and *intrigante;* and at Court she went by the name of *la fée Carabosse.*

AN EPILOGUE.

An abstract of one of Guyton de Morveau's Epilogues will give a pretty fair idea of the Birthday 'Surprises' performed in Prince Henry's theatre.* The music of this *Divertissement* was by Schulz. The chief part was taken by Madame de Brumore, a much-admired *prima donna*.

The Scene 'opens with a poet who seems absorbed in his subject.' We are to suppose him standing alone on the stage in deep meditation. After giving vent to suitable commonplaces on the vastness of his theme and the sterility of his muse, he delivers an invocation to the Daughters of Harmony, of Taste, of Memory, &c., pausing from time to time to allow 'une musique tendre et gracieuse' to play. Then he 'falls back into his former attitude,' and proceeds, aloud of course, to study his Epilogue. It strikes him that the ordinary run of epilogues on the stage, with dragons and Titans and Cupids going up and down on ropes or sitting on clouds and shooting at each other, is beginning to grow a little stale:—

'Toujours de l'ampoulé, toujours du merveilleux,
Le ciel dans les enfers ou l'enfer dans les cieux.
* * * * *

* Mayet, another French *pensionnaire* in Berlin, and a better poet than Guyton de Morveau, also wrote melodramas for the Rheinsberg stage. I have seen only one of them.

Toujours même fracas, toujours même rumeur,
Quelques dieux courroucés, d'autres en bonne humeur,' &c., &c.

Besides which, all this 'chaos de prestige et d'emblème' is most needless on the present occasion, and can lend no greatness to a subject which is in itself greater than all the mythologies put together. Of course, if he were to follow the usual fashion, he might compare this Great Prince, for instance, to Hercules. But would that be adding glory to his name? Would it not rather be paying a compliment to Hercules? And then, might not the Great Prince be displeased if the famous actions of his life, his exploits in battle, and the like, were dwelt on? The Hero is so tender-hearted that he cannot bear to be put in mind of such things:—

'Cette gloire à son cœur coûta plus d'un soupir;
Toute victoire est meurtrière,
Et son âme sensible en craint le souvenir.'

This crisis of the composition is illustrated by 'une musique bruyante,' which, 'after having expressed carnage, goes back into the mood of the sentiment of humanity.' Then the poet, recovering from a pause, begins to see daylight. He will sing the Hero's HEART; and he will seek no help either of Hercules or the Titans, or of the Four Winds, but only of Truth:—

'Muse! à d'autres accords venez monter ma lyre,
Tous les âges du temps chanteront sa valeur!
Henri, dans cet hommage aujourd'hui je n'aspire
Qu'à peindre et à chanter ton cœur.'

Truth is invoked at considerable length:—

'Auguste vérité! viens rendre ma pensée . . .
* * * * *

Viens et descends, fille immortelle !
Si ta bouche toujours fidèle
Ne se plaît qu'à chanter les dieux,—
Parais,—exauces-moi. Viens chanter leur modèle ;
Mon héros est aussi grand qu'eux.'

During which time there is heard 'une musique simple et douce, qui prélude l'entrée de la Vérité.' At last she descends, seated on a cloud, enveloped in a glory, and decorated with the richest draperies and ornaments. The Poet is beside himself for joy, and breaks out in a pæan of welcome. But the very next minute a doubt crosses him. Is this really *La Vérité?* What if it were not she, after all? He begins to compare the apparition with the descriptions he has heard, and tries to recognise her by them, but not quite successfully. Whereupon, of course, he proceeds somewhat urgently to harangue the vision, which remains all the while quite motionless at the furthest end of the stage :—

'Fille sainte et sacrée on te dit toute nue,
N'oserais-tu donc plus t'offrir à notre vue
Sans masquer tes attraits ?' &c.

But still she keeps her position, and it is not till after a further adjuration that, at last, 'the goddess throws off her draperies, appears quite naked, and comes down from her glory, followed by the Graces, Innocence, Candour, and Ingenuousness.' Stepping forward near the footlights, she delivers an harangue in her turn, and ends with an *arietta,* in which the chorus joins :—

'Chantons tous à l'envi
Vive à jamais, vive Henri !'

Thus satisfactorily solving the poet's doubts and putting a *finale* to the performance.

This, the last of many invocations of Truth, counting from the days of Justus Bredow downwards, was also, to the best of our knowledge, in the unquestionable shape of Madame de Brumore, her Last Appearance at Rheinsberg.

THE END.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

00023514

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018